EUROPEAN · YEARS

THE · LETTERS
OF · AN · IDLE · MAN

G · E · Woodberry

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THE LETTERS OF AN IDLE MAN

EDITED BY

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

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A NOTE OF INTRODUCTION

THERE is scarcely anything in literary production so rare as a volume of good letters. I do not recall any by an American writer; in our literature letters are subordinated to biographical purposes. Letters, however, have an independent life, ephemeral by nature, whose trait is a certain carelessness of itself; if they be extinguished, there is no great loss; it is their office momentarily to brighten and cheer the eyes of a friend. They give an intermittent body to the spirit of friendship, but they have no real purpose; they make no demands, emphasize nothing; they live on the level of everyday temperament in the air of habitual interests. If something interests the writer, friendship assumes it will interest the friend; and if it does not, it is no great matter. Letters are not literary works, — at least, they are not literary on purpose; they do not contemplate an audience, even of one; they are communications. A true letter is, I think, seldom written for instruction, though it may be instructive; there is nothing superior in it, and if it gets into the impersonal air of books, causes, ideas, it is apt to die into an essay, a lethargic, abstract thing. Personality is the right substance of a letter. It is not a matter of what one says or writes of, — one communicates himself; nor does this make an egotist of him, for he may communicate his interest in others; and indeed our own lives are interesting to ourselves in proportion as they include the lives of others

and the general interest of the world; any other kind of life is inexpressibly dull. For this reason there is no other form of writing, except imaginative literature, that is so fundamentally human as letter-writing.

If good letters are rare, it is not that the art of writing them is difficult, — it is only being ourselves; but the character of the letter-writer, the man who "communicates himself," such as I describe, is uncommon. To do a thing with no ulterior end, a useless thing, if one likes, is an ideal of leisure, quite gone out of fashion; the prevailing ideal is to do a useful thing when you don't wish to, and it leaves us no leisure. To write neither for pay, nor fame, nor to instruct the world, but only to communicate one's self ephemerally to a friend, — there is no time for that; men are too busy. In short, to be a good letter-writer, one must be "an idle man," as my friend describes himself, with a characteristic touch of stout eighteenth century English, when the word was destitute of reproach, and to be unoccupied implied an enlightened acquaintance with the classics, and the grand tour in travel, as well as disengagement with money-making pursuits. Familiar letters are the human seasoning of such "idleness," and my friend, who had a natural turn for writing, was liberal in these unpremeditated acts of friendship. The written leaves were for friendship solely, and fluttered out into the world beyond seas; but the chance of time having thrown these back — a single packet — and an accident of travel having brought them under my observation, it is with pleasure that I have assisted in their publication (for my editing goes no further) by a friendly oversight of the press, together with this word of introduction.

What a world they open! Travel is the natural material of letters; it brightens the mind, there is novelty in the scene, and human life runs its whole gamut of interest. My friend is an old traveller, and his memory goes far back, and visits many lands, — more than are told of in this last quarter-century of his letters; but here there are interludes of California and Japan and India, he ranges to Vienna, Copenhagen, and England, glances at Paris and tours Spain; the home-country of the letters, however, is the Germany of Dresden, in the earlier portion, and, in the later, the wonderful Mediterranean crescent that reaches from the Azure Coast to Naples and is backed by Northern Italy, the Swiss Alps and the Tyrol. It is no part of my plan to open the letters or discuss them; but I will express my delight in the vignettes of nature on the pages, singular in the power of brief descriptive strokes to give space, picturesqueness, sharp detail. The habitual and spontaneous response of the writer to nature, to her freshness and simplicity, to atmosphere as a physical thing, climate, and the real joys of country-life is one of the traits of the book, which is rich in temperament.

The element of time, in the letters, is quite as important as that of space; they cover the life of the last generation, thirty years. What a world of events, — not that events are often described, hardly at all; but the passage of time is strongly felt, for example, in the changes of modes of travel, in the writer's successive stages of open admiration of the Atlantic steamship service and of continental railway improvement, — conveniences that were ever soon surpassed on both land and sea; or in his observation of the growth of wealth and luxury which has transformed

the German Empire, of the rebuilding of Vienna, the remaking of Italy; or in his comments on the birth and development of European Socialism. The letters are full of the movement of the world, and it is not only shrewdly noted, but at times foretold with singular astuteness. Books, also, have a place, as is natural to a scholarly mind, but not a predominant place, — a kindly glance at a novel, an extract from some buried learning, an appreciation of Haeckel, a depreciation of Thoreau, an old French anecdote. The intellectual element is nowhere concentrated; it is felt diffused in sound judgment, the trained mind's aptitude, wherever applied, — to politics, to economy, to philosophy. The literary background, where it appears, is conservative, almost old-fashioned, — a classical education and a German maturing in literature; that is, the best American culture before the Civil War.

A mind such as that of my friend, of the generation that neighboured Emerson and Hedge, ripened by long residence — a whole lifetime — in central and southern Europe, is an interesting and unusual New England type. He was the citizen abroad, a genus which, though numerous, has left scant record of itself; which is a pity, for it was full of original and picturesque character. He was a Bostonian, as is abundantly evident; but the outlooks and judgments of this book, and its human temperament, are far remote from Boston. I once called him an "escaped Bostonian," and he did not seem to dislike the jest. But, for all that, Boston is his *patria*, his *paese;* not our Boston, but old Boston, which in his childhood was still almost a Revolutionary city, and yet remembered the presence of the fathers. He was of that stock; and the sound sense here shown, an unfailing characteristic of his judgment, is

the same as that he admires in the elder men. Culture had not subdued his intellect, as seems to have been the lot of later generations. He is strong in old instincts, for example in his attachment to aristocratic rule, to decencies of government; but he is also respectful of facts and can acknowledge their existence. I have never met with such a union of conservative views, firmly held, with a clear perception of actual conditions and the probable course of events. There is in this something of that feeling of fatalism in the universe, which a thinking mind seems often to contract by long life in it, achieving thereby an almost unconscious consent with what is to be. Naturally, he had jettisoned a good many prejudices in his voyages; he does not insist on differing from things he may not approve of; it is one convenient and easy mode of finding social leeway in the various world, and social leeway is the last thing one would find in a Bostonian who stays at home. The reminiscent conservatism, with its sober strength of judgment, is of his nativity; the humanity is cosmopolitan, — or is it a reminiscence of Horace, finding itself the truest philosophy of long life?

And to me — to draw to a close my superfluous though friendly remarks — the special charm of this book is that it is a book of age. It has the chief grace of age — its true felicity — a mellowed and tolerant wisdom. Its spirit is Horatian; it values life, but does not overvalue it; it does not discomfort itself with thinking overmuch of the future of a very changeable world; it possesses philosophic calm before the Unknown. Mysteries before and after — how many! — but now the warmth of the sun, human kindness, the play of intelligence and humour, and a thousand interesting little daily things to while away

the time of mortals like you and me. *Basta!* What a world, if one will open his eyes to it, and travel about a little! I am amazed at the fund of information here, in this one book, one traveller's long gleaning, about an extraordinary number of places, resorts, climates, aspects of foreign life, told in familiar talk to a friend, and mingled with trifles and grave subjects, — the gravest, social revolution, qualities of wines, cures, taxes, the final catastrophe — true letter-stuff in the true letter-mood, ephemeral, unemphatic, assuming its own value, and if it have none, — well, that also rightly belongs to a letter; but what I have found best here, and value most, is personality, — the salt of a strong mind, the flavour of humane studies, the tang of character.

G. E. WOODBERRY.

EUROPEAN YEARS

Ob aus verlornen Aehren,
Ob aus verwehter Streu,
Nicht etwa noch mit Ehren
Ein Strauss zu binden Sei ?

Freiligrath.

EUROPEAN YEARS

I. DRESDEN

Happiness and Pessimism — French Anecdotes — The Presidential Election of 1876 — Gloomy Prospects in Europe — Hume and Republics — Carlyle on the Eastern Question — The German New Year — Habits of Quotation — Epicureanism — The William Tell Myth.

DRESDEN, Sunday, 14 May, 1876.

MY DEAR M. . . . I have received from you this week a newspaper containing an article entitled "The Chestnut-Street Club," being the report of an address delivered before it by Dr. Hedge on Pessimism. Many thanks for your kind attention. I am glad that my friend Hedge goes in for a "reasonable optimism," — the phrase is excellent. I shall always remember it. But I think Emerson's saying: "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous," which was quoted by Hedge, supremely absurd. Happiness is not a virtue, nor a principle. It is a mere mood, and has nothing to do with peasants or emperors as such: an emperor may or may not be as happy as a peasant and *vice-versa*. Happiness in either case is a mood, a feeling, and has nothing to do with intellect, position, or wealth: though I confess it does imply a more or less well-filled stomach, and capacity of digestion. Of all the nonsense talked in this world, I think the nonsense talked about happiness is the most insufferable. A rich man

can, or may be rather, just as happy as a poor man; though as a matter of fact I fancy there are really very few persons who are ever happy for a long time running, when we come down to the hard fact and look life in the face. And then again the rubbish of Weiss: his "vigorous protest in favour of the idea that life and the mere fact of a healthful existence ought to convey to man pleasure." I never before heard of a protest in favour of an idea, did you? But apart from verbal criticism, the point is not whether healthful existence (the word healthful is wrongly used — it should be healthy: — an apple is healthful food, a man is healthy or ought to be, though he seldom is): — the point is whether healthy existence, I say, is *pleasure*. Now there are a good many things that are pleasant — sleep is pleasant, when you lose consciousness altogether; and even perhaps when you don't; at any rate Goethe went so far even as to declare that the night was by far the finest part of the day. There are lots of things that are pleasant; but if you will reflect upon it, the pleasure invariably issues from the fact that in the last analysis what affords pleasure does so because it frees from pain; *quod erat demonstrandum;* as Hedge showed,—for Hedge is a master mind: though to such weak vessels as Bartol *et id omne genus* he condescends to allow a "reasonable optimism." I like the phrase, it is capital, Hedgy, if I may say so.

But on the whole, to be serious for once, I have always considered it an unfortunate thing that Hedge should be willing to make the concessions which he does make to the conceited rabble, the unthinking herds that cry "slay him" if a man has the courage to throw over-

board their superstitions and hypocrisies, and stand for himself, and do his own thinking. So far as I can form an opinion, Hedge was endowed by nature with a great intellectual faculty: and intellectually his career is a failure. Persons who are what the world calls failures are so for the most part because they could not have been other than failures, the world having formed altogether too high an opinion of the potentiality, so to speak, of their powers. It is their misfortune and not their fault that they are failures; but if I do not judge too harshly, it is Hedge's fault that he is a failure, — I do not mean failure in the ordinary bread-and-butter sense of worldly position or money, but failure to enroll himself in that august company of thinkers, who have been, and are, and always will remain, the intellectual leaders of mankind in all ages, however much they may be proscribed in any given age. But perhaps this is going too far. To go back to pessimism, however, — what is generally understood as pessimism or optimism, is mere mood, a mere way of looking at things, a popular fancy or dislike; and different persons adopt one or the other mood or fancy or way of looking at things according to their individual experience or temperament. The pessimism of Schopenhauer is an intellectual insight, intuition, or deduction as you please; it is a metaphysical dogma; and has really nothing whatever to do with everyday life, or with my being glad or not, when I wake up in the morning, that I *have* waked up. Weiss is a clever man, no doubt, but he would better have exercised his cleverness in making clear the difference between pessimism as a metaphysical conclusion or dogma, and pessimism as a practical ethical doctrine. Schopen-

hauer himself never confounded the two; except apparently to those half-baked minds that fancy a man must have said something dreadful because he has thrown out an idea which is beyond their grasp. I do not myself accept the metaphysical pessimism of Schopenhauer; and when I jest about pessimism and optimism, I have in mind the popular conception of those words, as Voltaire illustrated it in that delicious bit of satire, *Candide*, which you will remember reading now so long ago.

I have been reading Helvetius: *De l'Esprit*. Pourquoi, he says, le nom des Descartes, des Newton est-il plus célèbre que ceux des Nicole, des La Bruyère et de tous les moralistes, qui peut-être ont dans leurs ouvrages fait preuve d'autant d'esprit? C'est, répondrai-je, que les grands Physiciens ont, par leurs découvertes, quelquefois servis l'univers: et que la plupart des Moralistes n'ont été jusqu'à présent d'autrun secours à l'humanité. Que sert de répéter sans cesse qu'il est beau de mourir pour la patrie? Un apophtègme ne fait point un héros. Pour mériter l'estime, les Moralistes devoient employer à la recherche des moyens propres à former des hommes braves et vertueux le tems et l'esprit qu'ils ont perdu à composer des maximes sur la vertu. — For Moralists substitute the clergy — But this sort of thing is as heavy as the *Daily Advertiser*, is it not? Let us turn to Grimm's correspondence. Did you ever look it through? It is exceedingly entertaining, and only fifteen volumes octavo. It contains now and then a letter from Voltaire: his style was certainly incisive, as the reporter says of Weiss, — "Rich, keen and incisive power." I wonder by the way that the Chestnut-Street Club does n't set up a school for the instruction of intending philosophers in the

English language. This is the cheery, airy way that Voltaire writes to the Redacteur, for instance, of the Secrétaire du Parnasse:—

Au Château de Ferney, le 7 décembre, 1770.

J'ai reçu, Monsieur, votre Secrétaire du Parnasse. . . . Il m'impute une épitre à mademoiselle Ch—— actrice de la Comédie de Marseille. Je n'ai jamais connu mad. Ch. et je n'ai jamais eu le bonheur de courtiser aucune Marseillaise. Le Journal Encyclopédique m'avait déjà attribué ces vers, dans lesquels je promets à Mad. Ch——:

Que malgré les Tisiphones
L'amour unira nos personnes.

Je ne sais pas quelles sont ces Tisiphones, mais je vous jure, que jamais la personne de mad. Ch. n'a été unie à la mienne, ni ne le sera. . . . Soyez persuadé, Monsieur, que mon barbare sort ne m'a jamais ôté *la lumière des yeux* de Mademoiselle Ch—— et *que je n'erre point dans ma triste carrière.* Je suis si loin d'errer dans ma carrière, que depuis deux ans je sors très rarement de mon lit: et si j'étais entré dans celui de mademoiselle Ch——, je n'en serais jamais sorti.

Among other things, too, there are a good many anecdotes in Grimm. Perhaps the following will strike you as being sufficiently French-y: Depuis que la fureur de jouer des proverbes s'est répandue dans les sociétés de Paris, nous avons vu des facétieux aller, de cercle en cercle, contrefaire des gens ridicules et bien connue, et représenter de ces petits drames dont ils donnaient ensuite le proverbe à deviner aux spectateurs. Cette manière de contribuer à l'amusement de la société, n'est

pas précisément le chemin qui mène à la considération mais elle donne une sorte d'existence à Paris, et l'accès auprès de la bonne compagnie, où cette classe de personnes n'aurait jamais figuré sans l'amusement qu'elle procure. Nous avons vu briller pendant un certain temps une mademoiselle Delon, de Genève, qui avait épousé ici un gentil-homme et se faisait appeler la Marquise de Luchet. . . . [Another was] un commis dans les fourrages, homme original et plaisant qui contrefait les Anglais dans la perfection, et qui est généralement connu à Paris sous le nom de Milord Gor. . . . Milord Gor. se fit des affaires il y a quelque temps, et perdit Madame de Luchet. Une femme de qualité, fort décriée, à la vérité, pour ses moeurs, se trouvant chez Madame de Luchet, Milord Gor. contrefit le médecin anglais, avec une telle vérité, qu'il inspira à la dame la plus grande confiance. Elle passa avec lui dans un cabinet où l'on prétend que la confession de la malade et les essais du médecin furent poussés fort loin. Cette histoire fit beaucoup de bruit: Milord Gor. et Madame de Luchet avaient été assez imprudens pour la conter. La dame, furieuse d'avoir été jouée d'une manière si impertinente, et d'être la fable de Paris, se plaignit: on mit le médecin anglais en prison, et Madame de Luchet fut reprimandée à la police: or, une femme reprise par la police n'est plus reçue nulle part et la pauvre diablesse de Luchet est tombée dans la dernière misère, je crois même qu'elle n'est plus à Paris.

•

It is cloudy, cold, very cold weather still. The month of May has proved to be an imposture. But the foliage is nevertheless wonderfully green, and the air fragrant.

— By the time that this letter reaches you, I suppose that the grand result of the recent conference of the three premier ministers of Russia, Austria, and Germany will have been let loose upon an astonished world. I am certainly curious to learn what remedy they will propose. A week ago every newspaper in the country talked war and now every newspaper talks peace.

DRESDEN, Sunday, 19 November, 1876.

MY DEAR M., — I am at a loss what to write you about, — unless it be what they call a smoke-concert to which I went last night. They gave Wagner's Centennial March: it is said to be an excellent orchestra and I have no doubt that it is: at any rate I liked the March, though an old lady who was of the party thought it confused. She is an old friend of Wagner's, and was at his house in Bayreuth when the letter came requesting him to compose it. She said he did it up in fourteen days. This old lady is the Gräfin von K., a most remarkable woman. For largeness of knowledge, for original, solid mind, I have never known a woman who could compare with her. She is Irish by descent; and had a turn at one time for the Roman Catholic Church, to which she still belongs, I believe. But she has lived all her life in Germany; in fact, is known in contemporary German literary history as Miss A. Her husband is of an uncommonly old family, — in fact he is hereditary cupbearer to the king of Prussia, — though I hope he wears better clothes when he bears the cup than he had on when I saw him once. He is a good many years younger than his illustrious spouse, — and stays at home in Silesia, and gives himself up to scientific pursuits, such as the art of hunt-

ing, though he can no longer hunt himself, being gouty and stiff in the fingers. The illustrious spouse, however, was never known to live more than three months at a time in any one place: and she told me that her mother, who lived to be ninety-five, had also literally never lived six months in one place in all her long life. And yet they talk of restless Americans.

We are a much calumniated race: especially just now, for German newspapers are rank with tales of profligacies and corruptions in connection with the election, or non-election as it seems to be, of a new President. One almost shudders to think that one is an American: and wonders how one ever came to grow up amidst such wickedness: but German newspapers, like the newspapers of all other countries, must pander to the passions of their readers: and the all-devouring passion of the Germans is envy and hatred of all other nations. In fact, there was never a time, I fancy, when international hatreds were so violent as they are at this day: a state of things which I ascribe to the daily newspaper, which keeps the general mind on a low level, and in a constant atmosphere of prejudices and lies: — does it not? *Vide* any two newspapers in America during the last three months, — the one to be Democratic and the other Republican. *Vide* the *Times* leaders; and *vide* the *Allgemeine Zeitung's* letters from the United States.

But this is pessimism: let us be optimistic; and hope that there won't be a war, though Russia has mobilized six army corps, suspended all merchandise trains running out of St. Petersburg, ordered hundreds of thousands of woollen shirts, and cart-loads of plasters and that sort of thing here in Dresden, and obtained a loan from

the Rothschilds at the Rothschilds' price. My private opinion, however, is that the Russian will be badly beaten at first by the Turks, — pounded into nothing, in a word, and that England will make a spring at Constantinople, possess and hold it as she holds Malta and Gibraltar.

DRESDEN, Sunday, 26 November 1876.

My DEAR M., — I hope that before long we shall receive some distinct and comforting information about the Presidential election; for the occasional telegrams that are printed in the German newspapers make one feel uneasy. They report the sending of troops to South Carolina, and the concentration of troops in Washington, and other disquieting preparations. Is Grant, after all, to turn out to be "the man on horseback"? The only reassuring sign I can discover is the steadiness of the gold *agio*. Capital, which like Science knows no Fatherland, is proverbially timid: and I suppose that if things were really as bad in America as they look here to be, capital would take fright, and gold would be hoarded: that is to say, the gold *agio* would rise. But then capital is not always as farseeing or as wise as is pretended, and occasionally gets very much taken in. I dare say that you will laugh at these fears. I hope that you will have good ground to do so: and then I will laugh too. But the Germans have a proverb, which always recurs to me in moments of supreme pessimism, to wit: "Wer zuletzt lacht, lacht am besten."

In Europe the prospect is gloomy. I do not see any way out of the present confusion except through war, and I doubt whether anybody does. You are familiar with my gifts as a prophet: and you will remember that in

one of my valuable letters written last April, a good while before the outbreak of the war between Servia and Turkey, I told you that I had made up my mind that there was to be such a war; and that for the present neither Russia nor Austria would take part in it. That is to say, you will not remember it, but I do; and that being the case, and the war having occurred according to my programme, the oracle will now deliver itself again, in this wise, to wit: that a war between Russia and Turkey within the next few months is inevitable; and upon the result of it will depend the action of England; for England, having once burnt her fingers in a Crimean war, does not ache to burn them again, and therefore will not take part unless she sees that Constantinople is threatened: then she will. But you will observe that the Russians have a great deal of work to get through with before they find themselves in a position to threaten Constantinople. They have to annihilate the Turks. Annihilate them they will in the long run, as we annihilated the South, by mere weight of numbers and steadiness of nerve; but it will take a good while to do this bloody work, and it will drain the resources of Russia to an alarming degree, and she may be willing to rest, and not advance towards Constantinople. In that case England will be saved a war. But Russia may not be content with her successes; on the contrary, flushed with victory, she may make one gigantic effort to cut her way to the Golden Horn: that will be the sign for a European conflagration.

This is tremendous wisdom, is it not? I am overcome by it myself, and I descend from my tripod to remark that we are enjoying mild and agreeable weather: so mild

that the other afternoon after dinner I took a sail on the Elbe in one of the little steamboats that run up to Loeschwitz and Blasewitz, and the other witzes. I walked home and felt as if the autumn were just beginning, instead of just ending. The hills have still a green tinge, the villas looked as pretty as in summer; and though the sun was nearly on the horizon, and the northern night was shutting down upon the landscape, there was still a freshness in the air as of *spät Sommer*.

And à propos of Dresden, an American lady here lent me the other day the two volumes of Ticknor's *Life*. I looked them through one long evening. I have no doubt that it will sound heretical in Boston to call them dull, but to me they seemed to be nothing more than two solid volumes of gossip. There is not a thought in the book from one end to the other: there is not a single picturesque description such as make Horace Walpole's letters often so fascinating: there is not a single word of really new information about the distinguished people whom he interviewed with such assiduity. He does not report conversations, except in a few instances, and then not vividly: he does not give any coloring to his narrative, he does not anywhere ever seem to have had any opinion of his own. And in fact, he never really *knew* any of these European swells. He *interviewed* them merely, as was the fashion in those days for gentlemen, and in these days for newspaper reporters: for I do not call it knowing a poet or scholar simply to call upon him with a letter of introduction and have a formal conversation, do you? And you will observe that fully three quarters of the *Life*, if not more, is taken up with his European journal, and out of a life of eighty years he spent but eight in

Europe. Hawthorne called on him once, timidly, to ask after a book: but Emerson is not once mentioned: Theodore Parker of course not. We hear a great deal about the pedigrees of the people he met; it is a noticeable fact, but perhaps not to be wondered at in an aristocrat whose father was a grocer. The only interesting item I found was a statement in a footnote that when he spent the winter in Dresden in 1835–36, he had a suite of six excellent rooms opening into each other (every room in Germany opens into every other room) in the Hôtel de Rome, with another quite near them for his man-servant: and that he had engaged a nicer carriage than he could get in London, with coachman and footman. The Hôtel de Rome, or *Stadt Rom*, is the little hotel where I have dined for a long time; but I am glad that Ticknor was so well off that he could afford to have six rooms and keep three men in his service when he was there. It is morally refreshing, is it not, to know this? and how he must have enjoyed living in the *Stadt Rom*, indeed, in that affluent manner! But this is levity. Ticknor was an excellent scholar and wrote an excellent book, tedious to read. I did read it myself, indeed, last summer, but I should have spent my time better in reading *Don Quixote*.

And à propos of Spain I have bought a Spanish grammar — it is written in German and oppresses me like a nightmare. I feel as if I never should have energy enough to open it. But I am bent now upon going to Spain: and writing you sentimental letters from the Alhambra. The romantic element in my nature has been too long dormant. I am going to buy a Spanish cloak, and a guitarre if I can find anybody to play upon it. I shall write son-

nets and festive songs, and renounce a grave demeanour for in this world of shams, the cleverest men are those who don a harlequin's jacket, are they not? and the dull fool is he who seeks for wisdom for wisdom's sake, and not as a monument to his vanity.

DRESDEN, 3 December, 1876.

MY DEAR M., — Hume says in his *Essays*, written now more than a hundred years ago: "The English are become sensible of the scandalous licentiousness of their stage, from the example of the French decency and morals." They are curious reading, — such essays, written a hundred years ago; for they illustrate both the changes that have occurred in national manners and the exceedingly limited vision of philosophers. The style, however, is not so sententious as I expected: though the essays are in the main brief: and the remarks *judicious* to distraction. Speaking of republics, he says: "The Republics in Europe are at present noted for want of politeness. The good manners of a *Swiss civilized in Holland* is an expression for rusticity among the French. C'est la politesse d'un Suisse — en Holland civilisé (Rousseau). Where power rises upwards from the people to the great, as in all republics, such refinements of civility are apt to be little practiced: since the whole state is, by that means, brought near to a level, and every member of it is rendered, in a great measure, independent of another. The people have the advantage, by the authority of their suffrages: the great by the superiority of their station. But in a civilized monarchy, there is a long train of dependence from the prince to the peasant: which is not great enough to render property precarious, or depress the

minds of the people: but is sufficient to beget in every one an inclination to please his superiors and to form himself upon those models, which are most acceptable to people of condition and education. Politeness of manners, therefore, arises most naturally in monarchies and courts."

There is a good deal of truth, I think, in this, though it 's a Scotchman who says it: and it is now clear to my mind why Americans have no manners: and why they are likely to have less and less manners, as democracy increases its desolating sway. Our progenitors of excellent memory had manners, but there is no republic any more. There is nothing but a howling democracy from one end of the country to the other: as the present condition of things shows. The German newspapers are thanking God that German governments are not as republican governments, threatened by civil war every four years. They draw sad pictures of the falsification of votes, and of all the corruption and terrorism that seem to be now in vogue at the South; and one sometimes asks one's self, whether after all it is possible to take an optimistic view of a state of society such as they paint.

I have felt very uneasy for a good while. So far as I can see, a collision *might* be brought about at any moment; a collision that would be extremely disastrous to the country. I myself have been long removed from anything like party feeling; and now I have none at all. I wish only that the best man may be made President, but as he never will be, the best available man. And under the circumstances I am sorry that Tilden, in spite of those little troubles about his income returns, was not elected, if he is to be President at all, by a large and convincing majority; for

it seems to be a universal characteristic of the American people to suspect fraud everywhere and under all circumstances; and therefore any President elected by a trifling majority will always be supposed to be in fraudulent occupation of his chair. At any rate, I think the present crisis is fraught with great dangers; and though we may pass through it without a convulsion, I do not believe that our form of government can stand the strain of many more crises like it. It would be the irony of fate, indeed, if our grand Centennial year should mark the Epoch of that Chaos which precedes despotism and decline: but if the present rottenness cannot be burned out of us somehow, it will: for the irony of fate is a terrible thing. The speculators in Berlin have been making a raid on United States bonds, and up to yesterday had driven them down about four per cent: which, however, is nothing to the fall in Russian bonds,—they went down twenty per cent, and do not get up again.

The weather here is exceedingly mild: I do not remember anything like it at this season. I walk in the Great Garden and the dead leaves fall and rustle as if it were only early in the autumn: and the air has an earthy smell, as if winter were something very far off. It cannot, however, be wholesome weather: it is somewhat debili tating and I shall be glad of a touch of cold.

I suppose that you have read Carlyle's letter on the Eastern Question. It is amusing, is it not? Plato said that the world would never be well governed until philosophers were kings: but is Carlyle a philosopher? I should say that there might be a doubt upon the point, for if the word has any meaning, it indicates a capacity of mind large enough to grasp the two sides of a problem,

and a scepticism profound enough to see that mankind will never solve any problem as it ought to be solved. I think myself that Plato was right: but then the important thing is to be sure about your philosopher; and not get hold of the wrong one, as we always do in the case of our President: and probably always shall do. The older I grow, the more out of joint the world seems to get: and I despair of ever seeing it set on the right course again. Perhaps things will be better when woman is reinstated in her rights, and men no longer wed their wives with a whip, as the ancient Moscovites did, instead of a ring, but are glad to get a wife on any terms that female reform leagues may determine, and even in dual garmenture. But this is obviously levity. And yet one can't be always serious and scared about the fate of mankind and the fragility of republics.

I suppose that I shall be driven into going back to Boston next summer: but I do not know. There is nothing so dreary as to make plans, — unless it be of going to Spain, for that is where we all build our *châteaux*, is it not? If we could only find our *châteaux en Espagne*, when we got there! But I am afraid, we shan't: and I do not know whether after all they would be worth having: yet nevertheless,

> Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo,

as Ovid says, you will remember; and there are truths in Ovid, and none better worth remembering than that the *divine* works in us, and only as it works in us can we do anything worth the doing: that is to say, the only reality is one's own soul, not his works. Works are vulgar; the soul is not.

DRESDEN, Sunday, 31 December, 1876.

MY DEAR M., — I sent you yesterday the Christmas number of the *Illustrirte Zeitung*. I hope that it will come safe to hand: and with it my congratulations and compliments of the season for Christmas and the New Year, and for all coming years for you and yours.

They buried a philologue the other day in Heidelberg; and a part of the funeral ceremonies consisted of a choral song from the *Antigone*, sung in the original Greek with instrumental accompaniment, — the song of the mourners as they follow her on her way to the grave: ἑπτὰ καὶ Δανάας οὐράνιον φῶς, etc. The newspaper adds: Griechische Klänge durchzogen wundersam die deutche Dorfkirche. It seemed to me very beautiful, and must have been very impressive: for the deceased was an ardent Hellenist, and had died on his way back from Hellas. His house on the slope of a hill near Heidelberg was adorned with Greek mottoes and images of Athene and Zeus, — pretty idea, is it not?

It is the most extraordinary weather here I ever knew in Dresden. The cold wave merely passed over us, — the mercury fell indeed for a day or two to five degrees below zero Fahrenheit, but it soon became warmer again, just as it was before, as mild as in Italy; in fact, I think it is milder than in Italy, as I remember that land of wiles. The grass is green, not a vestige of snow, the birds chirp, and the air is balmy. It is auspicious, I hope, for the opening year. I feel always more or less sentimental on the last day of the year: in fact, I think it is an uncomfortable day; the illusions seem to vanish with the vanishing year; and the aridity of earthly things obtrudes itself more or less upon one's consciousness. We cannot

all be happy: and though we all deserve more or less consideration at the hands of fate, there are moments when the illumination of optimism fails us, and, — that sort of thing.

I am always glad when the *Feiertage* are well over. It has been perpetual Sunday for about a fortnight; and one never gets through drinking everybody's health; and now I feel quite sure that I can enter upon the new year with a good conscience: and I hope to make it a more lively year than the last one, if no catastrophe happens, and good Democrats preside over us and heal us with hard money and virtue. I note of course that a Democratic Mayor has been elected in Boston. I hope that he will set a good example of high-minded administration, and keep the solid men on their feet, and not plunge them into any more indebtedness: and I hope too that some relief will come to the unhappy South: and that we may all learn tolerance and common honesty in political action. This I hope; but I do not indulge any more in illusions. I have come to see that the conditions of life are hard for all; and that there are few who will fairly accept them. The greater number kick against them; and make themselves unhappy, and keep the world in a state of riot and misery. They will not see that he alone is rich who has no wants. Farewell; and *Glück auf zum neuen Jahr!*

DRESDEN, Sunday, 7 January, 1877.

MY DEAR M. . . . The extraordinary mild weather still continues here, and if the present weather were the permanent winter weather, Dresden would be an uncommonly agreeable place of residence. Up to this time, with the exception of one short cold wave which lasted but a

few days, it has been as mild as I remember it ever to have been in Italy, — not a vestige of snow, it does not even freeze, — the fields are green with the young wheat, and the sparrows chirp as gayly as in the blossoming springtime. And now that the days are beginning to grow longer, and the sun is beginning to shine and the sky grows blue, one may fancy one's self anywhere but in a high northern latitude.

I hope that these meteorological observations will interest you. I am sensitive to atmospheric influences and am indeed a good deal dependent on them: in fact, being of a sentimental nature, I pine more or less always for sunlight and zephyrs and the song of birds, and the free life of nature. It is pure wickedness, I know, not to take to philanthropies and bustle and newspapers, but everybody in this world goes his own way if he can, and if he can't he goes other people's way: and I think on the whole that it is best it should be so: because otherwise the tyranny of conventional moralities would produce a mental impotence, and the hypocrisy of an unnatural life would eat the heart out of us. And by the way, now that the doctrine of evolution is the reigning doctrine, it has occurred to me that it would be an excellent thing if the process of evolution could be hastened a little, and we could pass at once, without further bother, into the next phase, whatever it is to be, of human excellence: I am heartily tired of the present phase, with all its miseries and uncertainties, its butcheries and horrors and hatreds and infelicitous winters. The Centennial year would be an excellent time, it seems to me, for this transition into the next phase: when I hope all governments and Custom-Houses will be abolished, all

standing armies and all diversity of language done away; when there will be no more monarchies or republics, no more despotisms or social democracies, but each community will regulate its own affairs without quarreling with its neighbor; when everybody will have a family; and egoism, which is but another term for diabolism, will cease to be the controlling law of human life, but will give place to a higher idea of universal interests and reciprocal obligations.

But this is idle dreaming; as a matter of fact, the big fishes eat up the little fishes, — for how long? — and Europe is on the eve of a cataclysm. I hope that we are not: but at this moment it looks as if we were. I wait in fear and trembling for what the days may bring forth; for this I foresee, that if only one electoral vote is wanted to effect the election of a Republican President, the Republican Party will either find that vote or make it; and the peace of the country and its exemption from anarchy depends upon the disposition of the Democratic Party to accept this state of things, and wait for another chance four years hence; or, to meet fraud by violence, as they do in Mexico. For fraud there is, — shall there be violence? It is a painful dilemma for the lover of his country; and the example of Mexico is not a pleasant one to contemplate. Let us hope for better things; and, with that hope begin the glad New Year! There is trouble enough in the world without borrowing any more, and cataclysm or no cataclysm, let us wish each other a Happy New Year!

I look a little now and then into Bayle's *Dictionary:* it is a shapeless mass of comments upon books and men: but I find often something to interest me. I am fond of

citations of other people's fine thoughts, as you know; and I fall into ill humour, when I come across persons who sneer at the practice; and who say, for instance, that an ounce of a man's own wit is worth a pound of other people's. There really are persons who make such idiotic remarks — and hence the pleasure with which I read the following passage in Bayle: "Je dirai seulement que les Auteurs qui n'empruntent rien sont pour l'ordinaire moins instructifs que ceux qui répandent leurs Récueils. Une bonne pensée, de quelque endroit qu'elle parte, vaudra toujours mieux qu'une sottise de son cru, n'en déplaise à ceux qui se vantent de trouver tout chez eux, et de ne tenir rien de personne. J'ajoute qu'il n'y a pas moins d'invention à bien appliquer une pensée que l'on trouve dans un Livre, qu'à être le premier Auteur de cette pensée. . . . On a ouï dire au Cardinal du Perron que l'application heureuse d'un vers de Virgile étoit digne d'un talent." And Bayle cites a passage upon the subject from Gabriel Naudé, who says wisely: "Il me semble qu'il n'appartient qu'à ceux-là qui n'espèrent jamais d'estre citéz, de ne citer personne: et c'est une trop grande ambition de se persuader d'avoir des conceptions capables de contenter une si grande diversité de Lecteurs sans rien emprunter d'autruy: car s'il y eut jamais Auteurs qui pussent véritablement s'estimer tels, sont esté sans controverse Plutarque, Seneque, et Montaigne, qui n'ont toutefois rien laissé chez les autres de ce qui pouvoit servir à l'embellissement de leurs discours: tesmoin les vers Grecs et Latins qui se rencontrent presque à chaque ligne de leurs œuvres, et entre autres cette Consolation de sept ou huit feuilles que le premier envoya à Apollonius, dans laquelle on peut remarquer de

compte fait plus de 150 vers d'Homère, et presque autant d'Hésiode, Pindare, Sophocle, et Euripide. Et de plus je ne croi point que ces nouveaux Censeurs de la façon d'escrire soient si peu judicieux, que d'opposer aux autoritéz précédentes celle d'Epicure, lequel en 300 volumes qu'il laissa n'avoit pas mis et inséré une seule allégation, parce que ce seroit me fournir les moyens de leur condemnation veu que les œuvres de Plutarque, de Seneque et Montaigne sont tous les jours leuës, fueilletées, vendues et r'imprimées où à grand' peine le catalogue de celles d'Epicure nous est-il resté dans Diogenes Laërce."

DRESDEN, Saturday, 27 January, 1877.

MY DEAR M., . . . I am troubled with a headache and hence am not in the mood to write more.

We are threatened with snow, and the mildness seems to be fading out. There is an election for a member of the Imperial Parliament (Reichstag) going on in our street, and every chance of Bebel, the celebrated Leipzig Social Democrat, turner by trade, being elected. The conversation turning once upon the subject of revolution, Goethe said: "We Germans are in a state of revolution now, but we do things so slowly that it will be a hundred years before we Germans will find it out. But when completed, it will be the greatest revolution society has yet seen, and will last, like the other revolutions that, beginning, scarcely noticed, in Germany, have transformed the world." Goethe is an immense authority: a good many of the hundred years are past and gone: and behold, fifteen or sixteen (the exact number I cannot give) Social Democrats sit in the Imperial Parliament. When

Bebel was first elected, I think he was the only Social-Democratic member, and the Reichstag greeted him with shouts of ridicule the first time he essayed to open his mouth. They do not ridicule him any more; he is a power in the land which his party and his doctrines are slowly disintegrating. In fact, Social Democracy is spreading, not merely in Germany, but all over Europe. In this little industrial Saxony it has taken deep root, and will some day upset it — for all I care. . . .

Quant' è bella giovinezza
Che si fugge tuttavia!
Chi vuol esser lieto, sia:
Di doman non c'è certezza. . . .

DRESDEN, Sunday, 4 February, 1877.

MY DEAR M., — I hope that before long we shall have emerged from our present state of uncertainty and distress in relation to the election of a President. I have become so desperate myself that I do not care which candidate they settle upon: in fact, I am no longer a party man; living abroad several years has had the effect of making me a patriot, for I see that there is nothing so dangerous to good order as factions. Factions have always been the bane of republics; and party spirit in the last years in America seems to me to have degenerated into a spirit of faction. I feared at one time that there might be trouble from this cause, but I have gotten over that fear because, owing to the geographical extent of our country and the necessary differences of temperament and interest which arise from differences of climate, the spirit of faction in the United States will always have, or if not always, will at least for the present have, a tendency

to concentrate itself upon sectional antagonisms; and just now the South is too weak and the North too indifferent to make the present electioneering trouble a cause for armed contention. And hence both parties will accept the arbitrament of a tribunal that has power to put a stop to the present disturbances, and allow the great mass of the people to go about their business; which is all that the great mass of the people ever seems to want.

I have been reading about Leibnitz and his Monads, and I hope that it will not appear too disrespectful to great names if I remark in passing that with the exception of the drivel of the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria, I do not remember anywhere to have fallen upon greater rubbish. The only thing that I remembered about Leibnitz was his preëstablished harmony and especially his optimism, and I was glad to stumble upon a passage in a French writer which shows how he arrived at optimism. It is brief and worth citing: "Cependant comme il y a une infinité de combinaisons et de mondes possible dans les idées de Dieu, et que de ces mondes il n'en peut exister qu'un, il faut qu'il y ait une certaine raison suffisante de son choix: or, cette raison ne peut être que dans le différent degré de perfection, d'où il s'ensuit que le monde qui est, est le plus parfait. Dieu l'a choisi dans sa sagesse, connu dans sa bonté, produit dans la plénitude de sa puissance. Voilà comme Leibnitz en est venu à son système de l'optimisme."

The Jews take a different view; and in the Talmud, which their learned men have always held to be of greater authority than the written law, to wit, the old Testament, it is said: "On y compte que Dieu, afin de tuer le temps avant la création de l'univers où il étoit seul,

s'occupoit à bâtir divers mondes qu'il détruisoit aussitôt, jusqu'à ce que, par différents essais, il eût appris à en faire un aussi parfait que le nôtre. Ils rapportent la finesse d'un rabbin qui trompa Dieu et le Diable, car il pria le démon de le porter jusqu'à la porte des cieux, afin qu'après avoir vu de là le bonheur des saints, il mourût plus tranquillement. Le diable fit ce que le rabbin demandoit, lequel, voyant la porte ouverte, se jeta dedans avec violence, en jurant son grand dieu qu'il n'en sortiroit jamais, et Dieu qui ne vouloit pas laisser commettre un parjure, fut obligé de le laisser là, pendant que le démon trompé s'en alloit fort honteux."

I have to report that the weather continues still extraordinarily mild, with an occasional touch of sunshine. I went to a concert last night and heard a symphony of Beethoven. It was a so-called smoke-concert, and I hope that you will never have to go to one.

DRESDEN, 1877.

MY DEAR M., — I have been looking through Raynal's *Histoire Philosophique, etc., des Européens dans les deux Indes.* It is a consumedly dull book; though much thought of in the days when it appeared, now more than a hundred years ago: in fact, it was so much thought of that it was condemned by the Parliament of Paris to be burned, and the author fled for his life. Nowadays the esteemed author of so prolix a work would not have to fly for his life, — though perhaps his readers might. Nevertheless I made a note, now and then, and not having anything else to impart to you, this Sunday morning, I give you the benefit of my excerpts. Speaking of the inhabitants of the Antilles, or as recent geographers

would have it termed, the Columbian Archipelago, to wit, the West Indies, he says: —

"But if they should one day cease to have negroes for slavery, and distant Kings for masters, they would form a people the most surprising, perhaps, the world has ever seen. — The spirit of liberty which they imbibe in the cradle, the enlightenment and the talent which they inherit from Europe, the activity which the task of repelling numerous enemies, of creating great populations, and of building up a lucrative commerce upon a broad basis of agriculture, — of establishing states, societies, principles, laws, and manners upon the eternal foundations of reason, — this activity and these motives would make, perhaps, of a race equivocal and mixed, the most flourishing nation which philosophy or humanity could desire for the good of the world.

"If any happy revolution shall come to pass in favour of mankind, it will come to pass in America. After having been devastated, the new world must in its turn flourish, and perhaps dominate the old world. It will be the asylum of our peoples, trampled underfoot by political tyrannies, or chased away by war. Barbarous tribes will become civilized, and oppressed colonists will be free. But this change must be brought about by fermentations and convulsions, even by disaster: a laborious and painful education must dispose their minds to suffer and to act."

Again: "Nature seems to have destined the Americans to more happiness than the Europeans. If we except inflammations of the chest and pleurisy, which are not much more common in the Antilles than in other regions where the alternations of heat and cold are frequent and

sudden, there are few other maladies known. Gout, gravel, the stone, apoplexy, and a hundred other scourges of the human race, elsewhere so murderous, do not commit the least ravages there. It is sufficient to have overcome the effect of the air of the country and to have arrived at middle age, to be assured of a long and peaceable career. Old age is there not so broken, feeble, and afflicted with all infirmities as in our climates." —Let us go to the Antilles,—when we get to be old. . . .

And then again, and lastly, the following dramatic incident shows how the greatest enemy of man has ever been—man. A cacique, named Hatuey, had fled from the tyranny of the Spaniards in Santo Domingo, and with his followers had established himself in Cuba. But the Spaniards came presently to Cuba also, and made war on the natives as usual. Hatuey was captured and condemned to be burned, as was also usual. When tied to the stake, and while waiting for the fire to be lighted, a priest came and proposed to baptize him, and began to speak to him of paradise. "In that place of delight," asked the cacique, "are there any Spaniards?" "Yes," replied the priest, "but only good Spaniards." "The best of them is good for nothing," cried Hatuey, "and I have no wish to go to a place where I should run the risk of meeting a single one. Speak to me no more of your religion: let me die!" And they burned him with peculiar fury. The Spaniards, in fact, seem to have fancied that they needed a blazing infidel for a torch to find their way to Heaven with. And a great deal of the same spirit still survives. If the "orthodox" ministers of Boston had had the power, they would have burned Theodore Parker alive on Boston

Common, perhaps, — and if he had had the power he would have burned them, perhaps?

It is full springtime now, and the shrubs are putting forth buds; and the air is mild and the grass green: and next Wednesday, as I read in my newspaper, the Czar will launch his declaration of war against Turkey — and the cataclysm will begin. The war will drag itself along for a time, doubtless, without causing more than local unpleasantnesses; but it cannot be decided for one party or the other without European complications. Of that I feel tolerably sure. But just now I am heartily tired of Russia and Turkey and wish both of them, — that is, of course only so far as those names stand for certain conceptions in my mind, — wish both of them, I say, — yes, I have it, — relegated to the domain of ancient history. For I am very much taken up with the contest now going on in the United States. It seems to me a grave contest, and fraught with possible dangers of enormous proportions, and in my opinion it will *not* be settled by the time this letter reaches you. There will be no President to inaugurate on the 4th of March; and though the trouble may for a time be tided over, yet there must remain in the minds of all thinking men gravest apprehensions for the stability of institutions which are so easily shaken by party hatreds, and a general corruption of all political virtue. The most extraordinary phenomenon, however, although of a transient character, is the low price of gold in the face of complications so imminent — for I note that the gold *agio* touched one day $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. It is, however, in my opinion, a delusion to suppose that we are any nearer the resumption of specie payment than we were when gold was at 40 per cent: it

is quite as likely to go to 40 per cent again as it is to go to par. So speaketh the Prophet; would that he could be put to shame by the sudden return of virtue and hard money; for, speaking politically, one seems to be conditioned upon the other.

DRESDEN, February, 1877.

MY DEAR M.,—In the course of my varied reading I have come upon the Epicurean philosophy, which I need not say has been much and unnecessarily maligned, so much maligned indeed that the term Epicurean seems to have become a synonym for contemptible as applied to a certain class of minds. I do not see any reason for the reproaches which have been heaped upon what seems to me an excellent system, if one must have a system: and for which the life of Epicurus furnishes no ground whatever: and neither does his doctrine, which is singularly pure, and what is more, rational. It is therefore a possible doctrine, which is more than can be said of the so-called Christian dogmas; for these, by making the chief point in life to be an exclusive regard for another world, and by teaching constant contempt for this world, involve their adherents in unhappy contradictions of possible and ideal aims, and keep them in a state of distracting unrest, the outcome of which is bigotry on the one hand and hypocrisy on the other. But I did not set out to defend Epicureanism and I do not need to explain it. Its purport, as you know, was not to reform nature, but to direct its general bent.

In ancient times the Epicurean philosophy was professed without interruption, from the date of its institution to the age of Augustus, and it made greatest progress

in Rome. The sect there was composed for the most part of men of letters and statesmen. "Lucretius chanted its praises. Celsius professed it under Hadrian, and Pliny the naturalist under Tiberius: and the names of Lucian and of Diogenes Laërtius are still celebrated among Epicureans."

This we know of ancient times; but I did not know, that the principles of Epicurus had found followers in modern times in so definite form as seems to have been the case in France; and therefore I cite the description of the rise and spread of the system in that country, if haply it may interest you as it did me.

"In the Decline of the Roman Empire, Epicureanism shared the fate of all knowledge. It revived from the slumber of a thousand years only at the commencement of the seventeenth century, when Magnène in Burgundy published his *Democritus Reviviscens*, a mediocre work in which the author constantly mistakes his own reveries for the sentiments of Democritus and Epicurus. To Magnène succeeded Pierre Gassendi, one of those men who have done the most honour to philosophy and to the nation. He was born in 1592 in Chantersier, a small village in Provence. His manners were gentle, his judgment sound, and his knowledge profound. He was versed in astronomy, in ancient and modern philosophy, in metaphysic, in the languages, in history and in antiquities: his erudition was almost universal. One might say of him that never was philosopher a better humanist and never humanist so good a philosopher. His writings are agreeable; he is clear in his reasoning and just in his ideas. He was among us the restorer of the philosophy of Epicurus. His life was full of trouble: incessantly

attacking or attacked. But in all his disputes, whether with Fludd or Lord Herbert or Descartes, he was as careful to be exemplary in tone as he was to have reason on his side.

"Gassendi had for disciples or followers several great men who have made their names immortal: Chapelle, Molière, Bernier, the Abbé de Chanlieu, Marshal de Catinal: together with other extraordinary men, who, by a contrast of qualities agreeable and great,—uniting heroism with softness, a taste for virtue with a taste for pleasure, political and literary talent,—have formed among us various schools of Epicurean Morals.

"The first and most ancient of these schools was that in the rue des Tournelles, in the house of Ninon l'Enclos: where that extraordinary woman collected all that the court and the town could furnish of polished, enlightened, and voluptuous men. There were to be met Madame Scarron, and the Countess de la Suze, celebrated for her elegies: the Countess d'Olonne so much vaunted for her rare beauty and the number of her lovers: Saint-Evremond, who afterwards professed Epicureanism in London, where he had for disciples the famous Count de Grammont, the poet Waller, and Madame de Mazarin: the Duchess de Bouillon Mancini, who was afterwards of the school of the Temple: the Yvetaux, M. de Gourville, Madame de la Fayette, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, and several others, who had formed at the Hôtel de Rambouillet a School of Platonism, which they abandoned in order to augment the society and listen to the teachings of the Epicureans.

"After these first Epicureans, Bernier, Chapelle and Molière, disciples of Gassendi, transferred the school of

Epicurus from the rue des Tournelles to Auteuil, which was chiefly distinguished for attracting Bachaumont, Baron de Blot, whose *chansons* are so rare and so exquisite, and Desbarreaux, who was the teacher of Madame Deshoulières in the art of poetry and of pleasure.

"The school of Neuilly succeeded that at Auteuil, it was kept up during the time it lasted by Chapelle and the Sonnings, but it was hardly more than established when it was blended with the school of Anet and the Temple. And what celebrated names are connected with this latter school! Chapelle and his disciple Chanlieu, M. de Vendôme, Madame de Bouillon, the Chevalier de Bouillon, the Marquis de la Fare, Rousseau, the Sonnings, the Abbé Courtin, Campistron, Palaprat, the Baron de Breteuil, father of the illustrious Marquise du Châtelet, the President de Mermes, the President Ferrand, the Marquis de Dangeau, the Duke de Nevers, M. de Catinat, the Count de Frisque, the Duke de Foix, M. de Périgny, Renier, amiable companion and excellent singer, accompanying himself on the lute, M. de Lasséré, the Duke de Feuillade, etc. This school is the same as that of S. Maur or of Madame the Duchess.

"The school of Seaux assembled all that remained of these devotees of luxury, and elegance, of politeness, of philosophy and the virtues, of letters and of pleasure: and it counted among its frequenters also Cardinal de Polignac, who was drawn to it rather by his liking for the disciples of Epicurus than by the doctrine of their master: Hamilton, S. Aulaire, the Abbé Genet, Malésieux, La Motte, M. de Fontenelle, Voltaire, several Academicians, and women illustrious for their talent. And from this it may be seen that the Epicurean philo-

sophy has never in any country or in any age enjoyed so high a reputation as in France, and especially during the last century."

I wonder somebody does not start the philosophy of Epicurus in Boston: it would ameliorate the asperity of its theological attrition. I used to think stoicism was an excellent idea, and that even asceticism was not without its merits, although I never tried either system myself; but I am convinced that all efforts to make a radical alteration in human nature are futile. We are born of the earth, and are earthy; all our conceptions and ideas spring from material things. We cannot conceive for a moment of any existence of the mind or soul, as it is called, separate from the bodily organization with which it is connected. Observe how mankind is bored to death the moment it ceases to be occupied with cares of this world: pure existence without occupations is inconceivable, and occupation without reference to our earthly experience is also inconceivable. And, moreover, as there can be no thought without words, and the process of evolving thought therefore implies succession, and consciousness, so far as it is active, is not an absolute state, but a succession of states, I do not see, how any one who carefully examines his own mind and experience, and discards all set phrases, can maintain that his personal mental identity exists for him at any moment except as a succession of processes.

I do not know whether I make my idea clear to you: and if I have made it clear, I do not know whether its philosophical bearing would interest you. At any rate, Epicurus seemed to me to preach an excellent practical doctrine for this world: and when we enter the next

world, I have no doubt that we shall find excellent teachers awaiting us there.

It is the mildest of weather here still, but just now with floods of rain; and the Elbe will perhaps overflow itself, — it is our only sensation. It is high carnival time now, as you know, and balls are given nightly. The Germans have a reputation for phlegm, but they are the maddest of dancers. Was it not Strauss who invented the most fiery waltzes? I cannot dance myself, I wish that I could, and it bores me to see other people dance. Hence I seldom come out of my shell — except when I travel; and à propos of travel, I have to announce that I hope to leave Dresden on Wednesday, 7 March, for the land of guitarres and bull-fights. Sunday, 4 March, is the day for the inauguration of a new President. I suppose Monday will be substituted, so that if any little unpleasantness occurs I shall know it Tuesday afternoon; for it will be flashed by ten thousand wires all over Europe and appear in my Tuesday afternoon newspaper. I do not anticipate any trouble, but I shall not begin my journey if any is reported. I think there is no doubt whatever that Hayes will be declared to have been duly elected; though I have some doubt whether this result will be obtained by the 4th of March. On the contrary I have a feeling that Grant will hold over — he would like nothing better, and it may be necessary for the peace of the country that he should do so. I intend to go by way of the Brenner — Verona, Milan, Genoa, and Nice. I have never been in Nice and expect to spend a week there. In the fourth week in March I hope to be in Spain looking on at a bull-fight.

DRESDEN, February, 1877.

MY DEAR M., — I think I told you that we have fixed upon Wednesday, 7 March, as the day for starting upon our little excursion to Spain, by way of the Brenner, Verona, Milan, Genoa, and Nice. I expect to come out in Paris and spend a short time there. I suppose I shall get to Paris about the 1st of June.

I observe that Exchange on London is quoted at 4.80 gold: and with the premium on gold at 5 to 6 per cent, we may well be content if no political unpleasantnesses arise. The spring has come in Dresden and it is the mildest possible weather: the Elbe has swollen greatly, however, and threatens an overflow, which occasions always a good deal of damage. The cattle-plague (Rinderpest) has also broken out, and threatens even greater damage. There is apparently something untoward always happening in this world wherever one finds one's self, but as the sun is now shining for the first time for weeks, I am disposed to look upon everything in a favourable light. I have read in the *Advertiser* another wail from Doctor Allen over the increase of foreign births, and the decrease of native births in Massachusetts: it is heart-rending to think of what we are coming to; but I suppose it is too late now to try to help it. I have also read a report of the State Railway Commission of Maine, from which it appears that fifty millions of dollars have been sunk in Maine railways which have never paid a cent of dividend, and are never expected to pay a cent of dividend; although, on the other hand, it must be admitted that the construction of these railways has been of great benefit to the population. I should think so. Moral: put no money in Maine railways, for things are

not what they seem; and one must look elsewhere than to Maine for the *main-chance:* there does not seem to be the ghost of a chance there. Railway stock seems to me everywhere a very precarious sort of property, and I suppose even railway mortgages will go by the board next like real estate in Boston.

I went the other day to see the plaster casts of the recent findings in the excavations made by the Germans in Olympia, in Greece. There is one interesting statue of a Nike, but almost all the rest of the things are fragments — very much fragments — and by no means so interesting as they have been represented to be. The most extraordinary finds of modern times have doubtless been those by Cesnola, in Cyprus, and by Schliemann; and you can see Cesnola's by going to New York, and it must be worth a journey to Athens to see Schliemann's; but the Germans have made rather a failure of it at Olympia, if I am to judge from these casts.

DRESDEN, Sunday, 4 March, 1877.

MY DEAR M., — À propos of your favourite Tell, I read the following in my German newspaper: —

"E. L. Rocholz has just published a stately volume entitled *Tell and Gessler in Myth and History.* It is founded on original documents and is written by a competent inquirer: and the Swiss have quietly put up with it. They have neither persecuted the author nor burned the book, yet he handles his subject as exhaustively and dispóses of it as conclusively as at a former period Alfons Huber and Wilhelm Vischer treated of the material condition of the Forest Cantons.

"Similar myths of various nations are related and

compared for the purpose of showing that the basis of the myth in question is the process that goes on in nature in the springtime: the victory of spring over winter: as Uhland has indicated in his poem of 'Tell's Death': —

> Euch stellt, ihr Alpensöhne,
> Mit jedem neuen Jahr
> Des Eises Bruch vom Föhne
> Den Kampf der Freiheit dar!"

This is certainly a beautiful and satisfactory disintegration of Tell, so to speak, is it not?

Emile Ollivier has published the first part of the memoirs of the Countess d'Agoult, known under the pseudonym of Daniel Stern; who wrote among other things an excellent history of the Revolution of 1848; and among other things had three daughters by Liszt, one of whom is now the wife of Wagner; another, now dead, I believe, was the wife of Emile Ollivier. If her memoirs are as piquant as her life, I should think that they would be worth reading. She was the daughter of a rich German banker in Frankfurt-am-Main. D'Agoult was probably a Frenchman; else he might have taken a different view of her vagaries, to say nothing of her children. At any rate, she returned to the conjugal roof with them, and I believe did not produce any more works after that.

And now at last the long-waited-for telegram has come, and Hayes has been declared to have been elected President of the United States by 185 votes, the legal majority (by one vote). The telegram appeared last night (Saturday, 3 March) in the evening newspapers, and is dated Washington (Friday) 2 March. Hayes will therefore be inaugurated on Monday: — and that terror will be laid. I shall breathe freer (especially as I observe that the

gold *agio* has touched 4¼), and survey Iberian landscapes with greater serenity. We find, however, that it will not be convenient to start before Saturday or Monday, 10–12 March; so that you will probably have the pleasure of receiving another epistle from me from Dresden, ere I venture forth upon the untrodden wilds of Andalusian delights. I keep hearing accounts of brigandage in Spain: I hope, however, to worry through without getting stuck, though my lines in life have not been cast in heroic metre, and are therefore not easy to scan, speaking in a figure; at any rate, I hope to get as far as Nice and bathe in the sunshine; else I shall become soggy and a kind of tadpole like these greasy Teutons. A little shaking-up will exhilarate me. "*Non vivere sed valere, vita*," said an old Roman poet: "Life does not consist merely in living but in being well."

DRESDEN, Sunday, 11 March, 1877.

MY DEAR M.,—I have time only to tell you to-day that we leave Dresden to-morrow (Monday) afternoon at four o'clock for Munich on our way to Spain. We reach Munich on Tuesday morning, and Tuesday night, if everything goes well, I hope to sleep in the Due Torri in Verona: it is a long stretch to do at once: but once done, the back of the journey to Nice is metaphorically broken. It has been snowing here for several days, and I fear that we shall get a touch of winter upon us, although now that we have achieved a President, and all danger of complications and cataclysms is laid, I shall endure the discomforts of Northern Italy with serenity, and enter upon my Spanish campaign with a jubilant feeling I might not otherwise have had. I should say, however that I have provided myself with a sword-cane,

and in Nice I expect to lay in a stock of firearms. I never fired a pistol in my life, and I never expect to fire one; but perhaps the handle of a pistol sticking out of my pocket will produce a great moral effect, or I can lend the pistol to somebody else, and it will not do any harm, as it will not be loaded. I do not know how to load a pistol; but my sword-cane is a prodigious implement, and will always be useful when one walks in the country anywhere, as a protection from dogs.

The Russian-Turkish War seems to hang fire; but I think it will come off. My friend, the melancholy Pole, writes me from Gratz — in English! "Even Gratz, this peaceful retreat of the penniless and world-tired, may assume shortly a warlike aspect. It is generally the chat that 60,000 men are to be quartered during three weeks here: and that during this time the schools will be turned into barracks. The son of a friend of ours has been appointed by the Government to muster the able-bodied horses suited for military service. There is no doubt left that it begins to boil in the witches' boiler and we shall perhaps witness events the world never saw before."

I should think so: and moreover that Russia will be badly beaten: rise of the Mohammedan world; another crusade, and what-not. Everything in the world seems to be in a state of flux: there is an elemental unrest in mankind, so to speak: even the stars go whirling through space and at last fizz out in the darkness of infinite voids. Nations, men, ages, civilizations, morals, manners, all in a state of flux: and the wonder is, that mankind was not stranded millions of years ago: but it is at best a leaky vessel and will probably be wrecked at last in spite of Moody and Sankey. Pray for me.

II. A JOURNEY TO SPAIN

Winter Travel in Germany — From Verona to Milan, Genoa, and on to Nice — The Climate and Scenic Beauties of Nice — Monte Carlo — Travel in Spain Twenty-five Years ago — Valencia — Cordova and its Mosque — Granada and the Alhambra — Seville, with its Cathedral, Murillos, the ex-Queen Isabella, and Tobacco Manufactories — The Toledo Cathedral — Madrid and its Wonderful Picture Gallery — The Escorial — The Great Plateaus of Central Spain — Burgos — Across the French Frontier — The Charms of Pau — Paris.

NICE, Sunday, 25 March, 1877.

MY DEAR M., — I wrote you a line a few days ago reporting myself at Nice. I did not expect then that I should so soon recover the use of my eyes as has fortunately proved to be the case. For more than a week I could neither read nor write, and it was under great stress of anxiety that I dragged myself down to Nice from Verona, where the trouble in my eye first began to assume serious importance. I have shaken off all anxiety, however, now, and am able to resume my normal course of life. But in consequence of this mishap I have little to impart to you, as you will readily fancy.

We left Dresden on Tuesday afternoon (13 March), in the midst of a wild and romantic snowstorm, — the first long snowstorm in fact of the winter; it was a driving blinding storm, and the landscape, all the rest of the afternoon, so long as daylight lasted, was exceedingly pretty, for our course lay through the wild valley of Plauen, and on through what is known in Saxony as the Erzgebirge, — through Tharandt and its exquisite dales,

and on through Freiberg, to Reichenbach, where you emerge into Bavaria. The hamlets we passed, and the distant hills and forests, were wrapped in snowy mantles; and the landscape had all the charm that comes always and everywhere from the soft falling snow. I had expected to suffer more or less during the night from the cold, and had loaded myself down with wraps, for I remembered of old time what travelling in German railway carriages in winter meant; and fancy, therefore, my surprise to find that even in Germany the spirit of improvement has seized upon the human mind, — that in fact the carriage we occupied was heated by steam laid on in pipes under the floor, and was so warm that we did not need even a rug or an over-garment, and kept the window open pretty much all night. It was a pleasing reflection that you can now get something for your money when you travel in Germany in winter. We passed Nuremberg at three in the morning, and came down upon Munich in fine sunshine at eight o'clock: at nine we resumed our swift way: and passing on through Kufstein and Innsbruck ascended the Brenner, and came down on the other side to Verona between ten and eleven at night. I had been twice over the Brenner, but had never seen it, for it was in pitch darkness that I crossed it, the express train running then at night. It runs now in the daytime: and hence I saw the Brenner.

The scenery is exceedingly wild and picturesque; but I cannot describe it. Who can describe scenery? The general features of mountain scenery are always the same, and I abandon the Brenner to your poetic imagination. It was interesting to note the change in the landscape and the architecture as we rushed on southward;

but I was glad to find that it was not in the least cold, even far up on the highest point of the Brenner: no colder than in Dresden; for the steam-heating ceased at the foot of the Brenner, and we had nothing but hot-water tanks under the feet, which in really cold weather may be described as a sarcasm. The snow landscape, however, which we took with us from Dresden, did not cease until we had come far down on the Italian side, when it faded out of a sudden; and the face of nature changed to a dull, brownish hue, — the winter landscape of Italy, with that peculiar smell in the air by which one would recognize Italy if brought into it blindfolded: the smell that comes from the smoke of burning wood, — reviving recollections of years that are gone, when there was more or less romance and sentiment in us. — The approach to Verona for one coming from the north is very beautiful, but we missed it, of course, as it was long after dark when we neared this once formidable stronghold of the Quadrilateral; and it was late at night when our omnibus rattled through the silent but well-lighted streets of this ancient and picturesque town, or city, one should say, for it has 72,000 inhabitants.

The morrow was a fine brilliant day, the first one, they said, which they had had for months; and I felt as if I had really descended into Italy. The old hotel, Due Torri, where I alighted, is built in the form of a square, with uncovered corridors running round the four sides; and here and there in the corridor, into which your room opens, was a bench, on which you could sit and smoke a cigar, and nurse your eyes with the contemplation of orange flowers and all other Italian and poetical flowers and things, — or with Pond's Extract, as you preferred.

— I took a guide, and walked about the town; or, rather, strolled about for a couple of hours. My guide had been an Austrian soldier in the days when Austria embraced Italy in its amorphous embrace; he had served in Galicia and learned the German tongue; and pined, he said, — I did not believe him, — for the green grass of Allemania, and umbrageous shade of primeval and Teutonic oaks. He was a young-looking man for his age, which I do not know; and had accompanied the unfortunate Maximilian to Mexico, where he had served three years, and was one of the guard of cavalry that escorted the still more unfortunate Carlotta down to the coast on her flight from the halls of the Montezumas to the gloom of a Belgian madhouse. He amused me very much, and I enjoyed the stroll as well as was to have been expected, considering the glare of the sun.

Verona is a provincial town; it has few sources of wealth; the people are poor and picturesque, and there is no rage for pulling down old houses and putting up new ones, — a process which sometimes sadly disfigures these ancient cities. You have the town much as it was when Romeo and Juliet played out their little tragedy, and the Capulets looked out of their narrow windows upon their unwashed rivals. It was exceedingly picturesque; and the more fascinating of course by contrast with the stolid forms of man and nature in the north, whence we had come. I felt as if I had really emerged into light. It was a grateful feeling, and an emphatic testimony to the beneficent influence of sunshine. There was a general lightness and airiness in the architecture; — blinds and balconies suggestive of soft summer evenings and languid repose. The market-place, in which we lingered, was

surrounded with venerable buildings and filled with a chattering crowd, and resonant with sharp cries, — it was as if one had gone back a couple of thousand years, and were amongst an ancient race in another age. And the groups that displayed themselves here and there wore flabby hats and very shabby cloaks with a dignity as of better days, — as if the people had once been imperious and rich, but having fallen upon evil days and a meagre diet, had taken to brigandage to eke out a living.

We went into the Arena, of course, or amphitheatre as we should call it, — an exceedingly well-preserved relic of Roman times, as you will doubtless remember, — silent and deserted now; and preaching with tremendous force an exceedingly salutary commentary upon the transitoriness of earthly things and the folly of worrying yourself about the progress of the world and the possibility of saving mankind even from immoral butcheries. I was glad to get out of it, however, for the glare was blinding; and the unconscious effort of living over again the old Roman life of centuries in ten minutes was oppressive. And so we strolled away to fulfil the pious office of shedding metaphorical tears over the grave of Juliet in a corner of somebody's garden — in a dirty little chapel — an empty sarcophagus; — an arid spot, but redolent doubtless to many an unsophisticated soul with the perfume of a passionate and hapless love: a pretty bit of tragedy, if well given by good actors in a comfortable and well-lighted theatre in the midst of a well-gloved company. But the world as a rule is prosaic, I fancy, and though now and then the elemental forces of human nature break out in this wild, lurid Juliet and Romeo way, yet this fashion of sudden and tumultu-

ous love, burning with a sort of lunatic frenzy, is after all the exception to the rule; and we can scarcely believe in its reality when we read the sad story of it, did we not know that psychologically there is provision for it in human nature; and that without its agitating energies human life would become bankrupt in sentiment, and all men would be wise.

From Verona we went to Milan across the great plains of Lombardy,—a dreary, dull, cold landscape, with scraggy mulberry trees and ceaseless ditches; although later, in the spring or summer, when the vines trail from tree to tree, and all is greenness and perfume, it must be a pretty ride indeed. But of spring there is no sign whatever in the middle of March in Northern Italy; not a blade of green grass nor note of warbling bird, but a dull brownish landscape as in winter. In Milan I was more or less unhappy, although lodged in an excellent hotel and dining in a princely hall, and solaced by a successful *Capri Bianco*, for I had to undergo an unpleasant operation on one of my eyes, and was filled with anxious and gloomy forebodings. Nevertheless I dragged myself into the Cathedral and took a cab to the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, — venerable relic, — price of entrance, one franc, and how many francs will that venerable relic still attract to itself through the magnet of a great name! It is in a sad state, this Last Supper, but nevertheless one approaches it with awe, and walks up and down the gloomy damp old refectory with a feeling that one is really a privileged being to be permitted all this happiness and delight. And as to the Cathedral, which of course you know so well, both from photographs and your own recollection of it, I need not remark

that it is grand and beautiful, but perhaps I may be permitted a remark which I derive from my own personal experience, namely, that, if, in the course of years, one has not refreshed one's memory with pictures or photographs of a fine piece of architecture like this Cathedral, but comes to it again, after a long period, the reality does not correspond to the image which years have been constantly idealizing and perfecting; and in that respect one loses something by seeing it again, to wit, the idealized image which memory blending with imagination had conferred. This is an original remark, and is open to criticism; but I record my own experience, and one's own experience is the best criticism upon any proposition set forth by erring man. But nevertheless it remains a wonderfully beautiful structure; and one never tires of walking round it and in it, and drinking in its ineffable beauty: it has the fascination of grandeur, softened by grace, — two qualities which so blend and harmonize that it becomes, if you stay long in presence of it, an ideal structure, as if it existed in your imagination only and had no real existence outside of that: differing in this respect, it seems to me, from such a cathedral, for instance, as that at Cologne, which possesses imposing grandeur like an English oak, brightened here and there by touches of exquisite beauty, but not pervaded by a soft and gentle grace like the weeping willow.

But this again is open to criticism, and I may as well pass on to say that from all that I could see of Milan with half of one eye, it pleased me very much. It is the finest *modern* city in Italy, doubtless, — fine streets, fine palaces, fine equipages, fine hotels, an air of opulence and ease and comfort, of reviews and libraries, and din-

ners and refinement, — in fact of a pleasing materialism, not gross but genteel and philosophical; and I was sorry not to have been able to read there a little book on Epicurus just printed by an Italian professor, which I picked up in a bookshop in Verona. But nevertheless I have now the dreariest associations with Milan; and I was glad when it faded from the sight of my one eye, and I felt that I was really moving southward to Genoa. And although at Genoa I did not leave my inn, I felt more cheerful, for there was improvement in my eye, — and I sat on a terrace, amidst orange flowers, and smoked a cigar in more peace than I have had for a week. The air was already softer; and the dancing light on the far-off Mediterranean was metaphorically music to my heavy spirit. I always feel better when I come down to the sea. There is something refreshing in the sound of the surge; and so I came onward to Nice, and my window looks out upon the sea: and the waves are dashing almost at my feet — but the sky is overcast, and there is a howling storm; yet the air is mild, and comes wafting to me the perfume of many flowers.

Nice, Friday, 30 March, 1877.

My dear M., — Michelet said: "La jouvence de l'avenir se trouve entièrement dans la science de l'émigration et dans l'art de l'acclimatation." And Nice seems to me an illustration of that "proposition." The facilities of intercourse in modern times enable one to select a climate best adapted, among existing climates, which are all more or less bad, to the peculiarities of his case, if he is a case, or best adapted to further his pleasures, if he has money and likes the pleasures that money buys,

as all of us, except the philosophers, do. In twenty or thirty hours' riding in a comfortable carriage, one can be in Nice from almost any part of Europe, or at least halfway there. One can easily escape, therefore, the inclemencies and gloom of Northern climates, and sun one's self annually under Southern skies. And in a climate like that of Northern and Central Europe, which is for the most part nothing but fog struggling with drizzle, this facility of attaining blue skies and zephyrs is of great worth. In our sunnier New England climate it is rather for warmth than for sunlight that we pine. We have sunlight enough in Boston for any rational human being, but we are often chilly; in fact, I look upon Bostonians as by nature frosty. They have not sufficiently counteracted the arid influences of the soil by a diet that enriches the blood, and produces ebullitions of sentiment. I cannot conceive a Bostonian doing anything improper from impulse. But this is neither here nor there, although as a matter of fact this is precisely what Nice is, — to wit, a health resort and a pleasure resort; but I think that the pleasure-seekers far outnumber the health-seekers.

In the first place, Nice has a really agreeable climate, — that is to say, it is really a place in which to live on account of the climate; and in the second place, it possesses a magnet of great attraction to many empty and likewise to many daring minds: this magnet goes by the name of Monte Carlo, — an hour's ride by rail from Nice, in the little Principality of Monaco, an exquisite spot which art and nature have both combined to adorn. And if all the pits of Hell have such pleasant entrances, there is not much use in trying to save mankind from earthly

vices, to say nothing of theological wrath. That the English are fond of betting is proverbial; but that an intelligent nation can furnish such crowds of well-dressed gamblers of both sexes and all ages as one sees in Nice is certainly surprising. I do not see so many Americans here, and I am told that there are not so many. The English outnumber all other nationalities. It seems to be a purely English town with French architecture and servants. And all along the Riviera, at Mentone, San Remo, Monaco, and all the rest of them, you find throngs of English people, pretty much all of them more or less under the fascination of the *tiger*. In fact, gambling seems to give the tone to everything. In the house I am in, they have a circle in the drawing-room and gamble every night; not of course heavy stakes, — but ten francs, say, which to my thrifty mind is heavy, — to lose for nothing, and worse still to win for nothing. This is one side of Nice life.

The other side is more agreeable to philosophers sitting on serene heights and surveying the world with a view to their personal illumination and refreshment. And taking this view of Nice, it certainly presents attractions, even all the year round; for the meteorological tables show that Nice is not so warm in summer on an average as Paris, while the winter is usually warm and sunny. An American gentleman, who came to Nice solely on account of his health (he is paralyzed from his knees downwards), tells me that summer is really the proper season for Nice: it is so cool and delicious here: he could never sit out of doors at eventide without his overcoat. But certainly in winter it is mild and pleasant; there is a fine promenade along the sea; there are good hotels and

excellent *pensions;* I am in a *pension* now, and was never better lodged, — table excellent, — landlady civil and obliging, and above smallnesses, which is a tremendous thing to say of a landlady in France or perhaps anywhere. I have a chamber with window down to the floor: it looks out upon the sea, and in these last days of intermittent storms, the surge makes a pleasant reverberation. I am just on the Promenade; the house stands back, however, somewhat, and there is a delicious garden full of countless shrubs and trees, all green, between the house and the sea, and a perfume of orange blossoms in the air; and otherwise also it is an odoriferous and pleasing garden. There is a serenity, and at the same time an airiness and cheerfulness in the situation, which I like. I breakfast and dine apart with my friends, and so do not come into contact with the other guests, all English, who are thinning out rapidly now, however, and seem never to come to the surface anywhere; they are always spoken of as "gone into the country this morning."

There is a finely furnished reading-room in Nice, one of the finest, I am told, in Europe. I have not paid it a visit on account of my eyes, but of course it is an immense resource to philosophers sitting on serene heights. There are fine shops, full of pretty things at Paris prices; there are really fine streets, and cafés and bookshops and newpapers; there is a quaint and picturesque old town, with streets so narrow that only one donkey can get through them at a time, and houses so high that the sky seems swallowed up in dirty clothes hanging from the windows all the way up. And lastly, there are grand and glorious drives, — for, as you will remember, Nice combines the charm of mountain and sea, — the Alpes Mari-

times come sloping down from snowy peaks in the background to rich olive plantations on the hillsides near Nice. There are pretty gorges, and views from plateaus over the green valleys beneath, and out upon the blue Mediterranean, and down upon the gardens of Nice, scarlet with heavy-laden orange trees. There are barren mountain passes, as barren and as wild as anything in Switzerland, with grottoes containing petrifying water; and articles made from the petrifactions seem to be the staple export from Nice, — mere rubbish, of course, from the serene point of view. There are convents and churches prettily poised on well-selected peaks; and there is the never varying Italian landscape of olive trees and thin grass, and goats, and women balancing enormous weights on their shaggy heads, and beggars whining for centimes, and cripples; and well-made roads and high stone walls.

It is in fact a delicious landscape, often with poetry in it, and all the romance of gay and festive nature; but also with a fearful lot of prose in it: for labour on these steep terraces under a broiling sun must be anything but festive, and as a rule I do not observe anything like cheerfulness on the faces of the working classes; they seem to be hard faces — very hard faces — as if the struggle for life were a wrestling with fate and the powers of darkness. They have, too, a fierce look often, as if it would take little to drive them in despair to desolate the very fields they cultivate, and then plunge a dagger into their own hearts. Young girls you sometimes see, with pretty faces and pleasing ways, but they soon grow old; the struggle for life on these narrow ledges, whence a single mishap would plunge them, as it were, into a sea of want and misery, soon brings them wrinkles. Never-

theless it seems to be rather a fruitful soil; for wherever you go, you stumble over children; the poor seem to have no end of children: I suppose it is because we in New England have all grown so rich that we no longer have any children. Children are certainly entertaining, and if they would only behave themselves when they grow up, I suppose that even philosophers would descend from serene heights to take a few to themselves.

I have taken several drives and always with increasing pleasure. I do not know a place where the drives are so interesting; but they are unfortunately expensive, and being, as you know, of a thrifty turn of mind, I do not indulge myself in this costly luxury so much as I might do, if Spain were not in the foreground, and an occasional fear of unpaid coupons in the background. Nevertheless I am happy with what I have already had. And perhaps one drive which you can remember is better than twenty which you forget. The drive to Falicon, for instance, — do you remember it? I trust you do for I can't possibly describe it. In fact, I never could describe anything, and as a rule all descriptions of scenery, except by poets and photographers, are worthless. But the view from these olive-clad hillsides over the orange gardens of Nice, out upon the glittering Mediterranean, — that is a view which dominates all other views in one's memory, I fancy. At least it will in mine, until driven out by something finer still in Spain.

But speaking of Nice itself, I do not think that any rational mind would ever tire of it; for in the first place, every rational mind occupies itself, and occupation does not tire the mind, it keeps the mind fresh; and in the second place, although you may have occupation any-

where, you do not have in ungenial climes what you have in Nice — a sensation of pleasure in mere existence. It is a sensation one never has in Northern climes. You have it in Nice; and you have it simply because you have changed your climate. It is the contrast that gives it; I fancy the natives do not have it as we Northerners have it; and that we should not have it for long. Hence the advantage of a change of residence, from a philosophical and hygienic point of view, to say nothing of the Epicurean point of view, which is both philosophical and hygienic. But there is one thing which to my mind is particularly clear with reference to the climate of Nice, and that is, that it is an exceedingly stimulating climate, and does not do for persons who need a sedative climate. Rome, for instance, has a sedative climate. Hence the unhappiness of Americans in Rome, who depend upon a stimulating climate to keep up their cerebral activities. I prefer myself a sedative climate; and hence I should never select Nice as a place of residence, although an occasional visit of two or three months for the purpose of obtaining the above-named agreeable sensation of mere existence would please me; — for I think it is an immense deal gained if for three months at a time one can really feel that existence is a pleasure. It was the old Greek view, and they were wise indeed, the old Greeks, — wiser than we Yankees; not so enterprising, but less given to aridities and bile. I have a book on the climate of Nice, written by an eminent German physician of Nice, of which I meant to have given you the benefit in this present dissertation. But I have not time now to take it in hand. I remember only a *bon mot* of a Russian Emperor, — the last or present, it is immaterial, because

Russian Emperors can be credited with anything,— who said that in Russia you see the winter without feeling it; while in Nice you feel the winter without seeing it. It is a clever remark and precisely true: especially of other places, Rome, for instance. Since I have been in Nice, however, it has not entered my head to have a fire, and I am told that you never need one when the sun shines; it is only at morning and night that you need a cheerful blaze of olive logs on pretty andirons. There is also sea-bathing in Nice from April to November; and my German book says that Englishmen bathe the whole year round. They seem on the Continent to contemplate the Englishman's love of bathing with holy awe. If the English people should lose their reputation for sousing in cold water, I believe that they would lose their prestige. But for my part I prefer a quiet tub in my chamber to ten Mediterraneans.

And à propos of Monte Carlo, I may as well say that I have made an excursion to the place. It is about an hour by rail from Nice, and the station is directly underneath it, the railway running along a narrow slip of ground between Monte Carlo and the sea. The Casino is fine, but not over-gorgeous; it is flanked on one side in front by a hotel, with magnificent restaurants and dining-hall, and on the other by an excellent café. The grounds are exquisitely laid out and descend in terraces to the sea. The shrubs and trees and flowers are countless in number and kind. I could not possibly give one who had never seen the place an idea of the richness and variety of the verdure; while the palms and agaves, which grow easily in Nice in the open air, give the grounds a fascinating tropical, or at least wholly Southern aspect. And there

are bosquets, and shady seats and pavilions, where one can sit in serene contemplation of the blue Mediterranean and of the picturesque and craggy hillsides of the Riviera. Monte Carlo and Monaco are two projecting crags, divided by a tiny bay, — bold rocky points jutting out from the almost barren mountains that here come close down to the sea. I drove through the little town of Monaco also, high up on the crag; and was allowed to smoke my cigar in peace, while the rest of the party inspected the Prince's Palace. They reported the upholstery to be exquisite, which was satisfactory, for externally the Palace was not, being small and dirty and mean. I spent several hours at Monte Carlo. I was never certainly in a more delicious spot. It is an idyll dedicated to Lucifer or the Fallen Angel. But I did not tarry long near the gambling-tables, — roulette, and Trente-et-Quarante, — there is something sickening to me in the sight of persons gambling — old men and fair-haired maidens — blacklegs and demi-mondes — all mixed up with ruddy millionaires and wrinkled dowagers puffed with pride of ancient pedigrees. But the women seemed to me to make better gamblers than the men, — cool, daring, resolute, — and in fact, as a rule women are cleverer than men, although we pretend that they are not.

I expect to leave Nice to-morrow for Marseilles, and to embark there on Sunday, at ten o'clock in the morning, for Barcelona.

VALENCIA, — at the Hotel de las cuatro Naciones,
Sunday, 8 April, 1877.

MY DEAR M., — I reported myself last as on the point of proceeding from Nice to Marseilles. It was a week ago

yesterday that I tore myself away from the serene delights of Nice to embark on this Quixotic search of the picturesque and historical in the very land of Quixote himself, Heaven rest his soul. But to proceed with due precision, I must record the fact that the journey to Marseilles by rail was exceedingly disagreeable, as all journeys I take on French railways are. They pack you like sheep, and snub you with assiduity upon occasion. I do not like French officials. You can never get a coupé to yourself; and the customs officials, being above bribes, shove your little treasures about as so much rubbish, — do they not? At Marseilles I had a grand hotel, and a bed that I remember now with despair. The French understand beds, the American understands beds, the Germans do not understand beds; neither do the Spaniards. I write it with an aching conviction of the fact. We took our "Henkersmahlzeit," as the Germans call it, in Marseilles; and, as we thought, bade farewell to earthly comforts when we embarked on Easter Sunday morning for Barcelona. But Spain is better than its reputation, in some respects at least, and I have not yet been driven to wrestle with starvation; on the contrary, I have done very well; in fact, I have fared sumptuously, but I should add *thus far.*

The steamer which took us to Barcelona was one of the Messageries Maritimes, — in your time called the Messageries Impériales, — an excellent steamer, with only two or three passengers. The railway is now complete nearly all the way from Marseilles to Barcelona, but there is an ugly break in it, where a twelve hours' diligence ride becomes necessary. We preferred to try our luck by water; for if it be calm and the

weather serene, it is what I call poetic pleasure to find yourself on this pleasant sea. We were eminently favoured, as newspaper writers say; the sky was of the bluest, the air mild, the sea calm; there was no perceptible motion to the steamer, the kitchen was excellent, and the claret, *tout compris*, unexceptionable. In fact it was poetry; and the scenery, as we passed out of the harbour of Marseilles, picturesque, yet white and arid and desolate. But we passed presently out of sight of land; and it was not till after dinner that we saw land again: the Spanish coast. The evening air was mild and dry and the stars were very bright; in fact, there was nothing wanting to complete the felicity of the voyage in the way of serenity and zephyrs.

I woke at five o'clock, — the ship had stopped of a sudden; we were in the harbour of Barcelona, and I went on deck with hapless fatuity, for they did not allow us to land till eight o'clock. The garçon brought me a little cup of good coffee betimes, however, and with the help of a cigar I became presently master of the situation, and drank in the poetry of it: early dawn, purple shimmer of the hills, golden light breaking through fleecy clouds, — ships lying motionless on a tranquil sea, — great hills, and a commanding eminence crowned by a fort, the Mons Jovis of the Romans, — amphitheatrical hills, rising and swelling high up and far away, like a monstrous surging of the sea suddenly petrified and made eternal; hills white and arid and rocky, like all the scenery of these Mediterranean shores, white, arid, rocky, as if the sun had dried the life out of nature, and were intent upon reducing nature to a powder.

It was an ugly piece of business, getting ashore. At

Marseilles we embarked from the quay; but here, as elsewhere in Mediterranean ports, one disembarks in boats, and is taken to the custom house. The boatmen and porters on shore are a set of lusty brigands, and howl and scream as if they would devour you alive; I do not remember anywhere such a ragamuffin crew and such scenes. I slipped through, however, with comparative ease, with that Olympian serenity which I display upon such occasions. There is nothing that awes these beggars like Olympian serenity. The customs official was civil, but I observed that he ran his hand down into my trunk, an unnecessary formality which cost him two francs, — for I never give a fee to a man for thrusting his rude fingers into my little "box." The hours wore slowly away; but by eleven o'clock we reached our hotel; and I began immediately to be surprised at the life and bustle and size and wealth of the town. I had vague ideas indeed of these Spanish towns; for Barcelona is as fine a city as you will find. There are street-railways and fine promenades, there are great houses and excellent shops, there are large manufacturing establishments, and spacious cafés, there are equipages, and cavaliers attired in purple and fine linen, — in fact, there is everything to indicate a rich, thrifty town, and a population given to activities and money-making; tempered by a good kitchen and all the refinements of a profane materialism.

It pleased me, this first Spanish town, — I lingered there four days and strolled about, and took a magnificent drive up amphitheatrical hills, covered with villas and blooming with the olive and the vine, as becometh a land flowing with milk and honey, — with roses and the orange tree, with violets and cactuses, — and all the rest.

The villas are Oriental in appearance, flat-roofed, and all of stone, of course, with those colonnaded open rooms, verandas, or whatever they may be called, which are so wholly Eastern, Saracenic, Moorish, or what not; it is all the same to the poetic mind, — in fact, the whole landscape looked to me just as I fancy the landscape must have been ages ago, in the neighbourhood of a thriving Roman town in the East. It is a landscape wholly different from what one sees elsewhere; there is this indescribable Oriental tinge to everything. We had gorgeous views over the town and the blue Mediterranean beyond, when we took a drive, — and it was a drive to remember, especially the dust of it, which was choking and constant. It seemed as if it must be a pleasant thing to live on these blooming slopes, — in this languid air, amidst this affluence of perfume and peaches; but then you must ask always for the coolness of eventide. At midday, under this blistering, scorching sun, life assumes another aspect; as also at night amidst mosquitoes that madly rage and leave no rest to the weary soul.

There is no definite elysium anywhere on earth, I fancy: but I am now wrestling with the problem whether peoples living in these delicious — that is to say, apparently delicious — regions of earth are thereby, through that fact alone, on the whole happier than peoples living in the gloomy, frosty lands of the North. But perhaps happy is not the right word; happiness is a mere mood, arising from physical conditions, accompanying certain states of mind, — that is to say, health and temperament; with riches, as is so fondly or vainly imagined by foolish man, happiness has nothing whatever to do. And I fancy the less mind people have, the happier they are. I can-

not picture to myself a great poet or thinker, — in fact a great intellect, — as in the least happy, for with knowledge cometh not content, but sorrow; and therefore the problem is not whether climate contributes to happiness, but whether on the whole life is richer, deeper, and better worth having in these milder zones, and I am inclined to think it is, — at least I am still wrestling with the problem. In the cold and gloomy North one is ever wrestling with nature; in these balmier lands one lies caressed in the lap of nature — one is invited, not to struggle, but to enjoy. And that these perfumed zones of earth have been most favourable to civilization is shown by all that we know of history. We have no historical knowledge of any civilization in the high North, except what exists to-day; and the question may therefore perhaps now and then present itself to the sceptical mind, whether after all what we have in the high North is civilization.

But where was I? — driving down the hills about Barcelona; and à propos of civilization did you ever see a Spanish cemetery? It is certainly a curious sort of cemetery. They bury the dead not underground but aboveground. You walk through vast avenues lined on each side by massive and very high stone walls; in these walls are oven-like receptacles in which the bodies of the dead are deposited, every family having a receptacle. But a receptacle does not hold more than two or three coffins, I should fancy. At any rate, it is the custom, whenever they cannot get another coffin in, to mingle the bones of a couple of coffins in one coffin, and burn the other coffin. Of course the mouth of each receptacle is closed with a slab, cemented, and inscribed with the name of the owner. In another part of the cemetery were

buried the rich and vain of this world, in Gothic and other kinds of chapels, many of them splendidly designed; in fact, I never saw anywhere brought into so small a space such a mass of costly funeral monuments, sumptuous beyond conception. There was a funeral of a little boy while we were there, only gentlemen present in black clothes, and shining black hats, smoking cigarettes. I watched them open the mouth of the sepulchre high up in the air, and put in the little white coffin; but to make room for it, they threw upon the ground the rotten half of an old coffin and shoved a dangling, rattling skeleton, with bits of cloth hanging to it, far back into the oven. It was a nasty sight, and an impressive argument to prove the æsthetic and ethical advantages of a rational and cleanly cremation.

They were languid, do-nothing days in Barcelona. I remember them now with pleasure; but as I could never make much out of nothing for myself, I cannot do it now for others. I went to the theatre, among other things: an enormous theatre, bigger than the famous Naples and Milan theatres, seats 4000 persons; I counted five tiers of galleries. The opera was *Aïda*, — pretty scenery; but the orchestra was weak, — began at eight and lasted till twelve; long intermissions, when the foyer swarmed like anthills, — everybody smoking cigarettes, which of all modes of consuming tobacco seems to me most frivolous. At dinner, after a plate of soup, they will light a cigarette, and again after the fish, — and so on, — always cigarettes and fans; — and à propos of fans, I saw a good many handsome faces in Barcelona. They have a marked type, the Spanish women, — more marked and peculiar, it seems to me, than any other European race: great Ro-

man noses, — blackest of eyes, — and indescribable grace of fan. They dress a great deal in black, and have a look as if not ignorant of amorous trifling. But I have not yet analyzed the Spanish character; and cannot therefore send you an essay upon its leading features. There is one salient point only which I may perhaps mention, — they are terrible spitters, not to put too fine a point upon it.

From Barcelona I came to Valencia by rail, along the beautiful blue Mediterranean, — seventeen hours of uninterrupted enjoyment, past Tarragona and across the Huerta or Garden of Valencia, — exceedingly beautiful, blooming with all greennesses, once the paradise of the Moors, and a well-watered paradise, for the network of canals they invented still exists and gives life to the soil. It is a ride that deserves something better than to be knocked off in one line: but I am so ignorant of horticulture and agriculture and other useful cultures that I can give no better account of it — orange groves, rice swamps, olive plantations; and beyond all, the blue Mediterranean; and on the other side, the hills — arid, rocky, white. Sometimes the track was laid along the water, and we had delicious cool breezes. It is a quaint place, this Valencia. I have seen but a little of it, however, as yet. The houses are well built — all stone, with marble stairways, and a portal big enough for an omnibus to drive through; and inside of the portal — even in the finest houses — is a stable for horses. I have a grand chamber with two sleeping cabinets, and three beds, — they seem to sleep in threes in Spain. The kitchen is curious, and to my cosmopolitan stomach the variety is agreeable. I have not come across any garlic, and the red wine, which is

free to all *ad libitum* without price, is excellent. So that, as I began with saying, Spain is better than its reputation. But after all, there are brigands. The English Vice-Consul at Tarragona was on the train with us to Valencia; and he related how only last week, on this very train at night near Barcelona, two ruffians entered a first-class coupé, and, with pointed pistols enforcing silence, made the Spanish gentlemen hand over their money. The case was reported in all the newspapers. The slowness of the trains facilitates these operations, for including stoppages a train does not make more than ten miles an hour. The first-class carriages are wretched beyond description. It was the most God-forsaken looking train I ever saw. When you buy oranges, call for Valencia oranges and take no others. The Valencia orange is the apple of paradise.

GRANADA,
Hôtel Washington Irving: opposite the Alhambra,
Sunday, 15 April, 1877.

MY DEAR M., — I have come unto the Alhambra: but such is the irony of fate, I arrive with a violent cold on chest and lungs. I can scarcely hold my head up; and you will, therefore, I am sure, look kindly on my apparent incoherencies. There is something inimical to me, I should think, in Spanish air. This is the second time I have broken down disastrously since I left Dresden, — the first time, to be sure, in Italy, but my face was turned toward Spain.

To begin, however, where I left off, I may remark that I spent several days in Valencia, owing to the accident, mainly, of having a letter to a Spanish merchant, who made our stay agreeable. Did I say that he invited us

to dinner? It was an excellent dinner; the wine of Xeres was delicious and there were dark-eyed Spanish maids who could only laugh their nonsense, not having the gift of the English tongue. There was only one Spanish lady who could speak English; she was a Cuban, and had been "*elevated in Philadelphia.*" There were many courses, and much perfume of orange blossoms; but, singular to relate, from one end of the dinner to the other there was not a vegetable visible upon the culinary horizon: not that I care for vegetables; I record the fact as a curious one. There were ices and coffee and havannas and cognacs, and Maraschino from Trieste, and strawberries and oranges, — but the only use they make of oranges in polite circles in Valencia is to squeeze the juice over their strawberries. Try it. It is much better than spoiling your strawberries with claret, after the manner of ruder nations.

We went to the Arena for Bull-Fights; unfortunately there was no bull-fighting going on then in Valencia. The great carnival for bull-fighting is in summer, — latter part of July, — when bulls are fiercest, and the heat is torridest. But we went over the Arena: fancy the Colosseum rebuilt, and you have it: — enormous structure, — largest and finest in Spain, — seats twenty thousand persons; — silent as the grave when we were there, but one could easily fancy it reverberating with angry cries and shouts of applause, as horse and rider go down before an infuriated bull, to be torn in pieces, — that is to say, the horse is generally gored and made mincemeat of, but it is seldom that the rider is not clever enough to slip through the peril unharmed. We saw the enclosures in which the bulls are confined, and the stables for

horses, — all exceedingly clean and in good order. I was told that the Arena belongs to the hospital of the city; and that the proceeds go to the sick poor, — nets twenty thousand dollars a year, but I do not believe that the sick poor get it all. *Credat Judæus!* And speaking of the poor, Spain is a terrible country for beggars, much more than Italy under the new régime. They swarm like mosquitoes and stick to you; but you soon get used to them and do not mind them; in fact, they impart a classic feature to the landscape. It is so I picture to myself the ancient Roman cities, — nests of beggars.

I strolled about the streets, too, of an evening. Street life in the evening in Valencia is something peculiar. Everybody is on the streets or on the balconies, and the streets are so narrow that they seem to be but lanes of balconies; and half the shops have no doors, — like Oriental bazaars, — hung with stuffs of gay colours and glittering with gas-lamps. It is a fairy-like scene, — men in muffled cloaks, and ladies with black veils, and peasants in all the colours of the rainbow, men and women alike. I shall always remember such an evening stroll; and here and there — it being the week sacred to San Vincente, the patron saint of the city — were platforms in the open air on which boys, belonging to St. Vincent orphan asylums, performed plays in honour of the saint, — very gaudy and curious relics of another time, which has passed away everywhere but here. But in Spain they cling to the past with all its superstitions and all its incredible dirt; yet perhaps the lover of mankind may find comfort in the thought that the new age with its superior conveniences is pushing its way, so to speak, even into these dead cities. Tramways, for instance, are much thought of in Spain — they are in all the

leading cities; and the moralist may find a fertile subject for contemplation in the sight of a horse-car threading its way at a walk through these narrow, swarming, picturesque streets, — so narrow, often, that there is absolutely no room at all for anything but the car, — a pedestrian must straighten himself up against a wall, if he would avoid being jammed to death by the car, which under those distressing circumstances may be likened to the Car of Juggernaut; for civilization, too, alas, counts its victims by thousands, — but at any rate it shrouds its victims in roses, and does not rattle their skeletons in your face as the old superstitions did.

And so my brief days flowed away pleasantly in Valencia; and I passed on to Cordova. But the passing on to Cordova was anything but a poetical transition. It was excessively nasty, not to put too fine a point upon it. We left Valencia at three in the afternoon, and did not arrive in Cordova till one o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, — twenty-two hours without refreshment. And to make it worse, we could not buy our tickets through to Cordova, but had to renew them at three in the morning, together with baggage receipts; little time — much confusion — and the gabble of strange tongues — uncouth moneys, and cheateries always in ambuscade. As long as the daylight lasted, the scenery was charming, — the Garden of Valencia, — land flowing with milk and honey, — land of the olive and the vine; but when the morning dawned, all that beauty had passed away; the scenery was wild and desolate, hills covered with shrubs, and rocky, and arid. La Mancha figures in *Don Quixote*, but I have made the unfortunate mistake of not having brushed up my recollection of that noble knight;

I dare say that I shall pass by many of the scenes of his exploits without experiencing the thrill proper to the occasion. It was not until we approached Cordova that we came again upon green fields and stately palms, figuring on the horizon; and olive trees and other indications of milk and honey: although, à propos of milk, I don't see that there is any in Spain, — that is, cows' milk, — they use goats' milk of unutterable flavour, — the butter is not to be eaten, even if you could get it to eat.

But these are prosaic details and not in keeping with the grand associations which cluster about Cordova, once the centre of European civilization, birthplace of Seneca, one of the grandest philosophers; and of Lucan, who I remember *deaded* me once in college; and of other serious and godlike men, — Averroes, for instance, flower of Arabian culture. The streets of Cordova are said to have been the first streets ever paved in Europe. That was a good while ago, and I fancy that they have never been paved since: for such a breakneck ride as we had from the railway station to the hotel it is impossible to picture. The streets are narrow, mere lanes; the houses are low, not often more than two stories, with the usual Oriental balconies and latticed windows, with open doorways through which a little courtyard and a fountain are seen surrounded by orange and lemon trees and other aromatic and fructiferous shrubs, with polished marble staircases suggestive of interior luxury, in the usual Oriental contrast to the hangdog look of the outside. The hotel was well enough furnished and roomy; and the viands not bad, — Montilla wine is to be drunk in Cordova, flavour of thin sherry, dry wine and not heavy, in

fact, good wine; and it never goes to the head, unless you put more of it into the stomach than the stomach can dispose of. Delicious wine this Montilla, and ought to be better known at lower prices; but these Spanish innkeepers are a set of cut-throats, — although, to be exact, I believe the keeper of the Cordova hotel is an Italian Swiss — Jew apparently; at any rate offensive. But not to do them injustice, I do not think that the class of Spaniards with whom a traveller comes in contact is at all worse than the corresponding class in Italy; that is not saying much for them, however.

The great sight of Cordova is of course the Mosque, — I do not call it a cathedral. It is a mosque and nothing else, — and that in spite of the uglinesses with which Catholicism has disfigured it.

But when I come upon a great thing like this mosque, I must say frankly that I break down. If you have seen photographic views of any part of its interior, although I should think photographic views of the interior would be difficult if not impossible to take, you will easily build up the structure for yourself. It is not high; on the contrary, it is low, and rests on arches supported by marble pillars, and each arch supporting the roof has another arch under it; fancy avenues of pillars in straight lines, crossed by other avenues of pillars at right angles in straight lines, arranged so that you also get diagonal vistas besides the rectangular vistas, — fancy this forest of pillars roofed in, and with bits of windows here and there admitting very dim religious light, and you have an outline of the interior of this unique structure. As to the exterior, one may say that there is none — mere blank low walls. I call it a unique structure, but not on

the whole beautiful. There is a weird fascination in it, indeed, arising from its strangeness and from the associations it incessantly suggests, but beautiful it is not to a taste formed on wholly different models. For myself, indeed, I find something depressing in the lowness of the structure. It seemed to me as if I were walking in the vast substructures of some Cæsar's palace. But there are details in it of wonderful beauty, such as the recess where the Koran was kept, with exquisite articulated work in white marble, looking at a little distance like embroideries, with mosaics rich in colours, with golden Arabic inscriptions and what-not. But things of this sort cannot be well described; a coloured picture or coloured stereoscopic view best reproduces them to the imagination. I looked for some photographs, but I could not find any worth taking away. All the photographic views I saw were the merest rubbish. I went many times to the Mosque, and always with increased pleasure; the like of it is not to be seen anywhere. It is a precious relic of a civilization and a race that have both passed hopelessly away. Whether they deserved to pass away is a point which I think it would be interesting to investigate. The pillars are all marble monoliths, gathered from the ancient Roman world doubtless: many of them of exquisite marble; one never does see such marbles, except in ancient edifices. What has become of all the quarries? and why are they no longer worked? also another interesting point.

I spent a couple of days in Cordova and shall carry away a very clear recollection of the Mosque; but as I began with saying, I break down when I attempt to improve the occasion and write about it. I am not architect

enough, nor versed in the history of architecture, — and pass on to say that I came by rail from Cordova to Granada, arriving here late last night, suffering from a violent cold and very wretched. I left Cordova at two and got out at Granada at half-past ten; but this hotel is situated close to the Alhambra, a long drive from the station, and it was very late before I got to bed. Travel has its infelicities, and in Spain these infelicities occur at the departure and arrival. Such screaming ruffians, such shameless beggars! They snatch your parcels from your hand, if you are not careful, and wrangle over you as if you were a gold-mine. And then the *octroi* is another nuisance. You give a little something, of course, and are let off, but the mere thought of the thing is annoying. In fact, there is everything to ruffle your temper in Spain if you are not always on your guard; and I am not always on my guard. The weather has been very hot and I steam profusely, but in Cordova it rained mad torrents, and there were black clouds, as in civilized countries, — the glare of the sun is oppressive, and travel is tiring; to enjoy the spring in Spain one should select a definite point and stay permanently somewhere. That is the way I believe Washington Irving did; he stayed in the Alhambra. But I do not remember that he ever complained; and yet what must travelling in this beggarly country have been in his day: merciful Heavens! Nowadays we have trains, but every station is guarded by armed men and every train carries armed guards, — swells with blunderbusses: — poor Spain! proud and covetous, — besotted, in fact, with bigotry and avarice: but what can be expected of a race that fritters tobacco away in *cigarritos* held under other folks' noses!

SEVILLE, Sunday, 22 April, 1877.

MY DEAR M., — I brought you in my last letter to the Alhambra. But before giving ourselves up to the emotions proper to that interesting and melancholy place, it were well to say that I had directed any letters which might arrive for me in Dresden between 25 March and 10 April, to be sent to the Hotel Washington Irving in Granada; but nothing came for me. I take it for granted, therefore, that I have fallen a victim to what I may call postal brigandage; hence if you should have sent any valuable despatch, that was likely to arrive in Dresden between the two dates above given, it has probably gone to light Spanish *cigarritos*. I shall order nothing forwarded to me again in Spain; but everything will go to Paris, where I hope to arrive in three weeks' time.

I shall spare you a description of the Alhambra: Ford's-Murray will furnish you with a much better and more learned one than I could possibly get up. For, in the first place, I am not good at prose description, — sentiment being, as you know, my strong point, — and in the second place, I have not a very pleasant recollection of my week at the Alhambra. I was suffering under a terrible cold and was racked by an obstinate cough. And the weather was so cold and raw that it froze all the poetry in me. The last two days only of my stay were pleasant: that is to say, the sun was bright and the sky very blue — but the air was cool and crisp, more like the air on fine days with us in October than the balmy springtime of the sunny South, with orange blossoms and zephyrs. And indoors it was as cheerless and wretched as in Italy in the winter. Under these depressing cir-

cumstances you will not wonder that I failed to be cheerful.

We spent a week at the Alhambra, and I went over the old Palace of the Moors many times: and we read some of the legends collected by Washington Irving, in honour of whom the little inn where we lodged was named. But I became rather tired at last of picturing the place as alive with swarthy Moors in baggy drawers, and with turbans and scimetars, squatting on marble pavements, and gazing at houris robed in silken vestments and enveloped in cashmere shawls. But without these associations the place loses a great part of its fascination; for to speak frankly, as becometh the humble loiterer, I was more or less disappointed in the Alhambra. It was not so grand as I had fancied it. It is of course beautiful, and the first impression is the beautifullest, if I may say so. It is all exactly alike; when you have seen one hall or chamber, you know how all halls or chambers will look. And though of course there is great variety to the initiated eye in the pretty traceries in stucco which clothe the walls, yet to the uninitiated eye they are monotonous. The Court of the Lions was an especial disappointment. It was not spacious or grand — and the lions look more like ugly bulldogs than the King of Beasts. I believe they were Phœnician creations, and may have been idols perhaps. It is very intricate, too, the Alhambra. There is no symmetry of plan; and you find your way with difficulty from one nook to another, — all in the same Alhambric style. Walls covered with traceries, and roofs in imitation of grottoes — or ceilings adorned with stars, in hopeless imitation of the firmament. Externally as seen from below, the Alhambra

beggars description. It has a hangdog, sullen look, like all Oriental houses, the outside of which is meant to conceal any hint of the beauty within. And within, the architecture runs to what I may call the voluptuous-bower style.

The Palace that is preserved was the Summer Palace: and hence everything is made for coolness and repose. The Winter Palace, and they must have needed one badly, if any inference as to the severity of the winter may be drawn from the inclemency of this my one week of springtime, was pulled down by Charles V, in order to make room for a modern palace for himself. This modern palace, however, was never completed. Only the roofless walls are still standing, — shabby monument of a shabby and narrow time. Being, therefore, a summer palace, the remains that we now contemplate, — for even of the Summer Palace a good part has perished in the course of time, through the vandalism of this vagabond race that now possesses the land, — the remains that we now contemplate, I say, seem to indicate but one dominant idea in the mind of the architect; and that is, as I have intimated, to create a succession of voluptuous bowers for serene worship of Venus, or however the Moorish goddess may have been called. To our Lady of Cyprus the Greeks erected temples of surpassing beauty, to be seen from afar with delight, to be approached with awe. These gloomy Moors, on the contrary, shrouded our Lady of Cyprus in inaccessible retreats, in bowers radiant, indeed, with all the hues of the rainbow, in fairy grottoes, echoing to the soft ripple of waters, with marble divans and blue tiled walks, but withdrawn from the light of day, as if jealous of the intrusion of the Sun

God, — guarded, as it were, by a thousand intricacies, as if the Goddess of Beauty were a veiled goddess, reclining, with white arms folded, on marble divans by bubbling fountains. I may perhaps do these baggy Moors injustice, but such seems to me to have been their ideal; and if my view is correct, they were certainly wonderfully successful in accomplishing what they aimed at. Of course, being the seat of royal power, there are halls of ambassadors, chambers of justice, and other extraneous and prosaic apartments. But the voluptuous-bower ideal seems to me to run through everything, for everything is grotto-like, or cool retreat for repose, enshrouding the White-Armed in silken vestments: silent, mysterious,— fairylike, — and yet with an underlying gloom, if I may use such an expression, the gloom of secrecy or jealousy, — of cruelty, — merciless craft, — of barren lust: and so well has he stamped the genius of his race upon it, that wherever you go you seem to hear the soft step of the melancholy and baggy Moor; take away the associations, remove the image of the melancholy Moor, and I do not know that the Alhambra, architecturally considered, would be deemed so fine.

It is interesting as a relic of a race and a civilization that have both passed away forever; but regarded architecturally I do not think that it can be compared for a moment with the monuments that remain to us of the races and the ages from which we have drawn our inspirations. This is the most dreadful heresy, perhaps, but the humble loiterer does not care much for the reproving frown of fashion; and it is the fashion certainly to admire the Alhambra. And fashion, at any rate, has in its favour the fact that you cannot possibly divest the

Alhambra of its associations. Do what you will, the melancholy Moor is ever present to your mind's eye, sitting with crossed legs on marble divans by purling fountains, contemplating houris in silken vestments. I hope that you have read Irving's legends of the Alhambra. It will revive your recollections of the melancholy Moor. But even Irving does not attempt to describe the Alhambra. He was too wise for that. We were shown the rooms where he lodged, — in 1829, I think: it must have been a ghostly place to live in, and the Spaniards must have been a more harmless lot than they have the reputation of being now. We noticed one evening about dusk a great number of men, all wrapped in cloaks, wending their way past our inn up the road that leads to a cemetery. They were all going to look at the corpse of a gentleman who had been murdered in a quarrel by one of his friends the day before, and to see if the stab had been artistically given: for murder is a fine art in Spain, and a bit of true work in this line is always pleasing to these high-minded beggars.

But to finish with the Alhambra, I should have said that these stucco traceries have for the most part now a whitewashed look, the original colouring having disappeared. But enough of it remains here and there to give one a fair idea of their pristine beauty. One of the chambers, the one in which the melancholy Moor reposed after his cooling bath, has been restored to its original condition, and is certainly very beautiful, ravishingly beautiful, in fact. I walked round the outside of the Alhambra one fine cool morning, and also up to the kiosk-like building with pretty terraced gardens, called the Generalife, where the favourites of the Sultan were

given a little air in summer, — and to be frank again, I must say that the superb views from the hill of the Alhambra interested me as much as the Alhambra itself. They are grand views, indeed, over a far-reaching plain, bounded by distant hills, and on one side by the dazzling white Sierra Nevada, the mere sight of which must have been cooling to the fevered brow of the melancholy Moor. Near to the inn are the large gardens of a private estate, belonging, I think they said, to a Madame Calderon. I have never seen, out of Switzerland, such a view as one gets from the terrace of this villa: the masses of snow covering the slopes of the Sierra Nevada seem to be almost within a stone's throw, so near does the transparent air bring everything.

The city of Granada is a dirty place, — the streets are dirty and the people are dirty, — but nevertheless there is a picturesqueness about both which does not always belong to dirt. And there are some traces of the time of the Moors here and there, which make the place more interesting. But on the whole, Granada is a decayed place, with its beggarly pride. As we drove one morning through one of its narrow streets, the guide called our attention to a gloomy, balconied, iron-barred-windowed house, which bore an inscription in Spanish to the effect that it was in that house, Eugénie, Empress of the French, was born; — the inscription was dated in 1867. It was a dull, poor-looking house in keeping with the fallen fortune of its once aspiring occupant. The Cathedral is large and lofty, but there was nothing in it that interested me, except the Royal Chapel containing the fine monuments to Ferdinand and Isabella, really fine indeed. I am sorry that I did not buy photographs of

them; they are sculptured in effigy, reclining, and one can go down into the vault underneath, where repose the remains of the illustrious pair in homely marble coffins. Everything in Granada connects itself with Ferdinand and Isabella, as in Berlin with Frederic the Great. In fact, a clever monarch anywhere is a subject of much pride to his people; and they cherish his memory as of something beneficent and therefore unusual. I strolled about the town a good deal, but I was never anywhere so pestered by beggars; it was really sickening, and it is generally impossible to shake them off.

From Granada I came, in one long day's journey,—a hot and dusty ride by rail,—to Seville. I had expected a great deal from the scenery of Andalusia, but I was disappointed. There was indeed a fulness of verdure, and a never-ending greenness of the earth, which gave promise of blooming crops; but of beauty there was none, to make up for the heat and dust of the ride. But I was glad, at any rate, to thaw out again, and as I am now throwing off my cold, I became more cheerful upon leaving Granada. I often consider when I am in a country whether I should like to live in it. I have seen nothing in Spain to tempt me to remain for a moment. I should think it would be the least desirable country in Europe in which to dwell. To my *historical* contempt, so to speak, for the Spaniards, I add a contempt for the Spaniards of to-day,—that is to say, as he comes in contact with the humble loiterer. Of Spanish life I know nothing, but I can hardly persuade myself that there is much in it to interest one, or that there is any promise of regeneration anywhere for this lazy but avaricious race, haughty in its beggary, dirty with all the pride of the unwashed.

But of course I dare say that I do the highminded Spaniards injustice. I record merely the impression of the humble loiterer, fleeced at every turn, and overcome by dirt wherever he putteth his foot. I am sorry not to be able to do more for you with the Alhambra. But I have really done my best. I am, as you know, a weak vessel: and weak vessels are beyond repair! Forget my heresies, but remember that the voluptuous-bower principle is the key to the Alhambra; and that the humble loiterer is not so crusty as he seems to be when he has a wheezing cough on him.

ARANJUEZ, Sunday, 29 April, 1877.

MY DEAR M., — Among all the cities I have seen in Spain, Seville is certainly the most interesting. It is extremely lively, and the climate delicious, — that is to say, at this season: although I should fancy it would resemble a boiling cauldron a couple of months later. The mornings and evenings are perfect, and even in the middle of the day it is not uncomfortable in the shade; on the contrary, there is an exquisite and languid coolness, if I may say so, which disposes to rest and to reveries, to drowsy contemplation of the cloudless sky and the purling fountain in marble colonnaded courts, with their palm trees and fragrancies.

This is the poetic side, but there is a prosaic side. It is an evil-smelling town; the climate seems to me debilitating, — at any rate, it disposes to unpleasant disorders of the bowels; and the mosquitoes are a slice of the Judgement Day, to use the vigorous phrase of your friend Beecher, who has great professional knowledge on that subject. I look as if I had just emerged from several

varioloids, and do not like to find myself opposite a mirror. It is a soft, voluptuous, and sunny little capital, this Seville: I should think it would be a pleasant place in which to spend the winter. There is an opera house, and there is good living, and excellent shops and lively streets, and a fine drive along the Guadalquivir, which by the way I had fancied to be a poetic stream. It is not poetic. It is of the meanest: yellow, muddy water, narrow and shabby, like everything in Spain; but I shall not toil to write out the name again, I shall designate it as the G. This drive along the G. is called the *delicias*, and is bordered on the other side by the superb gardens of the Duke of Montpensier's Palace. I believe the young daughter of the Duke is to marry the young King Alfonso, and it is to be hoped that the honeymoon will not be interrupted by a revolution, although I believe there is no reason to expect that the present government will last longer than recent preceding governments. The ex-Queen Isabella lives in Seville, and we saw her driving in a four-horsed chariot, with outriders in scarlet smallclothes, along the G., but nobody took the slightest notice of her. I was not near enough myself to see her face distinctly: but she seemed to be a flabby creature. She has been scandalizing even Seville of late, and I believe the virtuous inhabitants petitioned to have her removed; the scandals about her, however, can be described only in the Latin tongue, as Gibbon said about Messalina. And I pass on to say that this august female occupies the Alcazar, or old Moorish Palace of Seville. She forbids its being visited; but the *portiers* and others will smuggle one in, if one will take the trouble to be on hand about seven o'clock in the morning.

We took that trouble the other day. It was a bright, glorious morning; the place was swarming with soldiers and sentries, — an idle, disordered lot they seemed, — but we were passed in and shown about. The ex-Queen is not up at seven o'clock, and there is no danger of her being disturbed at that hour; but the halls and vestibules which are shown are all on the ground floor and totally unoccupied, barren of everything except the graceful tracery with which the melancholy Moor clothed them. It is pretty to see, this tracing and colouring, for this part of the palace seems to have been restored to its original appearance throughout; but as I have previously had the heresy to remark, when you have seen one hall, or voluptuous bower, or other architectural effect of the melancholy Moor, you have seen all he can do. Elsewhere and forever he will only repeat himself; and perhaps that is the reason why fate brushed him off the face of Spain, as we brush flies from a table, and consigned him to extinction. But sentiment is more powerful than fate and the melancholy Moor will live again, and doubtless more respectably, in the realm of romance and sentiment. His costume was picturesque, and he has bequeathed it to us; and as for his suleikas in silken vestments, we can robe them with beauty at our will. I was glad to have seen the Alcazar; but I shall never forgive the ex-Queen Isabella for making me get up at half-past five; and if there is anything bad that can be said of her, which other people have not already said, I shall say it, without recourse to Gibbon's expedient of clothing my slander in the obscurity of a learned tongue. *Caramba!*

The Cathedral at Seville is certainly fine; there is a

grand simplicity about it, but I did not find it as fine as I expected. Externally it is nothing, with the exception, of course, of the famous tower called the Giralda: and I do not find that so beautiful as fame makes it. It is certainly a *striking* piece of architecture, for the bells at the top make jarring, discordant noises; but if you look at a photograph of it you will agree with me doubtless. The interior of the Cathedral is spacious and lofty, and with grandest pillars; but the central aisle is filled up with altars and choirs, so that you do not anywhere obtain a full view of the interior as in St. Peter's. There is no architectural effect to it, as a whole; and there is no richness in it, scarcely a marble. It is a cold gray tone that pervades it, simple, to be sure, but exceedingly cold and gray, — like many of Murillo's pictures, which I understand now that I have seen these Spanish cathedrals. I suppose some persons like this simplicity and austereness: I do not: it indicates to me a hard and meagre nature, a want of original creative power, precisely in accordance with the Spanish character; for with the exception of a few famous playwrights and a thimblefull of famous painters, Spain makes a poor show, indeed, among what the Germans call *Cultur-Völker*.

It is in Seville, as you know, that one sees many Murillos, and there is a statue of him in a square, and a street called after him; in fact, signs of a feeble Murillo-cult are visible; but like everything else in Spain, art is very shabbily cared for. Some of the pictures, such as the Moses striking the Rock, and the Miracle of the Fishes, were painted expressly for the spot where they hang, and should be left there; but those gathered in the Museo, or idling about in the Cathedral, are sadly neglected.

I saw the great picture of St. Anthony in a chapel, nearly opposite the main entrance — St. Anthony kneeling with outstretched arms. You will remember that the figure of St. Anthony was cut out, and sent to New York, where it was offered for sale, and subsequently recovered. I have forgotten the details about the robbery, but they said in Seville that it was supposed to have been done by a Carlist priest (it was during the Carlist war) who wanted to raise money for the cause, — an ingenious tale certainly. I have not had as much pleasure, however, from the contemplation of Murillo's pictures as I had anticipated; for the light in these cathedrals and chapels and what-not is always so bad, and there is always so little of it, that I have seldom been able to see a picture fairly; and the cold gray colours which Murillo seems to have liked so much make the seeing of his work still more difficult: there is no rich colouring that warms the eye a little and helps one on. He seems to have painted no end of Conceptions. He was celebrated, indeed, for his frequent and successful treatment of that theme: and there are also many large and elaborate compositions by him; but I think the picture I like best is the so-called Guardian Angel, which I dare say you know. It is in one of the chapels, — or, rather, behind a chapel in a small sacristy, which is kept locked. I could only once get a peep at it. In the Museo are a good many pictures by Murillo: in fact, if all the Murillos in Seville could be brought together, and shown, Seville would be found to possess one of the greatest attractions in Europe. But they never will be brought together: and the meek tourist will have to go on, century after century, toiling from one hot street to another in search of Murillos. But the

meek tourist will not mind such trifles, once he has learned to hold his nose.

To pass from pictures to tobacco, — two interesting themes, which are perhaps not so unrelated as they might at first seem to be, — I went over the great tobacco manufactory in Seville; for an humble loiterer is always careful to collect information upon serious subjects. Tobacco, as you know, is a Government monopoly in Spain. The Government imports Havana-made cigars, and sells them through its agents. The lowest-priced cigars, of such sort that I could find, cost about seven cents of our money. But besides this, the Government makes a cheap cigar, — that is to say, cigars which are sold at the Government offices at the rate of two for a real, and a real is five cents of our money. These again are all uniformly made, — that is to say, they are all clumsy and poor. They are made in the old-fashioned way, by hand, and not in moulds as we make them now. The factory in Seville, which is an enormous building, employs fully five thousand girls. It is a two-storied structure, the work of manufacturing being all done apparently in the second story, in long, vaulted, ropewalk-looking chambers, with no more light admitted than is necessary. It was a striking sight to look down one of these long rooms, filled with thousands of busy-fingered girls, fabricating a nauseous weed. You are taken round by an employé, of course; and you are also followed by a matron wherever you go; but in spite of these precautions, I could not discover a half-dozen pretty faces. Many of the girls, so-called, were middle-aged women, wan and haggard; and many of the young women again had their babies in cradles at their side. I

saw one woman giving suck to her child while she plied her fingers over her work. In the *cigarritos* department all the girls employed are said to be gipsies; at any rate they were of a wholly different type from the others; dark faces and blackest eyes and raven hair, and all with roses in their hair. They all seemed, indeed, to be very fond of flowers, and I do not think I saw a girl anywhere without a rose or other flower in her hand or in her hair. The gipsy girls were all arranged in colours, too, which gave them a picturesque appearance. The air was not so bad as it might have been, but I was glad to get out of the place. These girls work for deadly low wages, — ten cents of our money for making one hundred cigars, I was told, but can scarcely believe it, — and modern civilization does not look to advantage in presence of an army of its victims, even with roses in their raven hair.

I do not know what more I can tell you about Seville, where I spent a week. The streets in the central part of the town are narrow, and only for pedestrians, being flagged like an alley with us. The fashionable street where I lived, the Sierpes, is of this sort, twenty feet wide perhaps. It was pleasant to stroll out there after dinner. We sat down to dinner at seven o'clock usually, among swarms of idlers. The cafés were large and good; and in the evening always crowded. Elsewhere, the streets are accessible to carriages, but are for the most part narrow. The houses are all whitewashed; and often with green-painted blinds and balconies. They are not often more than two stories high; and as every family seems to occupy a house by itself, and each house takes up a good deal of room with its open court, Seville covers a good deal of ground. I saw almost all the sights

of the place, — of course the so-called House of Pilate, for instance, and other things; but it bores me as much to write about sights, so-called, as it does to see them. Is not that your case likewise?

Seville was doubtless a rich city in its day; the wealth of the New World was poured into it, or rather, passed through it and consumed, for with the exception of the Cathedral there is not a vestige of former opulence. The son of Columbus lies buried in its Cathedral, with an inscription on the slab over his grave to the effect that Columbus gave a new world to Castile and Leon; but the New World was a curse to Spain, and Spain was a curse to the New World, — and altogether the history of Spain seems to me the most hideous chapter in the history of recent centuries. But no nation, I fancy, ever sank so low as Spain, and yet retained the hope of regeneration, for these people want a republic!

MADRID, Sunday, 6 May, 1877.

MY DEAR M., — I spent a week at Seville, a very pleasant week in spite of mosquitoes, and I left it with regret; it was a quaint city and wholly peculiar in Europe, half Oriental and half Mediæval, full of Moorish associations, and tropical suggestions: connecting itself on the one hand with the memories of a great conflict, which swept away an alien race in Europe; and on the other with the devastations which made a waste of the fairest lands in America.

But my time was up: and I moved on northward to Aranjuez, a long and tedious journey of twenty hours by rail; for the railway travel in Spain is most fatiguing. The first-class carriages are so few in number that they

are generally crowded, — and you may fancy the discomfort of the humble loiterer shut up in a coupé with seven or eight persons, unable to stretch his legs, whiling away the long hours of the night in vain reflections upon the folly of exploring strange lands in search of the picturesque.

> Active in indolence, abroad we roam
> In quest of happiness which dwells at home ;
> With vain pursuits, fatigu'd, at length you 'll find,
> No place excludes it from an equal mind, —

says Horace, as rendered by the ingenious Mr. Elphinstone. It was daybreak when we arrived in Aranjuez, and, emerging from the hot and crowded carriage, walked out into the cool fresh air, across a great square, past a rambling, deserted palace, to a broken-down, shabby inn, — the plastering all off the ceilings, and great holes in the tiled floor, over which I stumbled upstairs into a bare and desolate room, with a shabby bed and one chair, and not so much as a tumbler to clean my teeth in ; and to add to the dreariness, it began to rain, and to complete it, we discovered that there was to be no bull-fight that day in Aranjuez (it was on Sunday), as we had been falsely told, as if with malice prepense. Aranjuez is a sort of Spanish Versailles, with a great palace and blooming gardens and running waters. It lies very high, and the air was deliciously cool, — the reason, probably, why it was selected for royal tarryings in the springtime. But the Court was not there then, — I do not know whether it comes now, — and the place was as empty and dreary as could well be imagined. I comforted myself with sleep, and with writing you one of my excellent letters in a fair round hand : and by that time the sun came out ; we had

breakfast and Valdepenas wine; and the place looked better. We could not get into the palace, fortunately, and I had time for a pleasant stroll among the gardens in the afternoon.

The next day we made an excursion, an hour and a half by rail to Toledo, returning to Aranjuez to dine and sleep. I should like to give you a full description of Toledo, but I can't; it was too much for me; certainly one of the most picturesque cities I have ever seen, if not the most curious. It is a natural fortress, situated high up on a steep and rocky hill, which it wholly covers. It is a long ride up to it from the railway station in a four-muled omnibus, a good broad road, winding and steep, over a mediæval bridge and through very mediæval gates. The Tagus, and another river of which I have forgotten the name, nearly encircle the town at the base of the hill; and across the river are arid and desolate slopes of reddish hue; and far away, green fields and rolling plains. But the city itself baffles description. I am surprised that artists, hard up for bits of quaint and unusual beauty, do not seek Toledo. At every turn there is something worth working up on canvas. It is a Museum, — a Pompeii, not buried, but gray and sombre in the glare of sunlight, as if it had been baking for ages and would go on baking for ages to come, — solid and rocky, — an eyrie, — an impregnable refuge, — isolated, proud, defiant, as if it were sufficient unto itself.

We had an intelligent guide, and spent three or four hours in his company, doing up the town as I have seldom done any town. He carried us through the narrow streets and showed us everything in the way of architectural remains which it was possible for the trained

enthusiasm of an archæologist to discover. First came the Romans in Toledo; and although there is no Roman work in any state of preservation, there are bits of portals, capitals, and what-not which indicate the presence of that all-conquering race. Next came the Goths, and you see the house where the Gothic King Wamba dwelt, and bits of Gothic work here and there; and next came the Moors, of course, and they left an ineffaceable mark upon Toledo, as upon every other Spanish town; for their houses were solid and well built, and not to be destroyed even by Spanish fanaticism; and so, making a virtue of necessity, the Spaniards appropriated them bodily, and you see the town to-day, probably, very much as the Moors made it: the houses all built in the form of a square, with an open court or *patio*, which the Moors probably derived from the Romans, and the streets so narrow that you can always walk in the shade,—a matter of prime importance in these rocky eyries where the sun burns and scalds as with a burning-glass. And in the shade, at this season of the year at any rate, it is always cool and delicious, else I should have been done for in Toledo. We were taken into two or three deserted synagogues, with Moorish traceries and very curious relics of the days of the Spanish Jews; and into the Church of San Juan de los Reyes, upon the walls of which, on the outside, still hang the chains taken from Christian captives at the time of the conquest of Granada—heavy iron chains, speaking memorials indeed of a time-off iron time, when every race was set against every other race; and when, one might almost say, every man's hand was raised against every other man; just as it is now, only in less open and less cruel ways. It is an interesting church with carvings

and inscriptions; but chiefly interesting from its associations; for everything in Toledo pales before the great Cathedral, with which we finished our day's work.

I have seen many cathedrals, but I do not know that I have ever seen one which on the whole was so fascinating and so rich in all architectural decoration as the Cathedral in Toledo. Externally, indeed, like all cathedrals I have seen as yet in Spain, it is not imposing, although its portals are exquisite; but the interior is beyond words, so to speak. I should not know where to begin to describe it, and I must therefore compress my rapture in fewest phrases. I cannot tell you its form: and I am not sufficiently acquainted with architectural terms or ecclesiastical work to be able to make special mention of any particular part, where all is so fine. The vistas are carefully designed to produce a striking effect, and they produce it; and the carvings in black wood in the choir are most exquisite. I may as well, however, send you at once to Ford's *Handbook of Spain* and escape showing my ignorance; in fact, there was so much richness, such elaborate details, such impressive effects, such sculpture, such chapels, where all the genius of a proud and powerful age, enslaved in the service of a dominant superstition, lavished and spent itself in fiery effort to command admiration and awe, that I became more or less confused; and still continue more or less confused whenever I attempt to recall this wonderful creation. This is meagre criticism indeed; but I cannot do more for the Toledo Cathedral.

I made no notes and I took no refreshment. I wandered as in a dream, and dreams are for the most part vague and shadowy when one has awakened, as I did

finally at the dirty inn in Toledo, tired and languid, and with a conviction that I had made a mistake in not spending a week in Toledo. Then I should have carried away, I hope, something more than the perturbed recollection I have now of its wonderful Cathedral, and of the four-muled omnibus that swept us down the steep and winding hills to the railway station, dirty, hungry, and tired. I remember only that we arrived at Aranjuez in time to dine at seven o'clock, in a great lumbering hall with holes in the tiled pavement, at a small table, lighted by two candles, which made the darkness visible, — silent and deserted, as if the ghosts even of the festive days of Spanish power had all departed, ashamed of the shabbiness and dirt which had succeeded to splendour and wealth. But this is perhaps a little sentimental: for, in spite of shabbiness and dirt, the humble loiterer dined well, and found comfort and solace in Valdepenas wine and the memories of a triumphant age, shorn of all its nastiness and cruelty, in the soft light of imagination.

We left Aranjuez early the next morning, and came by rail, an hour and a half or thereabouts, to Madrid. And it is here at Madrid that, paradoxical as it may seem, I emerge from Spain; for in Madrid there is nothing Spanish except the language and the drinks made of sour milk and snow-water. It is a modern city and a fine city. I have heard it much abused; and perhaps its resources are not great, if one pitch his tent here; but from what I have seen of it I have been agreeably disappointed. I lodge in a hotel, on the so-called Puerta del Sol, in the heart of the city, — a good-sized square with a fountain in the middle of it, with tramways crossing it and cabs dashing about, and crowds hurrying to

and fro, as in all well-regulated capitals. As for sights I have not seen much. After Toledo I do not care for sights. I have driven about the town, however, — it is too hot to do much walking, for the streets are broad and the sun is iniquitous, — and taken a general view of the city. It seems to be a thriving and prosperous city, if I may judge from the street life; and the people are well dressed. The cafés are numerous, and multiform indeed are the cooling drinks; for in Madrid, as in Spain generally, the uneasy mind tends constantly toward cooling drinks. In a word, it is a large, busy, European capital; but no European capital that I have seen has such a beggarly outlying country about it. All the way from Aranjuez to Madrid, it was nothing but sterility and dreariness, a desert, in fact, in the midst of which lies Madrid. There is nothing to indicate that you are approaching a large city, — no cultivation, — nothing but aridity, — and rockiness. How such a city can thrive is a marvel to the well-ordered mind, but thrive it does apparently. I do not know whether there is any commerce or industry, but it is the geographical centre of Spain, and railways radiate from it in every direction; and railways would make even the Desert of Sahara bloom, would they not? But it is an expensive city. I have never anywhere in Europe paid such hotel prices as I pay here, and I shall not tarry long; in fact, I expect to go to-morrow northward again; for when prices reach a certain point, the humble loiterer ceases to be amused.

But the great thing, the famous thing in Madrid, I may say the famous thing in all the world, as you may know, — or have you been in Madrid (I forget), — is the Picture Gallery; and at the mention of that sacred

place I pause overcome — confused with rapture: — in fact, I cannot enter upon the subject. It is certainly the finest gallery in the world, and I reserve it for a happier moment. It is here that I have made the acquaintance of Velasquez: and I have revelled again in Titians and Raphaels. And there are many Murillos, of course; but apart from certain exquisite things by Murillo, not of a sacred character, and a Conception or two, I do not take to Murillo. Of course this is wickedness, but the humble loiterer has his infirmities of taste, like other persons not so humble and not so honest. The pervading colouring of Murillo does not please me: it is too cold. Velasquez also is cold, but he was a wonderful artist for bringing out what mind there was in the persons whose portraits he painted. It was a delight to warm the eye again with the exquisite flesh-colour of Titian — there are two superb recumbent nude figures by him which you may remember — and with the glory of Raphael. Architecturally it is a fine gallery; the light is good, and for once I could really *see* the pictures. Do you remember Goya's pictures? He was a sort of Spanish Wirtz, born in 1746, and dead in 1828, fantastic and superficial; his faces look like modistes' patterns. I had read about him in Germany; he had a talent for producing glaring and startling effects like the Belgian Wirtz. I was immensely disappointed; his finest things, however, are said to be his fantastic sketches on wood, but I have not yet seen them. There are also excellent private galleries, I believe, in Madrid, but I have not gone in search of them. I do not wish to confuse my recollection of the Picture Gallery. It is always better to have one thing clear in your memory. The Toledo Cathedral and the Madrid

Picture Gallery, — are they not enough to remember Spain by: and to make it worth while to forget everything else in Spain, if you can?

Burgos, Sunday, 13 May, 1877.

My dear M., — From Madrid I made the usual excursion to the Escorial. It is a tedious ride by railway of two hours out and two hours back, over the great desert in which Madrid is situated; certainly the most artificial capital in Europe. It was a cold and raw and windy and rainy day, and the weather was in keeping with the landscape and the place. In fact, during our whole stay of eleven or twelve days in Madrid we had nothing but raw and windy and rainy weather. The summer we had in Southern Spain seems to have given place to a cold Northern spring, and all the poetry is gone out of things. There seems, indeed, to be only a comparatively small part of Spain that is in the least inviting, — the part, namely, along the southern coast, where you are almost always sure of sunshine and zephyrs. Castile lies high and is swept by bitter wind; it is rocky and barren, almost treeless, and houseless, so to speak; great barren pastures where the sheep browse, with attenuated streamlets in arid dells; — in short, a gloomy, desolate landscape, fitting home for a hard and stubborn race.

The Escorial looms up long before you reach it, on a rocky eminence just under the brow of a black and lowering mountain. It is built wholly of granite, and is vast and gloomy, as befits the situation. It is almost all church and convent; but the monks have fortunately been all expelled from Spain. I have not seen a single one anywhere; and the place is empty and dreary. The church

is grand and impressive, exceedingly plain, with gray granite pillars and walls. I hardly remember a picture in it. The state apartments are limited and meagre for so grand a structure; but the halls are lined with fine Goya tapestries which relieve the bareness of their empty rooms. There is also a grand vaulted chamber directly under the high altar, lined with richest marbles, into which you descend to contemplate the coffins of ephemeral greatness, — marble coffins in niches round the walls, beginning with Charles V, and in the niche below him, Philip II, the builder of this monstrous and superstitious pile, and, as I may have remarked, altogether one of the most disgusting personages in all history. Only kings of Spain, however, repose in this chamber, together with such of their queens as have given an heir to the throne. There are many empty coffins yet to be filled, — and among them, they showed us the one destined for the virtuous Isabella. The rest of the royal truck is consigned to other and humbler vaults.

We were taken so fast and so confusedly through the Escorial that I retain no recollection of order or plan in the structure; but I learn from the infallible guidebook that the form is that of a gridiron, Philip II of disgusting memory having vowed, in great stress of mind at the Battle of St. Quentin, that if he were victorious he would dedicate some big thing to his patron Saint Lawrence, whose unhappy fate it was to have been martyred by slow fires known in hagiographical language as the gridiron process. We were shown the room in which Philip II lived — it is little better than a dog kennel — together with his ink-stand and old chain and other such relics; and also the little marble-lined room, opening upon the

high altar, in which he died. The choir of the church is directly opposite the altar; and, high up, a first *étage* so to speak, and in the furthest corner of it, they show you a plain wooden seat upon which Philip II used to sit and hear mass, with a secret door in the wall at his right hand through which he could slip out and in. It was while sitting here that they brought him the news of the Battle of Lepanto. In the former refectory of the convent there are still some fine pictures, a Last Supper by Titian, and other things; but the greater part of the pictures were probably removed to Madrid. The cells of the monks open upon a fine corridor; and there is a grand staircase leading up to it. They must have had an excellent time of it, indeed: but the cells are all empty now; and it is with difficulty that one can re-people in imagination the silent corridors and halls with the portly figures that once gave them life, so dead and buried does everything seem in the Escorial. There is no end of courts and passages and corridors, — all granite, — desolate, — silent, — echoing only to the footfall of the inquisitive tourist, anxious to keep his blood circulating.

I do not know that I can do more for you in the way of a description of the Escorial. The best description is a photograph. We were nearly three hours in straying about this uncomfortable structure; and were under strict injunctions not to sit down on the silken covered chairs of the state apartments, which we saw last, I believe, — and I was glad to emerge into the fitful sunlight and brush away from my brain all the cobwebs of the ghostly past in which I had become entangled. I went out upon a sort of terrace not far from the Escorial, and sat down upon a stone bench and smoked a cigar, with the great

desolate plain before us extending to Madrid; and on one side this gloomy memorial of a gloomy and unsavory age. There was a great deal of poetry in the place, and I got at it gradually by the help of the cigar aforesaid. Then we bundled into a three-muled omnibus, and rattled down to the railway station, getting back to Madrid in time to dine at half-past eight, — and this was my day at the Escorial. I was very tired and only too grateful to Philip II that he never built but one Escorial. We had a grand thunderstorm on our way back and fine effects of sunlight on blackest clouds, — but it was cold and raw and I was chilled through.

At Madrid there is not much to see, or if there be, I did not see it. I spent my time mostly in the Picture Gallery. I remember, however, going to see the Armoury, which is certainly extraordinarily fine; I suppose it is the finest in the world. It is in a building by itself near the Palace, a large hall, and is kept in brightest order; there are suits of armour of Charles V and Philip II, — you can never get far away from Philip II in Madrid, — finely wrought, of course, as became such puissant monarchs; and there is also a suit of armour which belonged to Columbus, a sword of Cortes and ditto of Pizarro, — in fact, no end of such historical relics, if they be genuine, and I have not heard that the authenticity is questioned: the sword of Boabdil, the last unhappy Moorish occupant of the Alhambra, — read about him in Washington Irving, who has restored him to his original colours, so to speak; and à propos of restoration, I fancy Irving must have caught the mania so long prevalent in Spain for restoring tarnished originals, for I noticed, when I first walked through the Gallery, that many of the pictures had

a varnished, fresh look, and that sometimes the colours were very thickly laid on. I did not pay much attention to it at first, so great was the pleasure of being once more in the presence of the great masters; but on succeeding visits and closer examination, I was really appalled at the devastation which has been wrought by these so-called restorers. I fancy that there is not a picture in the Gallery which has not been injured in this way. Murillo's so-called blue Madonna is an instance of this wickedness: so thickly has fresh paint been daubed on it that the original blue colour is quite lost, — it looks opaque and black; and although I read in the infallible guidebook that no pictures are restored now, yet I saw several vacant places on the walls with a ticket hung in the middle: *Esta en restauracion* — saw and shivered.

But to come back to the Armoury, — there is a curious old litter in which Charles V was carried when he had the gout; and there are superb pistols and muskets, and banners borne at the Battle of Lepanto, and Moorish helmets of exquisite work; and I observed in the shops pretty shawl pins of this same sort of work, twenty francs, if you please; but the humble loiterer does not buy shawl pins at that price. He has bought, however, some good photographs of what he has seen in Spain, at an excellent photographical establishment in Madrid, Laurent's, which he will exhibit to his friends upon his long deferred return to the icy shores of his native land. They are unmounted: three francs the piece, and a panoramic view of the Alhambra for twelve francs, with which he means to decorate his "den," if he ever has one. I used to buy stereoscopic views; but my stereoscope is in a rickety condition; and moreover, I see very few stereo-

scopic views to buy nowadays, and again, unless very carefully made, which is seldom the case, I think it strains the eyes to look at them. But if the conditions are well observed, there is nothing so good as a stereoscopic view for giving one a vivid idea of a place. — But to return to the Armoury, it is certainly a wonderful collection and I wish I could mention or describe all the fine things in it. But as I cannot, I pass on to say that I went to see the royal coaches, kept in a vast building like a carriage mart. The state coaches are very grand; but there is only one really ancient coach: a black funeral-looking thing in which Crazy Jane — you have read about her — used to carry about with her the body of her husband. There are also some stupendous diligences, in which royalty used to travel before it took to railways; and a luxurious carriage of Napoleon's, and no end of small modern coupés, and that sort of thing. I was taken also over the royal mews, and saw all the horses.

This is pretty much all I saw in Madrid: and I observe already that it does not in the least interest you, — you would prefer, doubtless, fine critical remarks upon pictures; but I cannot make fine critical remarks upon pictures, though I have always looked with awe upon those who can. I enjoy looking at pictures, but I cannot render any account to myself of the sources of my pleasure; nor show others how they might have been painted so as to give more pleasure. On the ground floor of the Gallery is a collection of sculptures, which the infallible guide sneers at: but I found much of it interesting; not the modern sculpture, — that is for the most part hideous, — but the ancient sculpture: busts of Roman em-

perors, and a few ancient statues, excellent, of course, as are all ancient statues; and there is a great recumbent female figure which they said was Cleopatra, — but it may have been any other ancient beauty, unless indeed there are authentic portrait busts of Cleopatra, Winckelmann will probably tell you; but it was a fine thing; and there were two curious statues, — heads and necks and part of the legs of gilded bronze, the cuirass and rest, of rich alabaster; they said one of them was Augustus, and I could not catch the name of the other. There was no catalogue of the collection, and it was promiscuously arranged, and I could not find out about these two statues: else I should report upon them with more precision.

In fact, I find everything connected with art in a shabby state in Spain. The Spaniards do not seem to care for ideal things, — it is a retrograding nation. They once had a Past and they live pompously on it, — forgetting even that that very Past was owing mainly to the accident of matrimonial alliances which brought to their aid the resources of other and greater states: unless, indeed, one understands by the Past of Spain the days of their conflicts with the Moors, and the rescue of the Peninsula from the thraldom of the Crescent, only to plunge it into the deeper thraldom of the Inquisition. In fact, whatever view you take of Spain, past or present, it presents a lamentable picture. There are, indeed, poetic epochs, but they are so remote as to have become almost mythical. The romance of the Cid is legendary, and has no meaning any more; but when you come to the later days, after the final expulsion of the Moors by Ferdinand, what a wretched story do the chronicles of Spain

record: the Inquisition crushing every ennobling sentiment, every germ of progress; and a race that bragged of conquering the Moors crawling to the stake to be burnt on fagots. There was persecution, indeed, in other lands, and all the horrors with which man could overwhelm his brother man; but the iron was never anywhere driven so deep into the human soul as it was in Spain.

These are tedious reflections, however, and it is not worth while to get heated over the one-sided development of civilization in Spain; the development of civilization is everywhere a tortuous process, and I suppose will ultimately take care of itself. At any rate, one does n't need to come to Spain to moralize upon its decadence: for one really learns very little about a country from simply being in it. I have been surprised, indeed, ever since I have been in Spain, at the little I can learn about it; yet I ought not to be surprised, when I reflect upon the extremely limited contact with the natives which the traveller has in these days of arriving by rail, and of putting up at first-class hotels, kept by foreigners: for unless the humble loiterer knows the language and is familiar with the history of the country, and has some means of putting himself in communication with the educated class through letters or diplomatic introduction, dinners or what-not, he may as well write down his moralizings at home and save himself the cost of a journey. But this supposes of course that he has a high purpose, and aims to enlighten himself, and be wise. But I regret to say that this is not always the case with humble loiterers; and that six weeks in Spain, although of little use to others, may be a great pleasure in itself: for there is the landscape, — and there are quaint cities and wonders of

architecture and art, — there is a sunny sky, — and the zest of novelty, and vivid memories of bygone ages, — nothing to vex and everything to enjoy, — no newspapers, — no sermons, nothing to fight but cheateries, for the humble loiterer, although useless, is not rich.

From Madrid I came to Burgos, — a long and tedious ride of eleven hours, through the most desolate country I ever saw, — that is to say, as long as the daylight lasted from four o'clock in the afternoon when we started from Madrid. But there was a good deal of wild mountain scenery; and often the very desolation of the landscape made it picturesque. We passed over the great plateaus of Central Spain, and the elevation is so great that I noticed in many places that the shrubs had not begun to put on their leaves, although elsewhere the country is robed in verdant green. It is an extraordinarily wild and arid region, and I could scarcely ever make out the habitation of a human being. But at night it came on to rain, and it poured hard, and was very cold and cheerless, indeed, when we reached Burgos in pitchy darkness, and very weary; but we got to our inn at last, and that was colder and damper even than the streets.

I must not quit Madrid, however, without mentioning the disgusting fact that I went to a bull-fight. In fact, I stayed several days longer than I should otherwise have done in order to see one. It was a raw windy afternoon; but the Arena — the Colosseum over again — was crowded with spectators, — an immense mass of people. There were six bulls butchered one after the other, the performance lasting about two hours and a half. I dare say that you have read descriptions of bull-fights, — at any rate, I am not in the mood to furnish you with a description of the

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one I saw. I should like to forget that I ever saw it, — a coarse, beastly amusement, without the least redeeming feature, — and made especially beastly by the slaughter of horses by the bulls. There were fourteen or fifteen horses gored to death by these six bulls, and the spectacle was exceedingly nasty. I shall never forget the applause with which one of the picadors was greeted, as, after an ugly shock with a bull, he remounted his horse and rode round the Arena with the entrails of the horse trailing upon the ground. I shall not waste any moral commonplaces upon the iniquity of a spectacle like this; the whole thing was nasty, too, and there can be no excuse for nastiness. The King was present and all the royal family; and there were many ladies, although as a rule, I should think, there were a dozen men to one woman. There was no great danger of human life; except in one instance, when the bull-fighter stood in the middle of the ring, holding a long pole, and waited for the onset of the bull, and as the beast made a plunge at him he vaulted over him by the help of his long pole, but unfortunately the horns of the bull caught the poor fellow, and he was thrown back on the ground, and the bull swept over him; they disengaged him finally and helped him out of the Arena. I learned the next day from a Spaniard that he was in the hospital and not expected to survive. It was a terrible sight.

I came to Burgos in order to see its famous Cathedral; and I tarry here to-day, my last day in Spain. The weather is sunny again, but cold, — clear, bracing weather, if one could only stop shivering. The Cathedral is so surrounded by houses that it is impossible to get a good view of its exterior; and the interior is so cut up by

chapels and choirs and what-not, all railed in, that it is equally impossible to obtain a general view there. It is a mass of details, but the details are most exquisite. The carvings are superb, and the marble effigies of some of the ancient knights are the finest I have seen. I drove out also into the environs to see a Trappist Monastery; it is all deserted now and going to ruin, for the Trappists have been swept away with all their kind; but it is a curious relic of what religion, so-called, is capable of. Burgos is a closely-built, dirty little city, with picturesque gateway and the shabbiest inhabitants: — I never saw anything so shabby as the cloak of a pauper Don. And I strolled about its streets with pleasure mingled with regret, for it is my last day in Spain.

To-morrow — just six weeks from the day I entered Spain at Barcelona — I leave it, and go to Biarritz or Bayonne. It has been an interesting but fatiguing tour. I have gratified my curiosity and seen many famous things; but on the whole I do not like Spain or the Spanish people. There is a charm, indeed, about the Mediterranean coast, and some of the cities there must be exceedingly pleasant for a winter residence. But the rest of Spain, so far as I have seen it, is wild and dreary and arid, — and in fact, there is nothing in Spain that attracts me. The viands, however, are not so bad as they are represented, and the wines are good; and the inns generally clean and reputable at three dollars a day. Spain has been over-abused; and now that I bid it farewell, I shall think kindly of it.

PAU, Sunday, 20 May, 1877.

MY DEAR M., — From Burgos, the last city I visited in Spain, I went to Bayonne, in France. It was a long

ride by rail, thirteen hours, I think, — but from the Spanish frontier to Bayonne was only an hour and a quarter. And speaking of frontiers, the French have improved their custom-house manners. They passed everything without any examination whatever, upon my saying that I had nothing dutiable: they mistook me for a Spanish Don, perhaps, *semper vacuus*. The landscape was at first dreary and arid: it can be so dreary and arid nowhere else in Europe except Spain, but in the course of the afternoon (we left Burgos at eleven in the morning) the scenery underwent a change; it became mountainous and picturesque and green; we were coming near to the Pyrenees — charming valleys and long reaches of sloping hills and Swiss-like houses; but there was a terrible succession of tunnels which interrupted one's enjoyment. And it came on to rain, and was cold, — I fancy it rains often and much in the North of Spain, — and it was pitchy dark and cheerless when we reached Hendaye, the first frontier town in France, and were transferred to French railway carriages. At half-past ten — still raining and cheerless — we reached Bayonne; but we descended at a nice hotel, tidy and comfortable. It was a great contrast to our inn at Burgos; and pleasing contrasts make up a part of the enjoyment of life. The only thing that depressed me was to find the lowest price for Bordeaux wine, within a few hours of Bordeaux, four francs the bottle. They make Bordeaux wine for you at a franc and a quarter in Dresden.

Bayonne was a larger city than I expected to find. The day after our arrival was fortunately fine; and we made an excursion to Biarritz, only forty minutes by omnibus, as they call it, but it was really a diligence. I

sat on top and had a superb ride, — the sky was blue, the air fragrant, the scenery pretty. It was the flush of spring-time, and the birds sang, and the grass was green, and everybody looked cheerful, and seemed to take pleasure in the seventy-five centimes ride. But Biarritz is not so fine a place as I had always fancied it. There is no grand beach, but a succession of bits of beaches, broken up by projecting crags, and with big hotels thrust in near the crags. The Imperial Villa is close upon the only part of the strand which can properly be called a beach; it is an unpretending villa, but large and airy as becomes the place. It was a clear, sunny day at Biarritz; and I was glad to sit in the sun on the terrace that overlooks the ocean, — our old friend, the Atlantic, which is said to be nowhere so restless as here in the Bay of Biscay. I thawed out, as it were, — and took a déjeuner and café noir, and gazed at the sea and the white sails and the gulls, and felt as if I had returned to something I could recognize. I strolled down also to the Virgin of the Rock, — a bronze statue of the Virgin, erected on the curiously projecting point of a crag out in the ocean, — the only sight in Biarritz, so far as I know; and walked along the strand and through the town, full of English in varied costumes. Biarritz is not a grand place, however, at all: it is a mere six weeks' summer bathing-place. I was disappointed in it: there is nothing there, except déjeuners and café noir and the restless sea. At Nice, on the contrary, besides the broad blue sea, you have a Southern landscape: orange groves and cactuses and the palm, and a fine promenade along the strand, — no hills, nothing to climb, — but broadness and space everywhere; unless, of course, you turn inland, in which case you face moun-

tains and climb all you please; and everywhere a scarlet landscape and the broad blue sea.

We returned to Bayonne in time for dinner. It was the most painful dinner I ever had at a table d'hôte, — the stinginess was supreme; the severe calculation which the French make on their dinner is too much for me. There was a Chinese ambassador, or something, near me, and even he seemed to be affected. I had been getting up a little sentiment on the delicacy and neatness of French civilization; but I was thrown back once more to reflect upon the elemental forces, the underlying egoism and all-grasping avarice, which seem to be the chief springs of human activity. And so I slept badly; and the next day passed on from Bayonne to Pau, where I have been now several days. It was a ride by rail of three to four hours, through a green country promising plenteous crops, and on the horizon the snow-covered Pyrenees. I do not know whether you were ever at Pau. It has always been a more or less celebrated place, on account of the clemency of the climate, and the numerous salubrious waters with which the neighbourhood abounds; and in the last years especially it has grown very popular, and I believe it is fashionable.

The great railway constructions of the last two decades have done for Pau what they have done for all places of the same sort, poured in upon them foreigners and money; for while the means of communication have become easy, wealth has increased rapidly, — that is to say, in the hands of certain classes; and the number of persons who are free to go where they please in winter was probably never so great as now. Everybody used to go somewhere, I believe, in the summer; but now they keep it up the year

through. And this migrating propensity has led to careful study of the differing character of climates; but I do not see that any satisfactory result has been obtained: and probably the best place absolutely to pass the winter will never be discovered, except for those who have no choice. The advantage claimed for Pau, I believe, is not that it is particularly warm in winter, but that the climate is particularly steady, that there are no such winds as those which sometimes prevail in Nice or Rome, — no *tramontana* and no *scirocco*, — and the invalid loiterer can take exercise every day. But I fancy that this is rather a theoretical statement; for as a matter of fact it is cold in Pau in winter; there is a river with a rapid current running through the valley which the town overlooks, and this river freezes solid; and there is also a great deal of rain. The anemographical characteristic of the climate, indeed, as French savants term it, may be true; but the absence from winds is not the chief thing always, I fancy. A little wind purifies the air and does us good. I was never so happy in Boston as when the wind was east, fresh from great wastes of water, with a flavour of salt and of lands beyond seas.

But to come back to Pau: it is a pretty place, with a charming country about it, full of hills and greenswards, — and nice French roofs. The town is clean, closely built, with streets somewhat narrow and sidewalks somewhat meagre, but full of good shops and with a tinge of ancient days about it. It is situated on a range of hills, cut in two by an ancient watercourse now bridged over; and in the valley beneath is the swift river I spoke of as freezing in winter. And beyond this valley are green hills and fields, and far off the long line of the Pyrenees covered

now with snow, — it is this one view you have everywhere in Pau. I have it now as I write these lines, — from my chamber window, — and I have it in the park which runs along the brow of the hill, or range of hills on which, as I have said, the city is built. It is the view of which the infallible guide remarks: "La plus belle vue de terre, disait Lamartine, comme Naples est la plus belle vue de mer." It is certainly a pretty view; but to call it the prettiest in the world is only to show how little one knows of the world; but perhaps we cannot expect a Frenchman to know anything of the world: for the French do not travel. To them France is the Flowery Kingdom, and all outside the great wall are barbarians. It was always so, and always will be so. The French mind has its limitation severely drawn, like their theory of a table d'hôte: accurate but meagre.

I lodge in a grand hotel, on a terrace, in full view of the Pyrenees; it is an excellent hotel, and there is a luxury of bed and modern conveniences to which I have been for long a stranger. But there is the same unutterable stinginess at the table d'hôte. It is not the season now at Pau; and there are hardly a dozen persons at table; but among them of course is the inevitable British colonel who has been "everywhere in the world, you know. And —— Pau is the jolliest place I've found"; and the equally unavoidable gentleman, pale of face and stiff in the knees, who has "lost his health in the Civil Service, you know, in India." I sat next to one of these unhappy loiterers the other day — he spoke little and drawled much, but à propos of one small artichoke, which had just been allotted to me, I alluded incidentally to the stinginess of French ways; I said that I supposed he

didn't mind, as he did not seem to be well, but that unfortunately, for my part, I was troubled with an appetite: "Oh — I see; — but — that, — you — know — is — what — they — are — not — accustomed — to. — Everybody — who — comes here — is — sick, — you — know; — that's — why — it is, you — know." I ate the artichoke.

The weather has been cloudy, and threatening rain, — but we had one fine day for an excursion into the Pyrenees, to Eaux Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes. It was an extremely fatiguing day, from eight in the morning until ten at night; and in the carriage all the time, with the exception of an hour or so occupied by a déjeuner. The drive was, however, not as interesting as I had expected. There was nothing wild or romantic about the scenery. We drove for hours through an almost level country, pretty, indeed, with green fields and murmuring streams and distant views of the snow-covered Pyrenees; but it was not until we came to the last five kilometres of the drive that we began to ascend; and then we had fine views certainly; but the scenery was tame, if regarded as mountain scenery. Eaux Bonnes turned out to be a collection of hotels, neat and tidy, built close together just under an overtopping hill. We had a poor déjeuner there; but I have no doubt the water deserved its reputation. I did not drink any. From Eaux Bonnes we went into another gorge, wild and gloomy, with a swift stream eating its way between overhanging rocks. It is here that the Etablissement thermale of Eaux Chaudes is situated, with a few meagre lodging-houses about it. But as I do not drink hot water, I cannot report upon it. It was an exceedingly expensive excursion, and I was on

the whole disappointed. In fact, I find generally that one's pleasure is in inverse proportion to the money it costs.

I had a pleasant drive, however, and was all day in the open air, and the springtime is in itself a joy. "It is observed by Milton that he who neglects to visit the country in spring, and rejects the pleasures that are then in their first bloom and fragrance, is guilty of *sullenness against nature*." I should think so. I am exceedingly fond of the springtime, and prefer it to every other season of the year: —

> Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
> Nunc frondent silvae, nunc formosissimus annus.

In fact, I am so fond of the springtime that I can read with calmness the following description of it in the *Rambler:* "The spring affords to a mind so free from the disturbance of cares or passions as to be vacant to calm amusements, almost everything that our present state makes us capable of enjoying. The variegated verdure of the fields and woods, the succession of grateful odours, the voice of pleasure pouring out its notes on every side, with the observation of the gladness apparently conceived by every animal from the growth of his food, and the clemency of the weather, throw over the whole earth an air of gayety which is very significantly expressed by the smile of nature."

And so I have strolled about in the park, and gazed upon hill and field and snow-covered mountain, and inhaled the fragrant air, and watched the rising and the setting sun from window and terrace,— days of calmest pleasure and sweet recollection; — but I have not had what I call a walk. The town is hilly, and the configuration of

the park disposes to constant sittings, — yet one cannot sit forever; even the Rambler bestirred himself at times. But I should not select Pau as a place of residence. I like an horizon; there is none here. It is a pretty place in the blossoming springtime, or in cool autumn days, — but for winter give me Rome or Nice; or better than all, Boston, — if it could be set down among Florida roses.

PARIS, Sunday, 3 June, 1877.

MY DEAR M., — To take up the thread of my narrative of travel, I have to say that I went from Pau to Bordeaux by rail, a ride of five or six hours, as far as I can remember now, through a pretty country, level for the most part, and dotted with vineyards producing excellent incomes. I have no predilection for commercial cities, and should always avoid them if I could; but Bordeaux seemed to be an agreeable exception to the general run, so to speak, of commercial cities. It is large and well built, with fine squares, and an exquisite bit of park, and streets full of life, and good shops, and a respectable cathedral. A clean city, and everybody well dressed, and everything suggestive of solid comfort and refinement; in fact, I liked Bordeaux, and remember with pleasure the sunny gay day I spent there. The Garonne is broad, and its banks are green and leafy; and there are swift little steamers, — hirondelles, as they call them, — pretty name, — which carry you up and down, and give you fresh air and a view of the great ocean steamers lying at the quays, — or quay rather, for the whole length of the river on the side of the city is one vast long quay. It is a magnificent frontage for commerce, and puts to shame all our Boston

Atlantic Avenues and other trivial efforts. I dare say, however, that you have been in Bordeaux; and therefore I need not dwell upon it. I believe there are things to be seen there; but the only thing I drove to see was not in a condition to be seen, — it was the tomb of Montaigne, in the Chapel of the Lycée. There had been a fire and the tomb was injured or something. Sight-seeing is an odious occupation; but I like Montaigne, and I took a sudden fancy to see where he was buried. He is a cheerful writer, and his very levity is wisdom. I hope that you like him. I always think more of people who like to read Montaigne and the *Saturday Review*, — for too serious views of life, not tempered by wit, really unfit one at least for being of any use in the world; and make one a bore, even to one's self, do they not? And so from Bordeaux I came by *Train rapide* to Paris in nine and one-half hours, — grand railway carriage, — commodious and smoothly running, — pretty country, — mostly level and dotted with vineyards. But it was cold and raw when I arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon in Paris: such a bitter wind, — such fog and rain, and rawness, after an Andalusian summer, and dreams of baggy Moors in the Garden of Valencia! I felt that I had really come to the end of my journey, — no more poetry and garlic, — no more shabbiness and artichokes, — no more sunny wastes, or Moorish courts with bubbling fountains; no more beggars or mosquitoes, or other idyllic and far-off delights; but busy lives, or lives that seem at least to be busy, — and great exactness and cleanliness, —and faultless municipal arrangements, and traffic, and omnibuses and cabs that will take a trunk without reeling: prosperity and money and hardness.

I do not know that I can tell you much, or anything indeed about Paris, that will interest you. I seem never to come to myself, so to speak, in Paris. I feel as if I ought to go about improving my time: and I do not improve it. I loiter on the boulevards, and sit in front of great cafés, and watch the gay world as it goes flaunting by. I look into the windows of bookshops, in the vain hope that I may find something which I really want to read, but I never find it. I stroll in the Palais Royal, and look at the jewelries; and wonder how many people there are in the world who would really take the whole stuff as a gift. I contemplate distracted Americans from far-off wilds looking very tired and restless and bored. I drive through the great Avenue de la République to the Bois of a Sunday afternoon, and inhale the fragrance of new-mown hay, and refresh my thirsty soul with the sight of smooth lawns and verdurous bosquets. I go to the Buttes Chaumont, with its pretty wild waterfall, cascading into tiny grottoes, and look out upon the busy city stretching far away at one's feet, and sending up cleanest possible smoke from tallest possible chimneys. I go also to the Bon Marché, and buy dozens of cheap cravats. Do you know the Bon Marché? Beware of it, if you don't, when you come to Paris. It is now the biggest establishment of the kind in the world, and really one of the wonders of modern commercial genius; you can buy anything there from a dog-collar upwards, and get a glass of Madeira and a biscuit thrown in for nothing, — but it is a painfully tiresome place, and the parquetted floor is slippery. I go there once always when I come to Paris, but never again. It is amusing to watch the life that goes on there: and see fair-haired maidens from Boston, and

other places not so cold as Boston, rave over laces and scarfs and all the what-nots of female adornment. It is amusing, but it is tiresome. I prefer the Louvre, and the statues that do not speak and are clothed only with their own grace. And à propos of statues, I read in a stray *Galignani* that our Gracious Lady of Melos has had her arms found for her. Is it really true, do you know? or is it a cruel joke? for it was always such a mystery, what she could have been doing with her arms. I would journey to Paris to see her with new arms.

They are cutting an avenue, as you may have read in the newspapers, from the Opera House down to the Place du Palais Royal. It is astounding what devastation the cutting of such an avenue requires, and that any municipal administration has the courage to incur the stupendous expense of it; and I observe everywhere in Paris a great deal of building going on. On the Trocadero and the Champ de Mars, there are vast works going up for the Great Exhibition, which is to be opened next year; and they are also rebuilding the part of the Tuileries, fronting on the garden of the Tuileries, which was destroyed by the Communists. When that is finished, all traces of the destruction wrought by those hapless doctrinaires will, I suppose, have been obliterated; but the remembrance of the Commune, and of the success it achieved — such as it was, — will always remain a standing menace to civil order in France.

I lodge at a little hotel within a stone's throw of this part of the Tuileries. My host is a Prussian, and my waiter a good-natured Saxon, and the chambermaid is an Alsatian. But no human being would suppose them to be foreigners; for they rattle French at you, as if to the man-

ner born; — half Paris is full of Germans, — all *frenchier* than the French. But I make them drop their airs and talk German with me, especially when they steal my toothbrushes. It is a comfortable little hotel; and the table d'hôte is perhaps the best I ever had, and not in the least stingy. I have to go up six flights, to be sure, to my chamber; but I have the advantage of a stone terrace in front of my windows, and I can go out upon it and look down on the world. It is an eyrie made for a philosopher, — a spiritual watch-tower. If I liked Paris I should remain in it. But on the whole, Germany suits me better. Paris is a charming place to visit in the blossoming springtime, or in the crystal days of autumn, but I have never felt any desire to live here; for, in the first place, Paris is exceedingly expensive, if you really wish to get anything out of it, and in the second place, I should miss that communion with nature which is possible in a city like Dresden. I like to get away from crowds, and the rattle of equipages; but wherever you go in Paris or London, there is a crowd. I like the solitariness of a park like the Great Garden in Dresden; and on the whole the simpler life. I like to live where I can dispense with carriages, — and that you cannot do in Paris. I am always taking cabs in Paris: and taking cabs in Paris presupposes that your coupons never remain unpaid. But all these things are matters of individual taste, and do not rise to the dignity of principles or rule of life; for although Paris is a gay city, there is serious life in it. It is a market for frivolities, — such as strangers like and buy, — but it is equally ready with means and resources for gentlest living and for loftiest activities, like any other great city, for that matter.

I have been in the Salon in the Palace of Industry; but I was very much disappointed. There is an immense deal of rubbish in it, — a good many excellent pictures, to be sure, but a great deal that ought not to have been admitted. I got very tired, — it was thronged with people; and there is so much ground to traverse that perhaps I did not do it justice. You will come, I dare say, to the Exhibition next year, and revive your memories of Paris. You will find a different city from what you remember; and if you go about France at all, you will agree with me, I think, that Paris is no longer France. It is still a great centre, of course, and will always remain so; but I fancy that it no longer occupies that place in France which it once did. I read no newspapers, and know nothing of what is passing in the world. I was never familiar with French politics: and know only in a general way that MacMahon dismissed a cabinet which had a large majority in the Legislature, and, it is supposed, in compliance with the plans of the Clerical Party, — plans, it is said, for a war with Italy. In my opinion they are more likely to comprise a civil war. But everything is very complicated now in the political relations of the European states. Let us not permit the tumult, however, to mar our festive springtime; for whatever happens, France will remain France, and people will go on buying at the Bon Marché. I am conscious of having written an empty, frivolous letter, for there is no better theme than Paris for a fine writer; but I am not, as you know, a fine writer, — and moreover I am tired of commonplaces: and that is about all one ever hears uttered about Paris, and its brilliant material civilization, so called: by which is meant, I suppose, its excel-

lent municipal arrangements and conveniences, — as if the French were more material than we are, and there were no pretty little demi-mondaines in austerer New-England cities, where there are no municipal conveniences at all.

III. VIENNA AND COPENHAGEN

The New Vienna — Universal Suffrage — What it would mean in Europe — Railway Troubles in America — From Dresden to Hamburg and Copenhagen — The Thorwaldsen Museum — An Amusing Experience with the Director.

DRESDEN, 17 June, 1877.

MY DEAR M., — After rather more than three weeks in Paris I have to report that I am safely back in Dresden; but I feel more or less shattered and tired with three months of constant journeying, and expect to be indolent in the coming weeks. It was hot in Paris during the last days of my sojourn; and I had six flights to climb before I reached my sunbaked eyrie; but the nights were for the most part cool, although noisy; and siphons were only sixty centimes. Paris was very gay and pretty; although as usual, I believe, society was on the verge of a cataclysm; at any rate MacMahon professes to have saved it on the 16th of May. The Bois was charming, fresh and green and fragrant with the breath of the blossoming springtime. We drove out to it one cool evening; and drove round in it for two or three hours. It is the thing to do after a hot day; and at this season of the year, when the twilight lingers till ten o'clock or later, it is pleasant and refreshing there, amongst leafy avenues and by the still, dark, blue lakes. I did but very little, however, in Paris of which I can render any account: for although I was busy, it was with trifles. My usual recreation was of an afternoon to sail down to Auteuil or Saint Cloud: and sit on the river's

bank in the open air, in the shade, and drink *eau de Selze* with raspberry syrup. I went one day also to Enghien-les-Bains, half an hour's ride by rail from Paris, — were you ever there? Delicious place, — beautiful sheet of water, and a café with gravelled grounds and seats on the strand; and a pavillion commanding a fine view. There is a medicinal spring there which in summer is much resorted to. In fact, it is a watering-place; and there are loveliest villas, embowered in green bosquets. I drove out to the Bois also on the Sunday of the Grand Prix. There was a great crush of equipages, but there were few liveries; and the toilettes did not seem to me remarkable; in fact, there was very much less luxury than I remember to have seen on a similar occasion in June, 1870, just before the breaking-out of the war. Republican France is not as wild as Imperial France; at any rate it makes less show, although perhaps it may make more money. It was too hot to go to the theatre: or rather, too troublesome and costly. I got no farther than the Circus, and the cafés chantants on the Champs Elysées. There was a fine figure of a woman at the Circus, who did wonderful things on a slack wire, — and with a grace that was more than French. It amused me to learn afterwards that she was an American; and I observed that the cleverest tumblers and other performers at the café chantants were all English.

From Paris I had a tiresome ride of twelve hours to Cologne, where I spent the night; and thence a long ride of fifteen hours to Dresden; where I now repose after much excitement and many fatigues. But I do not regret having visited Spain. On the contrary, I look upon it as one of those things which it is interesting to

have done once, like Jerusalem, for instance; and possibly Peking. Let us go to Peking. For is not a civilization that has kept itself above water for so many thousands of years, worth knowing something about? Our Western civilization is very young and very crude, very brutal, and narrow, — witness Spain and the Commune, — and is going to the bad, for they will have it all over again in Paris; and perhaps in our day; indeed at this very moment there are families packing up their valuable articles, ready for flight at the least sign of disturbance. That is, I was told so. I do not know whether I believe it. I know only that if I were a family with valuables, I should pack up and fly before there was any disturbance and while I could be sure of getting off. In Dresden it is serene and cool and slow; there is nobody here that I know now, and everything is dearer than in Paris, — and my tailor is dead.

VIENNA, Sunday, 7 October, 1877.

MY DEAR M., — I came to Vienna to spend a short time with an old friend of mine, a melancholy Pole, who, not having found anything on earth to interest him, has taken to the study of the heavens, if haply he may find something there. He is engaged in calculating the orbit of a planet, or something equally heavenly: and he assures me that the pursuit of science affords at once the most entire and the cheapest refuge from ennui, — from which he has suffered a good deal in the course of an infelicitous and impecunious life. After ten years of rigidest economy he hopes to be able to add one hundred and forty-two dollars per annum to his income; and then he proposes to take up his abode in Paris, for, outside of Paris and

Vienna, the rest of the world, he affirms, is mere landscape. I have been two or three weeks in Vienna, and expect to return to Dresden in the course of the coming week. I have not been here before since I made my "grand tour," and spent ten days here in December, 1859; and I am glad once more and for the last time to have seen the ancient, but always gay Kaiserstadt an der Donau: but I find the Donau to be not blue but green, — and a fine tinge of green indeed. "An der schönen blauen Donau" is a figure of speech: why is it not as poetic to say "an der schönen grünen Donau"? and indeed I consider green a finer colour than blue. The general vestment of nature is green; it is the most wholesome colour for the eye; a *blue* river is an absurdity of which nature was never guilty. But I should hardly have recognized the town again; in fact I can scarcely remember anything here, so much has the town been improved and enlarged. The old glacis has been razed, and a noble boulevard, called the "Ringstrasse," constructed, running quite round the town; it is a broad boulevard, lined with grand structures, with fine sidewalks, and a Reit-Allee between rows of trees; and a double track for tramways, and a broad driveway for equipages. It is the grandest street in Europe; and altogether I think Vienna a handsomer city than Paris. There is great taste in many of the structures, and less monotony than in Paris; and it is not merely in the new part of the town that changes have been made, but the old part of the town, the *city*, so called, the venerable stronghold of Austrian wealth and palatial splendour, has been, one might almost say, renovated throughout. The superbest structures have gone up on the Graben, Kärnthnerstrasse,

Kohlmarkt, and those other narrow and dingy streets of the old time.

An immense amount of money must have been spent in Vienna in the last decade or two: and as I suppose it was mostly borrowed money, it is no wonder that a "Krach" came to put a stop to such expenditure, not in itself to be condemned other than as too hasty and too audacious. The sanitary condition of the town, too, has been improved: and instead of having the worst, most noxious drinking-water, there is now an excellent and wholesome supply of good water; and the death-rate in Vienna, with its almost terrible overcrowding of population, is, I am told, but twenty to the thousand. In Boston, if I mistake not, the death-rate is much higher. And moreover Vienna is a pleasant, gay city, and the people are friendly and polite; more friendly and polite I should say than in any city in Europe; and to descend to the details of daily life, the kitchen is uncommonly good, and Austrian and Hungarian wines are uncommonly cheap and pure. I wonder that they are not better known, and more widely distributed. You get a bottle of delicious Ruster Ausbruch, which you can hardly tell from Tokay, for a couple of francs. And there is greater refinement in daily life; less coarseness and beer-swilling than in Northern Germany; and the cafés are larger and better supplied with newspapers, and much more frequented; they take the place of the beer saloons of Northern Germany; and hence, although Vienna produces the best beer in the world, beer-drinking is not carried to such excess: for I hold that cafés where all the leading journals of the world are to be found, and where the coffee is as delicious as it is in Vienna, exert a refining and

civilizing influence. Beer is a vulgar drink; and a beer-swilling race will always be a vulgar race.

DRESDEN, November, 1877.

MY DEAR M., — The times are, indeed, I have no doubt, very hard as you say; but they have been hard with me ever since I was a little boy; and I have long since outlived the hope of any improvement, so far as I am concerned. But having become a philosopher, I have at least learned to recognize the fact that they might be worse; and in this respect there is comfort and advantage in philosophy, — apart from the fact that if philosophy does not help to further one's fortunes, it helps at any rate to save one a good deal of money, in that it opens one's eyes to the illusive nature of many things which the untaught masses of men crave as goods. But the political outlook in the United States is certainly better than it has been for years; and if one could only work one's self up to any confidence in human nature, one might reasonably, perhaps, look forward now to a better state of things: and really expect a regard for common honesty to prevail in public life, and in some degree in private relations.

But I confess that, as I grow older, I become more and more hopeless of mankind, especially American mankind. Our institutions are well enough: theoretically they could not be better, perhaps; but there is a corroding desire for gain, for power, abroad among the people, which in the end would undermine the best institutions in the world. It is not that this desire is prevalent among us alone. It belongs to the nature of man. But in Western European countries it is kept from coming

to the surface and infecting the governing class. In England there is an aristocracy founded upon primogeniture, which keeps money and power in certain great families, and sets up a higher standard for public men than the mere gaining of office; in Germany there is a dominant military and bureaucratic class which looks upon public service as a source of honour. I do not like the English way of achieving the end, — which, however, is certainly achieved; nor do I like the exclusively military tone in Germany. I do not mention either case as an example to be followed, but as an instance of the good resulting from setting up in a nation a higher and different standard from what prevails among us, — taking the government of a country out of the hands of the mob, on the one hand, and of greedy mercenary demagogues on the other, and making public office a source of honour and not of profit, and making it respectable.

I dare say that you have followed with keen interest the recent effort made in the State of New York to take the government of the city of New York entirely out of the hands of the rabble, by which I mean out of the sphere of universal suffrage, and to vest the voting power, so far as the administration of the city is concerned, in the hands of those only of the citizens who pay for that administration, to wit, in the hands of the property class. I believe a bill to this effect was introduced into the New York Legislature; but what became of it I do not know, never having seen any allusion whatever to it in my Boston newspaper; all I know about it I derive from a German journal. At any rate, it is a frank confession of the utter failure of the theory of universal suffrage; at least in large cities, where the

non-possessing class outnumbers the possessing class. And at a later day,— beyond our time,— I fear that the same confession will be made in respect of the general government. Universal suffrage is fine in theory; but so long as civilization continues upon its present lines, so to speak, so long as society rests upon its present basis, there will never be a time when the non-possessing class — the hewers of wood and drawers of water — will be lifted high enough to take part in the administration of public affairs. This is my conviction. There are exceptions of course; small states, in which the government can get hold of its citizens, as it were, and educate them, may in a small way worry along with universal suffrage; but the career and the fate of the city of New York indicate the career and the fate which must ultimately characterize and overtake the whole country.

I do not know that we have anything worse to fear than the various countries of Europe; but the disintegration of moral restraints, so to speak, will proceed faster with us. The German cities are governed, as it is attempted to govern New York, by councilmen, as we should call them, elected by the property class; and the common council elects the mayor, but subject to confirmation by the Government; and no municipality can contract a loan without the sanction of the Government. It is to this form of municipal administration that they are trying to come in New York, and the case is held up as a terrible warning to the Germans, not to extend the limits of suffrage; while, as respects contracting of debts, almost every state in our country has adopted the German practice; not in form but in fact, that is to say: the constitution of almost every state now prohibits mu-

nicipalities from contracting debts to an amount exceeding a certain percentage of the assessed value of the total property of the citizens. As to the condition of things in France, I have no knowledge; but I have always supposed that the administration even of municipal affairs was mostly centred in Paris. But the real danger there as well as in Germany is from the extraordinary progress of socialism, — the danger is from below; with us, strange as it may seem, the danger is from above; for the danger of universal suffrage is not with us what it is in Europe: with us universal suffrage serves to furnish knaves with tools, to put robbers and plunderers in power, and hence the terror of it, as in the case of the city of New York. In Europe, on the contrary, universal suffrage means the overturning of the existing social fabric; in our country, socialism, as it is understood in Europe, will hardly make progress at present.

The recent outbreak on the railways was not in the least a case of socialism; on the contrary, it was an effort to introduce into our social organization an old familiar feature of European and especially of German society, known aforetime in England as guilds, in Germany, as the "Zunftwesen"; that is to say, nobody, for instance, could be a shoemaker unless regularly admitted into the Corporation of Shoemakers. So on our American railways, — the men demanding more pay were told that they might go, others were there to take their places; but they replied, "No: we shall not go: *we* work here and nobody else shall." What is that but the old German and English view; not in form of course, but in fact. Or from another point of view, it was a tyranny sought to be set up by a favoured few (the railway labourers) over

the greater number, — to wit, the public. It was not socialism or communism in any particular whatever; although a great deal of unnecessary rubbish was written about it as if it were. It was just the reverse of communism; it was the old tyranny of the English guilds, emanating not from the governing class, as they did, but from the labouring class itself; another form of the struggle for existence, resulting in the survival of the *un*fittest. But, as I say, the conditions of society are so wholly different in Europe and the United States, that with us nothing is to be feared from *below*, but from *above* everything is to be feared; and the danger will continue just so long as universal suffrage remains to put the worst class in power, and to keep it in power; and when I declaim against universal suffrage, I do just what our ancestors did: that is to say, the framers of our present polity. Those highly respectable old gentlemen knew better than we do the meaning of the word tyranny, and the abuses of the word freedom; they did everything they could to keep the government they framed out of the sphere of universal suffrage. They founded suffrage on a property qualification, and it is we, οἱ ἐπίγονοι, who have rudely and profanely undone their work; swept away the property qualification, and launched out upon the shoreless and howling sea of democracy and universal suffrage. I prefer to stand by the Republic as our fathers made it: they were a keen and clever set of men, — fond of a pipe and their rum, and never the worse for either. I have great respect for them: but their spirit is in a measure gone out of us, — it survives only here and there, on a green Pennsylvania hillside, or in a quiet street in Boston.

But alas, all things come to an end; and so it has come to pass that we no longer feel so secure and tranquil as of yore in this foggy old place. With the exception of the Hof-Theater, which I saw burn down, now many years ago, I have never known or heard of a conflagration more extensive than the burning of a window curtain; I burnt my own down once, to my consternation; and a crime more audacious than the stealing of an old pair of shoes, or somebody's dirty shirt, was never known; but this has all changed: and the town is uneasy and unquiet. A murder has been committed. An old miser who lived alone in an attic on the Schlossstrasse, within a few feet of the Palace, was found murdered in his bed the other day; he was seventy-seven years old, and it is said fought with terrible energy for his life, as his wounds show. He was worth, as we say, a hundred thousand dollars; and they have offered two hundred and fifty dollars for the apprehension of the murderer. It is an immense reward; and everybody is wondering who will get it; but no clue whatever, so far as I have heard, has yet been found, by which to trace the murderer: but I have no doubt that a reward of two hundred and fifty dollars will bring him, in the course of a few days. It is a distressing occurrence; but the old wretch brought his doom upon himself. He was by birth an Italian, and seems to have been an unsurpassed specimen of a miser: a "Prachtexemplar."

The autumn has been cold and raw; but November opens with a smile, a bit of sunlight and mild air. September was the coldest month known in this meridian for thirty years; and generally speaking, the late autumn is disagreeable in Central Europe, and the reason is that

the days are so short. The sun gets but a little way above the horizon, and does not have power enough to dissipate the fog. Our autumns in Boston are fine, because we are so much further to the south, and the days are so much longer; you can scarcely turn round now here before it is dark. If the day is gloomy, you must light your lamp at half-past three o'clock; at five it is pitch dark. But on the contrary, the spring in Germany is finer, for the same reason; the days are so much longer; the sun is very high in the heavens; and the farther north you go, the higher it is. We often talk in Boston of living in a high Northern latitude, and so we do for America; but it is the latitude of Rome, is it not? And speaking of Rome, I am half-tempted to go down there later, but not before March. I took a great fancy to Nice, and if I could do as I liked I think that I should always spend the winter there; but, as you know, one cannot always do what one likes: it is of course another instance of the irony of fate and does not need to be dwelt upon.

I returned several weeks ago from Vienna, and was not sorry to have spent a month there; it is certainly an attractive city. If you ever go there again, do not forget to try geese livers; but do not more than try them. They spoil the stomach as badly as Rhine wine. But Rhine wine I have discarded: it is a snare. Never drink any at a table d'hôte in Germany, as you value your peace. I have taken to sherry: and just after doing so, I read a lively book of travels in Spain, *Frühlingstage in Andalusien*, by one Mohr, who gives it, as the result of his researches, that there is really but little pure sherry made. He says a bottle of genuine good sherry cannot be had, in the nature of things, under one pound

sterling. The greater part of the sherry in the market is manufactured. There is a great establishment in Hamburg, for instance, where it is made from red beets and something else which I have forgotten. You like a glass of sherry, I know, and this information may amuse you. This Mohr, by the way, looks upon the Spaniards as a hopeless lot; and he remarked a strong spirit of communism prevailing among the lower classes. I remarked the same thing. They are the most shameless plunderers.

HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE, COPENHAGEN,
Sunday, 9 June, 1878.

MY DEAR M. . . . *Imprimis*, let me dispose of the weighty charge of having attacked Disraeli. I do not understand how you could have derived this impression. Did I not write with great distinctness that I hoped the English would drive the Russians from all the land between the Danube and the Ægean Sea, in opposition to the opinion which you share with so many Americans, but which to my way of thinking is purely sentimental and fraught with gravest consequences for the intellectual freedom of Europe: to wit, the opinion that it were better the Russians remained where they are, and the English joined with Americans in greeting with acclamations the triumphs of the foulest despotism known on a large scale since the days of Persian Xerxes. Which leads me to say that we left Dresden last Sunday morning at half-past nine o'clock, and came through to Hamburg by rail in about eleven hours. Our route took us through Berlin, where we had to ride for an hour across the town in an omnibus of infinitesimal dimension and antediluvian rigour, provided by our railway ticket.

We passed the foot of Unter den Linden, and I looked up through the Brandenburger Thor into that classic street, which I remembered from a time when the trees looked greener, and my little piece of bread was spread with very thin butter not of my own making. This is not a fact, however, which I should go out of my way to report across the Atlantic, — to wit, the fact that at about half-past one in the afternoon I looked up through the Brandenburger Thor into the classic shades of Unter den Linden, — except for the tragic occurrence that took place there just an hour afterwards; namely, the wounding of the German Emperor in a most villainous attempt to assassinate him.

The fast train left Berlin for Hamburg at a quarter-past three; but by a careless oversight I suffered myself to be put into a slow train at 2.10; and it was not until we reached Wittenberg at five that I discovered my mistake. We *bundled* out there; and the expression may be taken literally, — ten hand-parcels. "Himmlischer Vater," as our old Frau said when she tried to master them in a hurry in Dresden. We had half an hour to wait for the fast train, and remembering that this was the town which had once known the saving grace of Luther's presence, I ventured upon a cup of coffee: and was on the point of giving myself up to reveries of Luther and Rome and indulgences, by which after all so few people in the world were ever troubled, when the waiter, whisking the table with his napkin after the manner of waiters, as if he were speaking of the last summer shower, asked me if I had heard of the attempt to assassinate the Emperor. A telegram had just gone through Wittenberg to Friedrichsruhe, not a great way

off, where Bismarck is tarrying, informing him of the fact; and then, after the manner of waiters, he gave me an account in detail of the attempt; and I received an impression that the telegram had been specially directed to my informant, and felt obliged to show my appreciation of his kindness in imparting to me so many striking particulars, which, however, I do not report, as I found afterwards, when I came to read the extras, that they were pure fabrications of a fertile but shameless imagination.

We spent a couple of days in Hamburg. It is a cheerful city; the Zoölogical Garden is a good one; I suppose it to be one of the best: which is the case with all the zoölogical gardens I have seen. Why can't we have a zoölogical garden in Boston? With all our wealth and freedom and high level of civilization, there is after all very little of an agreeable nature offered to the general public except brag. I sailed on the Alster Basin, among the meadows: and otherwise disported myself. The Jewish element is very marked in Hamburg. I suppose it is to the superiority of the Israelites that Hamburg owes its commercial greatness. It is certainly a city of immense commerce; where you see one steamer in Boston, you may see a dozen in Hamburg. A lively, well-fed people; fresher in colour than in Dresden, where the race is half-starved; better clad, finer houses, exquisite villas, oyster cellars, and all the appurtenances of an opulent town, — brilliant material civilization, I believe the term is. I bought extras from time to time, reporting the condition of the Emperor; and the last one I bought announced that he was really getting the better of the thirty buckshot which had been taken out of him. This

was at the beginning of the week, and I have not heard about him since: in fact, I have cut loose from newspapers, as is my custom upon occasion of my annual refreshment tour. Nothing does the mind so much good as occasional abstinence from newspapers. One is turned back upon one's own resources, and escapes for a brief hour the spectacle of the miseries of humanity mirrored in telegrams from the ends of the earth, — war, pestilence, famine: for what, after all, do newspapers report but human miseries, varied now and then by a record of triumphant achievement, it is true: but in the main, a black confusion of discord and of woe. I have dropped newspapers, and now I don't know what is passing. You will read about the Emperor every morning, and I have no doubt will now be obliged to me for dropping him.

We left Hamburg at half-past nine in the evening, — a most unpleasant hour; rail to Kiel; in Kiel after midnight; nasty, wet night, raining in torrents; cab through the town to the steamboat: Cimmerian darkness, boat badly lighted, slippery deck, wet, gloomy, rain: not a berth to be had: boat overcrowded. I stretched myself out in the saloon; but the sea was smooth and the boat steady; did not have a qualm: went on deck at three o'clock, and stayed there: rain had ceased: fine clear morning; boat swiftly running through a smooth sea, along green islands; fresh, invigorating air: felt like a new man; and framed in my mind the outlines of a law, Draconian but just, prohibiting the selling of any substance which, falsely assuming the name of coffee, has for its real object the turning of the stomach, and the souring of the temper.

Life is made up of little things: civilization had its

origin in little things; and maintains itself in fact through a never-sleeping vigilance in little things. Coffee is one of those little things; as you will find if you try to drink it on a German steamer at five o'clock in the morning. At seven or thereabouts we were in Korsör: thence by rail to Copenhagen. Flat country, this island of Zealand, almost treeless; much grass, and bleating of sheep, and fattening of kine on verdant meadows; hardly any houses, but on every house a flag. Copenhagen was also all beflagged, and though the shops were open, work had evidently been much suspended. I found upon inquiry that they were celebrating the emancipation of the people thirty years ago, more or less, from the restrictions and narrownesses of mediæval customs and laws, — to wit, the so-called *Gewerbefreiheit;* by virtue of which a man may sell sugar and cigars in his shop, for instance, if he please, and is not compelled as of yore to confine himself to sugar or to cigars; and by virtue of which a man may also practise the trade of a shoemaker, if he wish, without premium and without restraint. It was a pretty thing to celebrate. There is Social Democracy in Denmark; and Social Democrats get out all their flags on such occasions. Yet after all, the spirit of this measure of emancipation is hostile to the claims of Social Democrats. It is the spirit of democracy such as is now being carried to its logical end in the United States, in the annihilation of all government, except government of the most elementary character. Social Democracy, on the other hand, exalts the state: will widen its functions; and prevent just the very thing which this measure of emancipation aimed at, — to wit, competition, and the liberty of each man to get the better of his neighbour. In

the eyes of Social Democrats competition is the curse of mankind; they want a curb put on the strong; democracy, as we have it, takes that curb off: with what result remains to be seen.

There is at the present writing a gentleman from California in my hotel, a man of intelligence and moderation, a calm sound man I should think, to judge from his conversation a man of a certain degree of education. He went to California in 1849, and the story of his success may be read in his bronzed face, his set jaw, his stern bearing, his contempt for Chinese and Danes and his California legislators. He has just received intelligence that frightens him; he knows the people in California and he says there will be trouble; great trouble; devastation and riot, and he cannot foresee the end; and not merely in California, but throughout the country is there danger of a great anarchic outbreak. This man is not a pessimist: he was one of the Argonauts: and an Argonaut of California is *ex vi termini* an optimist of a serene but firm kind. He is a man of wealth, — several millions of money; and he paints the condition of the country in colours which I should not dare for a moment to employ; and there is nothing flippant about the man; his criticism is terrible, and all the more terrible in that it comes out of the mouth of one not a stranger, not an English maligner or a German scoffer, but of one who has grown up in the midst of fierce wrangles for place and power and money, and knows of the rottenness to which he testifies.

But let us pass from these sombre themes, and dwell for a moment in a fairer sphere, — I mean the Thorwaldsen Museum; of course you will remember it I have

no doubt. It was a great pleasure to me to walk through it once more. There is a grace and refinement in Thorwaldsen's conceptions, which I do not think equalled among modern sculptors; he ranks with the Greeks, alone among moderns. But I do not like the design for the museum; an Egyptian, or rather Etruscan, tomb. The structure was meant for a mausoleum, but it need not, on that account, have been heavy and funereal. There is no relation between the serene and graceful creation of Thorwaldsen, and the dull and clumsy architecture of Egyptians or Etruscans. The form of the Greek temple would have been infinitely more appropriate, more in keeping with the spirit it enshrines: spirit of sweetness and light. And then, again, as you know, a small part only of Thorwaldsen's works collected here are in marble: the greater part are plaster copies, which in the course of years have become unutterably shabby and dirty. Everything becomes betimes smutted in these Northern countries, where bituminous coal is the prevailing fuel, especially in Germany, and the Prussian Government has from time to time offered a prize for the discovery of a method by which plaster casts can be cleaned, but I do not know with what result: certainly there is no evidence of the use of any method of cleaning in this Thorwaldsen collection, and the dinginess of everything is really oppressive. Once one has thrown off that blight, however, the charm of Thorwaldsen's genius remains as fresh as ever. You are familiar with his works; and I will not dwell upon them. The collection of his books and pictures and canvas in the second story is an interesting one: the grand old figure of the Icelandic Thor looms up on one's imagination as we survey them

all, and the gulf is spanned between the ancient and modern time, and the art of sculpture is felt to be an art still living, in that it conforms to the Greek canons and preserves the mystery of the Hellenic inspiration.

There are two other collections, most important and interesting, in Copenhagen, as you know: the collection of Northern antiquities and the ethnographic collection. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the prehistorical epochs of mankind to be able to derive anything but confusion from this collection of Northern antiquities. But chance threw in my way a happy opportunity to arrive at one curious fact, at least, in the ethnological collection. We came late and had only a quarter of an hour to inspect fifty rooms, as an elderly gentleman, well-gloved and with an order in his buttonhole, who happened to be coming out, informed me. I smiled and passed on with a serene air; and I dare say he was pleased with the portentous assurance which my manner exhibited of being about to grasp the contents of fifty rooms in fifteen minutes; for he bowed and said politely: "You are English, I see." "Not at all," I replied, with a suavity that I never allow to be disturbed even by the supposition that I am an Englishman; "we are Americans."—"Americans! Then I must show you something"; and he led us to a case, and took out a little reddish earthen idol, most hideous, and perhaps two inches in height. He held it up, and began to discourse upon it. I looked at my watch: there remained but nine minutes. "Ah, never you mine: I vill virst ebplain somting, and then you can see ze rest of ze collection, as you find vorth vile." I saw at a glance that he was the director, and smiled with humble suavity. I should like to be able to write out all the conversation,

or rather all his lecture; for I said little, in point of fact nothing; and the lecture lasted an hour and a half. He swept me from one room to another with an eagerness and pride that was refreshing. But the point was not to show me the collection: the poor man had a hobby, and he was riding it with frantic delight, as I presently remarked to myself; but it was a most interesting point, — namely, the exact resemblance of the face of this little reddish, hideous idol, found in Mexico, with the faces of idols in past and present times, found and in use in Java, Japan, Peru, the Malay Islands, — in short, everywhere; for I am at a loss to recount the names of all the countries from which he showed me idols with this ever-recurring face: a mark on the forehead, protruding eyes, and two tusks, extending down from either side of the upper jaw. It was positively marvellous, the uniformity, and I may say exactness, of this family resemblance. If it be a scientific induction, and I can see no reason to doubt it, then of course this god of Mexico was the god dominant in the minds of men through many countries and for many ages: in other words, America was peopled by European races bringing their religion and their hideous little earthen idols with them; or else bringing their religion in a higher form and preserving the face of their deity through all the period of their degeneration, for he traced the same features up to the higher representations of Brahma and Buddha. And Brahma to his mind was evidently Abraham, and Brahma's wife, Sarasate, or some such name (I cannot remember it now), Sarah: and hence I infer that he meant to intimate that all these tribes, races, or what-not, are the degenerate posterity of a lost tribe of Israel. This last suspicion of

mine as to his real meaning makes me sceptical of his scientific soundness; but of the singular fact he showed me there is no doubt; and I was certainly obliged to him for lighting up for me with the illumination of an idea one of these immense and confusing masses of material that go under the name of an Ethnological Museum. It is only in such a museum that comparative studies can be carried on. I thanked my friend heartily for taking so much interest in me, and bowed him a kink in my back. His name is Steinhauer.

I do not fancy the Danes; short, thick-set race, with a rudeness of manners that I do not like; I have no doubt they are an excellent people; but the water is vile to the taste, and Copenhagen is a dull hole. I walked through the Rosenberg collection also; most interesting: four centuries of costumes and furniture arranged in successive rooms according to the succession of styles. — It is a fine large hotel I am in: and to-morrow I expect to find myself on the way to Christiania. The weather is cold: bracing air, and dull skies. It is a rough place. Avoid it.

IV. THE YEARS 1879 TO 1885

The Atlantic Steamers in the Early Eighties — Scarborough — Carlsbad — The Cure and the After-Cure — A Trip into the Tyrol — Cortina — The Ampezzan Valley — Bozen — Travelling in North Europe not advisable after the Autumn — Enthusiasms — Cold "Tubbing."

SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND, Wednesday, 9 July, 1879.

MY DEAR M., — I left Boston on the 8.30 A.M. train for New York, on Friday, June 6: and sharp at eight o'clock on Saturday morning, the steamer on which I embarked (the *City of Richmond*, Inman Line) put off from the pier; exceedingly uncomfortable hour; and in the hurry of getting up at five o'clock, I left in my chamber at the Fifth Avenue Hotel a beautiful olive-wood watch-case, which I had caused to be made in Rome a good many years ago, and which I cannot anywhere replace. In spite of Horace there are moments when the vacuous traveller does not laugh. We had a smooth voyage to Liverpool; sunny skies and calm seas for the most part; and only twice did my breakfast run away from me. It is a magnificent ship, this *City of Richmond*, unsurpassed kitchen, most obliging officers; but the company was not of the best, in fact, it was nondescript; such a mixture! Eight New Zealanders, for instance, from the other side of the world and lots of greasy Jews, and dubious commercial travellers in white trousers; Italians; and Spaniards from Cuba; French Canadians and well-to-do Irish tradespeople; a Swedish banker from New York with whom I fraternized a good deal, immensely

rich, but plain in manner and dress, and a countenance that impressed me for its honesty. He had put enormous sums in the Northern Pacific; and had taken up lands along the line for his defaulted bonds. He was familiar with the condition of the country, and had traversed it from end to end. The isothermal lines run as they were represented by the projectors of the line to run, and were not figures of speech or deceptive statements; at least, so he assured me, and I believe him. I remember how people laughed at them; but a good wheat country may be nevertheless intensely cold in winter, witness Minnesota. The Northern Pacific will be a magnificent success in time and justify the enterprise of its founders. I remember the days when people laughed at the Atchison and Topeka. — Well, as I was saying, it was a nondescript company; and I realized for the first time how America was becoming the highway between the farthest West and Europe. But the number of Jews on board was startling. I fancy that half the commerce between the United States and Europe is already in their hands. I used to think it a drawback to the German steamers that they carried so many of the unsavory children of Israel; but the Liverpool steamers go crowded with them. Theoretically and as a philosopher I have no objection to the children of Israel; but I do not like their faces, and their jabber is nauseous. I think the Chinese are better looking. Involuntary prejudices are hard to overcome; and once a prejudice is irrational, it is fixed beyond a cure.

We left New York on Saturday at eight A.M. and Sunday week at 11 P.M. a bright light flashed up out of the blackness of the waters, Calf Light, off the southern coast of Ireland. Eight and a half days from shore

to shore. We came into Queenstown the next morning: and the next day at 8 A.M. (Tuesday, 17 June) we descended upon the pier at Liverpool; spent a couple of days in Liverpool, having some friends there. Of course it rained and was foggy, — raw: and the coal smoke blackened one's nostrils. I came on to London, and was plunged for a week into a fog-bank. Such rains and rawness! I have worn an overcoat ever since I landed, and sleep under blankets a foot thick, supplemented by my heavy railway rugs. What a climate! and it is midsummer! From London I came up to Scarborough; pretty watering-place in the North of England; from my chamber window I command a full sweep of the German Ocean across to Norway. I saw my friend, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in London; she looks uncommonly well, and was most agreeable — the same charming simplicity of manner and gentle mirthfulness. She has to return immediately to Newport. I was very glad to have met her once more; it is six years since I have seen her; she was remarkably well and is more *sympatic*, as Hamilton Wile used to say, than ever. She has a quick insight into the everlasting conditions of things and men, and recognizes the waywardness of fate in human fortunes as serenely as any philosopher, which I think is remarkable in a woman; for the female mind, after all, is not philosophic; the likes and dislikes of woman are too strong to permit her to detach herself, as it were, from the personal standpoint; it is not in the nature of woman to take an abstract view of things, least of all of life; but I may be wrong, as men and women generally are, I suppose, in all that they write about one another.

Scarborough is called the Queen of Watering-Places. It

is certainly a pretty spot; charming villas, breezy cliffs, and a band performing twice a day in the Spa, which is an enclosure wrested from the ravages of the sea just under the cliffs, and laid out in winding walks and bosquets, fronting the sea, but heavy with verdure to the water's edge. It is a pretty place, I say; all hill and valley, with a ruined castle projecting into the sea, and a green mount, and far-stretching fields and hedges. But the weather! How shall I fitly describe it! howling gales: and incessant rains; thunder and lightning and hail; and the wind shrieking and moaning by day and by night, as it shrieks and moans nowhere else in the world, I should think, not even on the loneliest, wildest New England strand; and this by the week at a time! There has not been a day without rain and a howling gale since I have been here; such continuous wetness and gloom it has never been my lot to endure. I do not wonder that we have to feed England; it must be a sheer impossibility for crops to ripen in these sunless isles, — Cannibal Isles.

DRESDEN, 4 March, 1880.

MY DEAR M. . . . We had rather a severe winter for Dresden; but it broke a good while ago, and the ground has been for a long time free from snow. We revel jocund now in the promise of an early springtime; mercury ranging from 50° to 60° Fahrenheit.

Tuesday (2 March) was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of the Emperor of Russia to the throne; and the Nihilists had promised to celebrate the occasion by conflagrations and murders on a scale of preternatural grandeur; but the telegraph has not yet reported anything of a portentous character. Nevertheless, the

social condition in Russia is most troubled; and there is a gloomy presentiment of a cataclysm; a great many families have come to Dresden recently. But I think the power of the Nihilists as such is greatly overrated. The destructive forces in all countries are, in the nature of things, confined to a small class, and that class is helpless in Russia; its very threats are proofs of its weakness. It is only in extreme cases, where the mass of the people has been subject to a long course of tyrannous and exhausting outrage, as was the case in France before the outbreak of the French Revolution, that an upheaval is possible. In Russia, on the contrary, the mass of the population, speaking at large, consists of peasants; and they are not treated badly; at any rate, they are too lethargic and stupid to be swept into such a revolution as that which devastated France. The so-called educated class is a very small one relatively to the whole population of the Empire; and it is of course only a small part of this class which is discontented and rebellious; but it has reason to be so; and no lover of liberty could wish it anything but success in the effort, however desperate, to extricate itself from the grasp of that absolutism which has so long strangled, as it were, the political energies of the people. In the interest of Panslavism and Orthodoxy Russia waged a most bloody war against the Turks, for the ostensible purpose of freeing its enslaved brothers from a pagan yoke. The enslaved brothers were freed; but not in the interest of absolutism. All Europe in conference assembled protested against that; and the Servians and the rest of the Balkan-Peninsula beggars received representative institutions and constitutions and what-not, the bare suggestion of which for Russia would

have sent a Russian to the Siberian mines for the rest of his unnatural life. That is to say, political liberalism has so far triumphed in Western Europe that absolutism is now really an exploded superstition; it is no longer present to many minds otherwise than as an anachronism, a barbarism. Now, the Nihilists are made up chiefly of the non-possessing educated class, imbued with the prevailing liberal political sentiments of France and Belgium and England and Germany, where many of them have lived and studied. They know the dislike, the hostility which is entertained by intelligent men in those countries against the absolutist theories and practice of Russia; they are sure of the sympathy and applause of an enlightened public opinion, so to speak, in their efforts to effect a political revolution. But unfortunately political reform alone does not satisfy the extreme radical wing of the party, as we should call it; the men of one idea; the fanatics without whose help no revolution is possible. These fanatics are destroyers: dreamers, fools: but they do the work of revolution, and if necessary, lay down their lives in the task. Hence the distraction with which these smouldering fires are regarded: on the one hand, sympathy with all righteous struggles for political reform; and on the other, horror at the bloody and criminal enterprises of infuriate fiends, seeking to overwhelm the social fabric as well, in ruin. The result will be that the present movement at any rate will be frustrated in blood and torture.

John Bright said in one of his late speeches that the monarchs of Europe are chiefly occupied nowadays in congratulating one another upon not having been shot; and the European press is now much exercised upon the

subject of international law as it affects the surrender of persons charged with attempts at regicide. Belgium refused to give up a man who had made an attempt upon the life of Louis Napoleon, and Switzerland refused to surrender Communists. Why should France extradite Hartman! However horrible the crimes with which these creatures are charged, they are nevertheless political crimes; and I hope France will have the nerve to do what Switzerland did, what England has always done. I am sorry that my letter should have been monopolized by so lurid a topic. But the tumult of the outside world breaks harshly upon us at times.

PHILADELPHIA, 14 April, 1884.

My DEAR M., — I have taken passage on the *Eider* for Wednesday, 30 April, sailing from New York for Bremen.

Philadelphia is in itself a most depressing place. I do not think any one could ever be thoroughly cheerful in it; though as a rule I must confess the inhabitants seem to enjoy themselves, if in a sepulchral way. The women are for the most part plump and healthy-looking; but the men are too often the reverse — yellow, leathery faces — thin and bilious, — either the effect of the climate or a dissipated habit of life; though now and then one sees a splendid fellow, with admirable physique; but the general tone of the place is sodden and earthy, and the rigours of ceremonialisms are quite awful. Yet I did go yesterday, being Easter Sunday, to an Episcopal church, where I heard a really rational discourse; St. Stephen's Church on Tenth Street, finely decorated; reminded me of an art museum; sculptured groups of lovely angels, and other

memorials; windows of beautiful stained glass; altar with lights; and no end of floral adornment; exquisite flowers everywhere; altogether wonderful; lavish expense, and really suffocating fragrance. But the best thing was the discourse; à propos of Easter; Χρίστος ανέστη; a rational discourse; the preacher rejected the doctrines of hell fire and the resurrection of the body; flung them out, as it were, from amidst the flowers and the fragrance and the ravishing music. It was refreshing: the breath of a new life coming into the rotten bones of a petrified theology. I made some remarks upon the subject afterwards; but the ladies to whom I spoke looked blank, as if they did not understand me and I do not believe they did. The formalism of the Church, to which they have been subjected all their lives, suppresses the mental faculties, — it seemed to me; they are accustomed to repeat formulas and the formulas contain distinct affirmations, which petrify in the mind; and I really believe, — so impervious does the human mind become under this sort of pressure, — I really believe that there were not a dozen persons in that crowded church who grasped the fact that while they sat there hot with formulas, the preacher was tearing out of their creed two of its leading affirmations, and flinging them to the winds. I am glad, however, to say that this preacher *drew;* crowds besieged the portals of the church hours before the beginning of the service; and we only got in through a side door, guarded by two policemen, on special invitation of a pewholder; and I hope that it will not appear frivolous to add that I felt moved to drop a quarter upon the offertory plate when it came round to me, carried by a great personage, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; which, as you

may know, is the tremendous thing in this part of the world.

I have had distressing reports upon the weather in Boston — rain and snow and sleet; nothing of the kind here; brilliant skies and an equable temperature; no rawness of east wind; a dry air, however, clear and cool; for the spring is backward. Yet I confess I like a fiercer climate, like that of Boston; though I was not aware that I did until I came here. I forgot to say that the *Eider* is a new boat; brand-new; seven thousand tons burden; this is stupendous; extremely fast; makes the voyage from New York to Bremen in ten days; has made but one voyage to this country, her first; is now on the return to Bremen. The wife likes the newest ship and the fastest. I took the last stateroom to be had; and of course it was not the best one; but I hope for a serene voyage — for smooth seas and a happy return!

GROSS-PRIESEN IN BÖHMEN, 18 June, 1884.

MY DEAR M., — We were unable to sail in the *Eider* on April 30, and were obliged to transfer our passage to the *Fulda*, sailing Wednesday, May 21, and after a quick and extremely smooth passage — hardly a ripple — arrived in Bremen on Saturday, 31 May. Ten days; — sunny skies all the way; saw an iceberg, — the first I have ever seen, — ninety feet high, and eighteen hundred feet long, as measured by the captain; magnificent spectacle; fortunately it was four miles distant, though it did not look to be half a mile away. The ice came down further south this season than was ever before recorded; and it seems to me really a miracle that no accidents have been heard of. You are acquainted with

the old Cunard boats only; and can form no conception of the splendour and comfort and speed of the great new boats which now traverse the Atlantic. The *Fulda* is one of those new departures, so to speak, in ship-building: four hundred and fifty-five feet long, six thousand horse-power (the North-German Lloyd has now five of these monsters; the Hamburg Line has none): machinery aft; saloon somewhat forward of midship, — exquisitely decorated; and so steady was the ship that oftentimes it was impossible to feel any motion at all, though we were rushing through the waters at the rate of eighteen statute miles the hour; one hundred and eighty first-class passengers — the full complement; but there were hardly any nice people among them. The only acquaintance we made on the voyage was that of Mr. ——, an American artist, living in Munich, who had been spending several months in Boston, where he made the portraits of some of the "swells." I dare say you have heard of him; for I take it for granted that an artist summoned across the Atlantic to make portraits of "swells" must have a great reputation. He was born in Lowell (Massachusetts); but went early in life to Munich, where he settled, and marrying a German wife, became Germanized to a degree quite inconceivable even to me, who am so much a European; or rather, he became not so much a German, but rather a Münchener! For he expressed as bitter a dislike of North-Germans as he did of Bostonians with their hard faces and cold ways: his contempt for Americans was indeed supreme; and he gave the following instance, as illustrative of their want of patriotism, — fancy!

At his studio in Munich appeared one day an Ameri-

can gentleman who came in company with a picture-dealer; and after complimenting Mr. —— upon his pictures, and saying that he should not regard his collection as complete without a specimen of Mr. ——'s work, he made a contract for a picture, — price four thousand dollars. He asked if the contract should be reduced to writing; but Mr. —— said that it was not necessary. The gentleman remarked that he was on the point of leaving for Vienna, but should have further conversation with Mr. ——, in relation to the picture. He was profuse in his compliments; and just before taking leave, he remarked that he had never come across a European artist who spoke such good English. Whereupon the picture-dealer, turning to him with a smile, said that Mr. —— was not a German, but a fellow countryman, an American. The gentleman's face fell and he went off hurriedly, the picture-dealer with him. Presently the picture-dealer returned, and said to Mr. ——, "It is all up: he will never buy that picture: for you are an American!" and he never did buy it: he never came again: the picture remained unpainted.

From Bremen we came down to Dresden, where I spent only one day, for the purpose of consulting a physician on behalf of the wife. He has ordered her to Carlsbad; and we shall presently betake ourselves thither. For the moment we are tarrying here with a friend, who has taken a comfortable apartment in this picturesque hamlet of Gross-Priesen-on-the-Elbe, two to three hours by rail from Dresden, across the Saxon border, in Bohemia; remarkably beautiful scenery; altogether idyllic; a sweep of rich meadow, encompassed by amphitheatrical hills; forests of pine; winding river; intensest verdure; delightful

walks; purest air; laden with ozone; coolest weather, — in fact, cold; most refreshing; showery at times. I feel quite like a new being; so tonic is the air after the depressing Mal-aria, so to speak, of the great Philadelphian Desert!

GROSS-PRIESEN-ON-THE-ELBE, IN BOHEMIA,
18 August, 1884.

MY DEAR M., — And now we are once more in this pretty place, undergoing the After-cure, after five weeks in Carlsbad. It was a most agreeable sojourn in Carlsbad; quaint little town; open-air life; pleasant lodgings; for the most part pleasant weather; and I think the drinking of the water has done the wife some good, though, I must confess, by no means so much good as I had looked for; but further good may come later, for the waters do not as a rule, I am told, take effect for a good while. I caught the spirit of the place, and drank Kreuz-Brunnen from Marienbad; two goblets before breakfast; it came in bottles; resembles Selters water in taste, but is not effervescing. I feel much refreshed and strengthened by a course of this water, and am preparing to take in a reef in the girth. The waters of Carlsbad are all hot; but the taste is not disagreeable; it was an effort, however, to reach the springs by seven o'clock; for the waters, though not purgative, make one extremely weary at first. I could scarcely crawl about in the first week or two; but afterwards I recovered my vigour rapidly, and was enabled to take very long mountain walks with hardly any fatigue; and — extraordinary effect of the waters — with very little perspiration! The diet is severely regulated; and incessant walking is prescribed as an indispensable condition for the working of the waters.

Indeed, I have come to be a firm believer in the wholesome effect of a Kur, when properly made. I met with several cases of wonderful cures; and especially are the Carlsbad waters efficacious in dyspepsia, and all troubles of the stomach, and in disorders of the liver and kidneys; but as in all these cases, a radical cure is really never possible, the tendency to the old disorder being always present in the system. The Kur must be made every year; and I have no doubt that by resorting to these springs every year, many a person prolongs life and enjoys a fair degree of health who would otherwise have succumbed much earlier in life. The oldest *Badegast* of whom I heard was Prince Rohan; he came this year for the fifty-fourth time! He is now eighty-four years old. But I met a lady whom I knew, who was there for the thirty-first time; she is now about seventy, and enjoys fair health, but her liver is of portentous dimensions; and had it not been for the Carlsbad waters, she would have been dead long ago.

There were not many English, and but few Americans in Carlsbad. We met, however, a gentleman from Philadelphia whom we knew; of the true Philadelphian type; thin-legged, and leather-coloured complexion; he drank about a gallon of the water daily and went away quite another being. It was indeed astounding, — the change for the better in his complexion; of this case I had personal knowledge, and it was really remarkable; his trouble was dyspepsia of an aggravated kind. But after all, though the waters strike me as a sort of lottery in which every one does not draw a prize, yet I cannot help believing in their great virtue as a rule; a sort of mysterious virtue, which does not admit of explanation, — inas-

much as it consists in internal chemical action: but as the sum of my observation and experience, I should say that the waters give a fillip to the vitality, as it were. And à propos of waters, I call your attention to Mattoni's Giesshübler Water: it comes from the so-called Otto Quelle, a couple of hours from Carlsbad; it goes all over the world; any grocer will order it for you from the *dépôt* in New York. It is a table-water; and as such I prefer it to Apollinaris and Selters, or any similar mineral waters, which only blow one out with gas; for the Giesshübler is not effervescing, and it is besides most agreeable to the taste. I found it most exhilarating and refreshing. It is not purgative, but is good for the digestion, and altogether wholesome: — try it, and I shall not have written this line in vain. The cholera scare — carefully nursed by the English newspapers — has occasioned us some apprehension; but nevertheless, we expect to go to Paris, unless the cholera gets there before us, — which I do not expect. In Italy there prevails a widespread morbid terror, such as was hardly ever known. Fancy having to pass seven days interned in a *lazzaretto*, or hospital building, before being permitted to cross the frontier and enter Italy, when one goes down, across the Brenner, for instance, from Munich!

CARLSBAD, 30 July, 1885.

MY DEAR M., — Your welcome letter from the Shelbourne Hotel, in Dublin, came duly to hand; and I was extremely glad to learn that you were all getting on well and were not in the least dismayed by the discomforts of foreign travel. And now I have hope of you, for if you can stand Ireland and like it, you can stand anything,

and remain always serene. I was never in Ireland myself except for an hour or two when once our steamer stopped in Cork Harbour, and I went ashore and wandered about Queenstown : — that did for me.

We have been talking over a good many little tours with a view to select one to be taken after leaving Carlsbad. And at one time my thoughts turned in the direction of the Engadine, but of late the weather here, though fine, has been cold : " beastly " cold, not to put too fine a point upon it. I wear an overcoat to the springs in the morning ; and I wear it again in the afternoon ; in fact, I wear it all the time ; and I really can't stand any more of this sort of thing. The Engadine is the coldest place in Europe. An English lady whom we happened to meet here has received a letter from a friend, who is there. The writer reports that the weather is bitter cold. Carlsbad has the reputation of being a very hot place ; but I really cannot understand how it came to have such a reputation. This is the second July month I have passed in Carlsbad ; and I am frosty all the time ; I must go somewhere and thaw out. The Engadine will keep.

We have decided to go down into the Tyrol, — in fact, to Cortina in the Ampezzan Valley ; a place which I know, having passed several weeks there in the Spätsommer of 1882. It was there I witnessed one of those terrible floods which sometimes occur in the Tyrol ; for two weeks I was a prisoner ; railways, roads, everything washed away ; and finally I could get out only on foot, and by the aid of eight men to carry my luggage, and boost me across raging torrents. It was a grand experience ; the waterfalls of Versailles were nothing to the sights I saw ; but such phenomena are rare to the degree I

witnessed. There had been no occurrence of such a flood for seventy-five years. The valley lies on the southern side of the Alps, at an elevation of four thousand feet above the sea-level. The air is dry and the climate is for the most part sunny; and warm, but not hot; precisely the kind of climate I think I need for the Nach-Kur. It is the back country of Venice, so to speak, — this region; land of Titian; he was born there; or passed his summers there; or died there; and it 's all the same; only an hour from the Italian border; and it is easily reached.

We leave Carlsbad next Wednesday (5 August), when our Kur is at an end, at 11.30 A.M.; through train to Munich; and reach Munich at 7.45 P.M. In Munich I dare say we shall tarry several days, perhaps a week; when we take a through train over the Brenner, for Franzensveste, — seven hours' ride, — connecting at Franzensveste with a train for Bruneck in the Pusterthal; leaving Munich at 1 P.M., say, we reach Bruneck at nine, say — I have forgotten the precise time. Charming little place, Bruneck. Two hours thence by rail to Toblach, and from Toblach, say three hours by carriage, to Cortina; magnificent scenery: Dolomite Mountains, so called; and there are also other places in the Tyrol which we may visit. Meran especially I wish to see. The Tyrol is not yet so much overrun by tourists as is Switzerland; the people are friendly; and I like the simplicity of the inns. It is but a day's drive from Cortina to Vittorio, where a train connects for Venice in an hour or two, and we may perhaps pay our respects to the Queen of the Adriatic, though I should prefer a little tour through Kärnthen; for at this season I do not fancy cities; yet September in Northern Italy is extremely tempting.

I am told by one who has been a good deal in Wales that Aberystwith and Llandudno on the coast are delightful watering-places; also Bettws-y-Coed, inland; and Bangor (cathedral town) and Carnarvon, — however any of them may be spelled. But I do not believe that you will spend the summer in England. One is restless until one gets to the Continent. England is a working country. Everybody is busy about something. The hotel life is odious, the lodging-house life nothing but isolation; the life in England is domestic or nothing; and unless one has a house of one's own, or makes visits at rich folk's houses, one may as well get the Channel behind him as quickly as possible.

In France, in Germany, in Italy one need know nobody and yet be happy; for everywhere is poetry; easy ways; in short, the European flavour, — which is, after all, so extremely agreeable a flavour. We have toiled hard in Carlsbad; and I think the waters have been doing us a great deal of good. It is a fine place for walking; a charming place, in fact; and it is worth while to undergo a Kur if only for the pleasure one has in ending it: a moment of supreme exhilaration.

Riva dei Schiavoni, Venice,
Friday, 18 September, 1885.

My dear M., — We spent fifteen happy days in Cortina; and left it on Thursday, 3 September, for Bozen. Go to Cortina, if ever you find yourself in this part of the world; and be sure and descend at the Aquila Nera; well kept by my old friend Pietro Ghedina. Cortina will suit you; the air is of the finest in Europe; not too exhilarating, yet not in the least relaxing.

We had a magnificent drive out of the Ampezzan Pass in an open landau, in company with two English ladies, really agreeable company, mother and daughter, and "very old family, you know"; the daughter speaks German, Italian, and French with a masterly fluency which quite overwhelmed me. I learn that Americans are all the fashion now in England; and I am sure that you must be having a good time; especially as you have been lucky, extremely lucky, in the weather. Twice in my life have I tried to see England — in the summer of 1860: and again in the summer of 1879; and, oh! irony of fate, — those were the two wettest and coldest summers known in England in this century. Literally I sat in the wet and could see nothing for fog and drizzle; and at last I gave up in despair and fled; going straight, the last time, or nearly straight from Edinburgh to Paris. The summer in England, last year, was fine and extremely hot; the present summer has been fine, I am told, but not so hot. Glück auf! I congratulate you; for there is nothing so really superb as England in fine weather. But alas! for the November fogs and gloom!

We spent a week in Bozen: and if ever you come this way, I do really entreat you to do likewise; or, at least, similar-wise. Delightful spot; quaint little city; strange arcades, or Bogengänge, excellent hotel, Kaiserkrone; Kaiser and Pope have slept in the Kaiserkrone, — commemorative tablets; also the Empress Eugénie a few days before we came, — no tablet; and by the way, the wife met the Empress in Carlsbad: and each smiled sweetly on the other: — tablet for this. It is refreshing to tarry in a place which lies off the beaten track, un-Cooked — though the kitchen is admirable, far superior to Vene-

tian flummeries — for, though as a matter of fact, Bozen lies on the highway (the Brenner Railway) from Berlin to Rome, yet the tourists, as a rule, stop not; they hurry on; it is the best thing tourists can do, and get out of quiet folk's way. The town lies in a hollow, encompassed by vine-clad mountains; a kind of hothouse: hence famous for fruits — the grape and the peach and the fig, and so on. In summer, of course, a seething furnace; delicious in the September month; soft air! A most equable climate; no colder when it rains than when the sky is blue. And near Bozen lies Meran; well-known winter resort; renowned for equableness of temperature; protected like Bozen from northern winds by high mountains, and somewhat open, but not too much open, to the south. We made an excursion thither; romantic promenade by the side of a glacial torrent; Southern plants and trees; but too many consumptive subjects, painfully rolling in Bath-chairs.

The only drawback to Bozen (all places have drawbacks) is the bells; intensely Catholic nest; bells by day, frantic peals; bells by night, altogether maddening, especially at four o'clock in the morning; not one bell only, but a dozen, each striving to outring the rest. Therefore, from Bozen we came here, where are no bells, or rather hardly any, but tranquillity and peace; no noises, unless it be strident voices of costermongers and fisherfolk. Hence for persons of weak nerves, I should recommend Venice; an eternal silence and tranquillizing influence of soft humid air; in fact, I learn that Venice is recommended for this purpose by medicals. But I must not say much about Venice; else I should say too much; in fact, "slop over." Delightful days; rare days;

bluest skies; goldenest sunsets; softest air; altogether delicious. I have never enjoyed days like these. The moon, too, is waxing: and we sit in gondolas in the serene nights, and float on the Lagoons and through the Grand Canal; wonderful effects; a divine stillness, broken only by the splash of the gondolier's oar, or the sound of festive music and song from distant gondolas, parading with many-coloured lanterns; quite altogether Venetian.

I was here but once before, and that in the wrong season, in December, 1859; cold and rawness and gloom. Venice is a poem; a mediæval poem of unique beauty; for elsewhere one has but patches of mediævalism; even in show places like Nuremberg, there are plenty of modern structures to remind one of the present. Venice is altogether *The Past;* in three hundred years nothing has been added, except the iron bridge known as "Ruskin's Horror," and nothing taken away, not even the dirt. Everything is precisely as it was in long-gone ages,— gondolas and all; hence is Venice most fascinating: and I thread the narrow streets, or rather ways, with an interest I never felt anywhere. I am never weary of threading them; and taking in new effects at every turn; palaces of beauty quite surpassing; churches exhaustless in treasures of art; the Doge's Palace, — one can't find words for it; and finally the Cathedral of St. Mark! — choicest creation on earth! view it from the portal of the clock-tower on the Piazza di San Marco, with statues and fretted work against the blue sky! But I shall remark only that the exquisite pleasure this wonderful structure affords me now is the best token to my mind of the progress I have made in twenty-six years in æsthetic perception. But in twenty-six years, — it were a

pity if one learned nothing in twenty-six years! *Basta!* one must not write much about Venice. This little hotel in this fine air on the Riva has a better situation at this season than hotels on the Grand or other canals; note this, and always bring Zamproni's *fidibus insettifughi per distruggere le Zanzare* at night!

DRESDEN, Monday, 5 October, 1885.

MY DEAR M.,—Your very welcome and interesting letter bearing date Oban-Scarborough, 20–28 September, reached me last Thursday. You have seen a great deal of England and Scotland,—ten times as much as I ever saw; and I followed the course of your wanderings with great pleasure. And now I congratulate you upon having come upon a pure atmosphere, where you could clear your throat; for coal-smoke is the bane of England, as also the bane of Germany, Dresden, for instance, being nearly as bad in this particular as London; and with the exception of a few cities on the Atlantic seaboard, coal-smoke is also the bane of America. Boston is the only city I know (leaving out Italy of course) which has a really clear atmosphere; owing to the prevailing use of anthracite coal. In New York and Philadelphia there is relatively more bituminous coal used than in Boston. Last year in the November month which I passed in London, the weather was marvellously exceptional: and if you should not be as lucky this year as I was last year, but get the usual "London Partic'lar," you will come upon the Truly Appalling: and in passing I am tempted to let off words of sage advice, as follows, to wit: travel not at all after the season for fires has set in. From May to October one may travel with impunity in Northern and

Central Europe; after the autumn sets in, travelling is at least "ungemüthlich." After October first go into winter quarters as soon as possible: and stay in winter quarters serenely until May first.

Especially in Italy is travelling in the winter extremely unadvisable. For years I occupied myself with inquiries into cases of Roman Fever, so called, and in every case, so far as I can remember now, it turned out that the party went down into Italy in the winter. Let him, therefore, who would spend the winter in Italy, by which I understand Rome, be in Rome by October first. Florence is a dreadful place in winter; and almost intolerable at any other season. But Pau might suit you, I should think. And especially because, being par excellence the winter resort of the rich and fashionable, I take it for granted that every comfort is obtainable there; but so far as climate is concerned, although of course Pau is milder than Boston, yet you must make up your mind to enjoy a good deal of gloomy weather there, as everywhere else in Central Europe. There is no escaping the winter this side of the Mediterranean. There is no place, alas! "with a mild climate and everything lovely." There are drawbacks everywhere. If you get climate, you lose comfort; the finer it is outdoors, the less comfortable is it indoors; it is only in England and Germany that one is really comfortable indoors. But alas! how harrowing is the coal-smoke and the gloom; the sunless sky, the wetness; fog and east wind. I enjoyed more and worse east winds in Edinburgh in one week in July than ever fell to my lot in a whole Boston March. For a really delicious winter I should recommend Cairo. Egypt, however, is at present in a somewhat disturbed state; but

in Cairo one does escape the winter; and all things are really lovely; or at least, they would be to me.

I do not know about Corfu, of which you speak. I went ashore in Corfu once, years ago, on a voyage from the Piræus to Trieste. It was in the springtime and the place seemed to me a paradise; but the island was then in the possession of England, and was of course well-kept. Gladstone gave it to Greece, as you know; and I have always heard that since England gave it up, it has been a far less agreeable place of residence; but I do not know really anything about it. If I were going in that direction myself, I should prefer to go at once to Athens, which I am told is improving every year as a place of residence. There is a great deal in the *culture* line in Athens, and one can be entirely comfortable there; and besides, it is not swamped like Pau with mere idle watering-place folk; and the climate is not bad; much sunlight; far more than in Pau; with occasional refreshing freezes; and besides, one is in the neighbourhood of the sea, and I always think that the sea is a health-giving element. Hence, for myself I should prefer Nice to Pau; there is companionship to me in water; and I never tire of gazing upon the blue Mediterranean, and listening to the swash of the waves on the strand at Nice. There is nothing so difficult as to fix upon a place in which to settle down: "Wer die Wahl hat, der hat auch die Qual." There would be a novelty and interest in a winter in Athens quite superior to what one would get in Pau. Athens is a capital; with a university and a court and an American college; there is much to stimulate one there. Pau is a mere provincial town; with nothing to recommend it, except mildness of climate; and

the rich and fashionable folk who gather there to hunt and feast and gossip have made it expensive; but for mere climate, equableness of climate, Meran, in Southern Tyrol, is quite as good, I fancy. Though on the whole it would be a less attractive place to an American than Pau.

DRESDEN, Sunday, 18 October, 1885.

MY DEAR M.,— The climate of Philadelphia does not in the least agree with me. I suffered very much there last winter from shortness of breath. After walking fifty yards on a level I could scarcely get my wind again; for a fortnight I was plunged into a state of misery quite impossible to describe; and in fact, until I broke up our residence there, and came to Boston, I was wretched. After coming to Boston in April I had no recurrence of the trouble; and I have never had any recurrence of this trouble since I came abroad. And now, fancy! I met here the other day a lady whom I have known more or less for a good many years, and who lived formerly in Philadelphia. She is a stout lady; much the same type with myself (not to put too fine a point upon it). The climate, however, never agreed with her; and she can never return to Philadelphia even for a few days without experiencing the same dreadful symptoms that drove her away; namely, precisely this shortness of breath of which I complained: curious fact, is it not? West of the Hudson River — it is a discovery which I claim to have made — is a climate quite different in kind from that which exists east of the Hudson River; it is not, however, the degree of cold which differentiates the one climate from the other, it is the quality of the air. West of the Hudson River, there is an element lacking (I do not know if

it be ozone, or what it may be), — lacking, I say, for me: for in the case of many another person I can fancy the climate to be far more favourable than the climate of New England; but my vitality, not being robust, is precisely the reason probably why I suffer from the absence of this strengthening element, which the New England climate supplies to me, and which also exists for me both in England and Germany. At any rate, this curious fact exists, both in my case and in the case of the lady I have mentioned; curious facts must always be dealt with respectfully.

I am quite carried away with your enthusiasm for England. I like enthusiasms; if it were not for enthusiasms, life would not be worth living: we must "schwärmen" for something, else we become sodden. Enthusiasm saves us from ennui, — extreme pole of human misery. And in spite of our much-bragged-of activities and that sort of thing, I have observed much boredom in America; in Boston especially; — in fact, the morbid sentimentalities that dominate the Boston consciousness lead to boredom by repressing enthusiasms. For enthusiasm means expansion, generous play of the sentiments, accesses of inspiration, in which we catch glimpses of the Ideal. In a word, enthusiasms spring from the heart; and hence they are often at variance with the arid reckonings of the understanding; and it is the arid reckoning, mostly, which has come down to us with our Puritan blood, and is now getting frozen into us by ice-water. Yes, your enthusiasms refresh me; nothing, in fact, lifts me up like enthusiasms; they give significance and interest to life; intensify and idealize it; and banish that awful prose, which threatens ever to make a desert of the world and

fossils of mankind; and though I never saw a tin bath-pan, and should not use one, if I saw a dozen, — for there is nothing more injurious in my opinion to the health of most persons than the English habit of tubbing in cold water, — yet I feel that you will presently be spelling parlor with a "u,"— that is to say, when you use the word; for parlour in England is not a fashionable word; it means really a kind of back slum; and upon this point, involving as it doth, the grand continuity of our magnificent English tongue, I could say much; and hence I shall say nothing upon this occasion.

And now I cannot refrain from suggesting to you, on reaching London, to go in the first instance to one of the great hotels,— Langham, Grand, Metropole, or even Midland Grand Hotel, — and then to go and see for yourself the places recommended to you. This is always a much better course than to take a place on trust; and the great hotels are extremely comfortable; when in London for a few days only I never think of going elsewhere. Last November I spent at the Grosvenor, Pimlico, Victoria Station; inspect it, — aristocratic hotel, by the way. The Midland Grand at St. Pancras is also an excellent hotel; the situation is unfashionable, and hence one can always get into it in the season; for this reason I descended there in June last; very good kitchen; and excellent cups; also great variety in cups. Alas, as you exclaim too truly, if we could have a little good weather; three weeks here and we have had three days of sunshine; an unlifting gloom; yet the air is agreeable, though the skies are clouded; the verdure is fresh, and the tints of autumn pleasing; the Great Garden is like an English park; and I walk in it in the wet: and remember Venice.

V. CALIFORNIA AND INDIA

The Trip across the United States — Santa Fé — Los Angeles — The San Gabriel Valley — California Wines — Santa Barbara — The Valley of San Joaquin — India and the Hindus — The Theosophical Society — Wanderings in the East.

THE RAYMOND HOTEL,
SOUTH PASADENA, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
29 December, 1886.

MY DEAR M., — We were a good deal used up by our journey; and I have not yet fairly recovered the free exercise of the epistolary faculty, having on the way contracted a bad cold, which settled in the first instance in my face, causing me much pain in one of my eyes; afterwards it passed on elsewhere, and I have been in a seedy condition, more or less, ever since I reached this land of sunshine and sour oranges last Sunday a week; but thanks to the air and a sedate habit of life I am now pretty well again. The wife, too, picked up a very bad sore throat on the way; but she, too, is also now in better condition; and we are beginning to look round us and take in the fine things sparsely scattered over this seared valley of Saint Gabriel. He is the Saint, by the way, if I remember rightly, who stands at the gates of Paradise and admits the Elect, who have pulled themselves into sufficiently good form to appear at the final round-up; hence was his name given perhaps to this valley of the vine and the fig tree, and the New Green Pea.

The details of our journey across the continent would

hardly interest you, I fancy. I met the wife at Rotterdam Junction, in the State of New York on Thursday night, 9 December, at eleven o'clock. I joined her train, the regular West Shore train coming up from New York and running to Buffalo. We reached Buffalo on Friday morning and Chicago on Saturday morning, remaining in Chicago until Monday morning. Chicago is a stupendous place; it quite eats up Boston. Fine streets; masses of fine buildings; seven hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants and a frightful coal-smoke. We were fortunate in coming upon mild weather; but it was gloomy and wet, and the slipperiness of slime made the streets a misery. On Sunday we did not go out of the house; on Monday we embarked on a new Pullman car just out of the shops; everything clean and nice. We had the stateroom; sumptuous compartment: I never saw anything so beautiful. It contained also a *petite cabinet*, furnished with all modern conveniences; inexpressible luxury, this; but after all, it was but gilded misery: and I look back upon the six days and nights we passed in our pretty boudoir as upon a kind of turbid dream. When you cross the continent, take a private car: everybody does this. In a private car alone will you have comfort, if indeed there can be any kind of real comfort in any kind of locomotion. With a private car, the Pullman Company supplies a cook, a butler, and a porter; you have only to stock the car with provisions; and when I say everybody does this, I mean of course all the *grands seigneurs*,—grand from the money point of view: which, I may add, is the only point of view from which anything is visible in this grand and altogether free country of ours.

Well, we journeyed all through Kansas and Colorado and New Mexico; stopping for several hours in Santa Fé, — "the oldest town on the American continent." I should think so; wretched streets, lined with small one-story houses, built of adobe or mud, which dries as hard as brick; nothing picturesque, except small donkeys bearing sticks of firewood strapped on their patient little backs. Wonderful air in Santa Fé — seven thousand feet above the sea-level. No snow anywhere west of Buffalo. Santa Fé is on a plain, surrounded by hills or mountains; the climate must be really superb of its kind. Frightful deserts in Arizona; and our locomotive broke down repeatedly. One day we had nothing to eat until three o'clock in the afternoon; and I was obliged to fill myself up with soda biscuits and Californian sherry. At last on Saturday, at midnight, we reached Los Angeles, and stuck there for the night, sleeping in our gilded boudoir. On Sunday morning we were pulled over the little San Gabriel Valley railway, eight miles, to this house, where at ten o'clock we breakfasted: — and then collapsed for three days. After leaving Kansas City on Tuesday morning, the sun came to cheer us; and ever since, we have revelled in sunlight; in fact, there has been no rain in this Valley of Gabriel since April. The rainy season is altogether precarious. I feared that we might suffer through having too much rain, and now I fear that we shall suffer through not having any.

This hotel is spacious, clean, new, well furnished, and well managed. It is a Yankee oasis in a Californian desert: — White Mountain waiter-girls in white caps, and that kind of thing. It is situated upon a hill, or mound, and commands a magnificent view of the Valley

of Gabriel, the valley being bordered upon either side by rocky hills or mountains, of the Sierra Madre Range. We have two fine rooms connecting, and finer I never had in any hotel; with the sun for half a day and an outlook upon the mountains. The climate of this valley strikes me as unique. The days are warm, often 70° to 80°; and the nights are cold, often 45°, say. One sits with the windows wide open in the daytime, and at night sleeps under a couple of blankets; but this diurnal change — which is a regular change — is all the change I have noticed thus far. It is not hot one day, and cold the next; but a uniform, even, climate; and what is quite remarkable, there is a total absence of windstorms. I noticed this stillness of the atmosphere, and one day questioned an old inhabitant upon the subject. He said that he had never known wind enough here to break the stalk of a flower. There is, too, no electricity in the air, — there are never any thunderstorms: in fact, storms of any kind seem wanting; but climate is all one has here. The roads are dusty: and the towns half-baked. As a *Winter-Luftkurort*, however, the place seems to me unsurpassed, — every kind of tropical vegetation: if we could only have rain to revive exhausted nature!

THE RAYMOND HOTEL,
SOUTH PASADENA, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
Friday, 28 January, 1887.

MY DEAR M., — I sent you on Friday, 14 January, a pamphlet about Pasadena. It may serve to supplement the information, but not the wisdom, which I am in the habit of supplying to my friends; and therefore I proceed to remark that since I wrote you, we have had one

more drop of rain, speaking in a figure; yes, it came in torrents one happy afternoon and night; and ever since we have been sitting in sunshine, and walking in dust as usual. The fact is, we seem to have struck a rainless winter, such as a careful study of the pamphlet I sent to you shows to occur once in eight or ten years; an exceptional winter, therefore. I dare say I shall strike a similar exceptional summer in Japan; and so on; altogether an exceptional journey, so to speak. But I can only hope that the rest of it won't drag as has California thus far: for even a fine climate, with nothing but a picturesque view from the piazza of a hotel, perched on a hill, to set it off, is not sufficiently filling. The truth is, we have never been accustomed to this kind of life in the winter; a few weeks of it in the summer are all very well; but really to enjoy the country, one must be within easy distance of a large and opulent city. You will observe that all the philosophers who have dwelt upon the charms of country life have lived not a great way from a large city. The large city is the foil which sets off the infernal dulness of the country and gives it the artificial charm of contrast. The civilized man lives in cities; shepherds and keepers of swine live in the country; that is to say, far away from cities; for I don't call living near a city living in the country, though the poets do. The country to me is but another term for the desolation of isolation — like Arizona, or New Mexico; that is *country;* and so is Southern California in a measure. The truth is, the chief pleasures of life result from contrast. The exquisite pleasure of the aristocrat, for instance, springs mainly from the consciousness that he does not belong to the *profanum vulgus*, — from a sense

of exclusiveness: and so with pretty much everything else. If diamonds were as plenty as pebbles, nobody would care for them; but the owning of diamonds gratifies a craving for superiority; and hence your corner grocer, having made money, sticks a diamond pin in his Chinese-washed shirt-bosom, and joins a Raymond Excursion Party to California.

When I look back upon the six weeks I have spent here I can put my finger upon but one real pleasure — always apart, of course, from the climate, which is truly divine and in itself a source of poetic delight, a kind of delight, however, which one cannot put into words, resembling in that respect the pleasures of music. The one real pleasure I have had was in reading Andersen's *Improvisatore* in German. I found a copy of it among the nine pounds of German literature which I brought with me for Pacific reading. The story is weak from the dramatic point of view; but the colouring is delicious, — Rome and Naples in the old days. What poetry! and fancy how amidst the all-devouring materialism of the Californian Desert, the mind revels in it. This, too, is contrast: for I dare say if I were now in Rome I should be frozen to death. Don't infer, however, from what I have said that this is an uninhabited country; by no means; in whatever direction one looks or travels one beholds little white houses glittering afar off in the sunlight; yet drearily small houses; all of one story; two to four rooms; of the shanty order of architecture.

The Valley of Gabriel is twenty miles long, they say, and ten wide; from our piazzas we survey every square foot of it, — a varied expanse of gully and hill, orange orchards and vineyards, with the Sierra Madre Moun-

tains standing guard, as it were, all along its eastern border — truly beautiful mountains, six thousand feet above the sea-level, they say — and the valley is about one thousand feet, they say: hence to us the mountains are five thousand feet high. It seems impossible to believe it; and they seem but a mile distant; in reality five or six miles; so deceptive are distances in this dry, transparent atmosphere. But wherever one looks, the valley presents a scarred and arid appearance, like any country in winter, where for the moment the snow is absent. For there is winter here as well as everywhere else, except in the tropics. All deciduous trees and bushes lose their leaves; orchards of English walnut trees stand as barren and dreary, for instance, against the blue sky, as if they were on a New England hillside; but there is a greater number of trees of the evergreen character, such as the live-oak, — of which, by the way, I have seen some fine specimens of magnificent amplitude; — the cypress tree; the pepper tree, so called, much used as a shade tree, with long narrow leaves, resembling the willow and bearing red berries; the banana tree; and, of course, the orange and lemon. And there are also in great profusion flowers of every kind. I am not well up in flowers; but I know roses and mignonette and heliotrope; and also I know the Calla Lily, though I do not know how to spell it. In fact, everything will grow here, if irrigated. Water is the one thing needed. Patches of greenest grass often delight the eye in spots where water trickles from wells or pipes; for, you must know, the whole country is *piped*. Water is brought from springs in the mountains, and carried in pipes all through the valley; underground of course. Land is sold piped; and

so far as I can judge, there certainly seems to be no end of water, even in this rainless year. There are wells too, artesian and ordinary wells; though the main dependence is upon the piped supply from the mountains. The orange trees require a great deal of water; hence orange orchards are by no means pleasant orchards in which to wander and cultivate the poetic sense; for the ground is kept ploughed up and rough, in order that the water, which is let on now and then, may thoroughly irrigate it. Here and there, sticking up from the ground to a height of say three feet, one observes an iron rod, with a small facet on the end of it. It is not, however, a rod; it is a pipe,—a hydrant, as we call it. Sometimes a hose pipe is attached to this hydrant and the water is squirted over the place; and sometimes it is n't; but nevertheless, the orange orchard remains horribly uncomfortable ground; and at present the oranges are sour; they say they will not be ripe until May or June; but at any rate I fancy that the Californian orange does not find its way often to the East. It is said that it cannot compete with the sweet Florida orange, though for my part I should prefer it.

Californian wine, however, goes abroad in vast quantities to Germany and to France, where it is manipulated, and then returned to this country as a German or French article. This I had from a man in charge of one of the largest wineries, as they are called, in the valley. It has even come to this, as follows, namely: a celebrated French champagne firm sends its own empty bottles and branded corks to San Francisco, where California champagne is put into the bottles by its agent, and the champagne is then sold in the bottles and with the branded

corks of the French firm as its own French products. Moral — buy California champagne for a quarter of the money, and then at least you will know what you are getting. The fact is, France cannot begin to supply even a tenth part of the demand for its wines; and hence — the ignorance and prejudice of mankind remaining the same — the French manufacturer resorts to devices, of which the above is a sample; and I am sorry to say that he does not resort to them in vain. At present, it being winter, the vineyards present nothing but lines of dry gnarled roots, from one to three feet high; the shoots of last year which bore the grape having been for the most part cut off by Chinese labourers decorated with a queue, — and burned up in heaps. The fires look pretty at night, but the smoke in the daytime gives the landscape a misty look. There are not many birds in the Valley of Gabriel; though now and then one may hear in one's walks the liquid note of the meadowlark; and I have startled an occasional hare in the heather; while at times the frequent rabbit has startled me. Yes, we have fresh strawberries, whitish and without flavour; excellent new green peas and superbest tomatoes; also lobsters without claws. The Chinese raise all the vegetables and wash all the clothes; there is no other kind of labour to be had; and just so long as it pays to have them here, they will come or, rather, be brought, Congress and sentimentalities to the contrary notwithstanding. Everybody knows that: and if you lived in California, you would have a Chinese servant, rather than a Mexican, or a "greaser." There is no weed that flourishes so rank in this country as hypocrisy.

San Francisco, Saturday, 7 May, 1887.

My dear M., — We have at last taken our passage for Yokohama in the steamer *Oceanic* of the Oriental and Occidental Steamship Company's line, and sail next Saturday (14 May). The *Oceanic* was at first underlined to sail on Thursday, 12 May, but within a day or two the date has been changed to the following Saturday. She is an old White Star liner, and I fancy a comfortable ship. We went on board of her on her arrival last Saturday and were much pleased with her accommodations; far superior to the ships of the Pacific Mail which we inspected, with their staterooms all aft near the screw and their gloomy saloons. The ships of the Pacific Mail were built mostly by John Roach; and I must confess I was depressed by the inferiority of the design to that of the English ships. We hope to make the voyage in about nineteen days: — pray for us. We have a cabin on deck; that is to say, on the deck *under* the hurricane deck, — I forget the term for it, — with a window looking out upon the gangway running round the ship inside the bulwarks; plenty of light and fresh air, therefore. When we took our passage there were but four passengers beside ourselves, the wife being the only lady; but since then I learn that there are to be two more ladies, — which is something; nay, much. The saloon is cheerful: and I have permission to take my own wine: a case or two of Edge-Hill Cabinet (red Californian wine), a most wholesome wine, and an excellent tonic, as I have already found; for shortly after reaching San Francisco I was seized with a serious illness, but fortunately of short duration; for the physician who was suddenly called in to attend me proved to be equal to the emergency, and he pulled

me through very soon. He was a "swell" in his line; at any rate he took a V for each visit, and came often. The V, however, is a figurative expression. There is no paper money in California; gold and silver are the only currency; and this is as it should be. The Californians call paper money rags; and the Californians are right. I never touch a dirty dollar bill in the East without fear of catching the itch; and though I never touch a five-dollar gold-piece here without a feeling that it is a counterfeit, yet I like the glitter of gold; and take all the risks with a cheerful spirit. To be sure, the mass of silver one gets is pretty hard on the pockets, — yet one soon gets rid of it; too soon, I may say. There are also no *cent* pieces; a five-cent piece, or nickel, as it is called, is the smallest coin: one cent is treated as one centime is treated in France; that is to say, not regarded, — except when you have to pay it; and then it is called a five. Also one never hears the term quarter or half-dollar or seventy-five cents; but always two bits, four bits, six bits. This is insufferable; especially when you get confused a bit and give seventy-five cents for fifty cents, as I did one day.

I was not feeling at all well during the last weeks of my sojourn in Southern California; and the spirit for letter-writing quite went out of me; it has not yet returned, but nevertheless I pull myself together now, and let off this my last line from the Californian strand. The fact is, it is very easy to catch cold in California; but for that matter it is easy to catch cold anywhere; and I do not ascribe my illness or previous state of languor to the climate. On the contrary, I think the climate of Southern California to be as wholesome as it is delightful in the winter months. In the summer months, of course, I

have had no experience of it. But, nevertheless, all my inquiries led to but one conclusion, namely: that it is a peculiar climate, in that the summer is quite as delightful in its way as the winter; because, though the days are hot, the nights are always cool. A German labourer of whom I made inquiries — and you always get the truth from this class of persons — said that he had been in the country nearly ten years, and every night, winter and summer, he had slept under the feather bed which he had brought with him from Germany. In Italy, and other countries in which the winter climate is mild, the summer is torrid; hence the peculiarity and attractiveness of the Southern Californian climate. There are many climates, however, in California and I can report upon only two; that of the Valley of Gabriel, and that of San Francisco, the former being one of the most agreeable, and the latter one of the most disagreeable I ever knew.

Indeed, I really think that Southern California has a promising future. It affords the best refuge in our country to a large class of persons who are tortured year after year by the rigours of our New England climate, — and the still greater rigours of the Northwest, — especially to elderly persons whose vitality is feeble. Such persons would doubtless live longer and enjoy life in Southern California (in the East and in the Northwest there is for these persons no such thing as enjoyment of life at all — life is a mere state of suffering), and Southern California is filling up rapidly. It has a radiant climate; in winter the air is mild but exhilarating; every day is like every other day; an azure sky, gentle breezes; never any winds; gorgeous sunsets; and though deciduous trees lose their leaves as with us, yet the multitude of trees of the ever-

green sort give the landscape a summer appearance, though I must confess, a somewhat artificial summer appearance. There are the orange trees, for instance, the massive live-oak trees, the pepper tree, the cypress hedges, the tall pale green Eucalyptus, and so on; while here and there, wherever there is water, are patches of green grass, and flowers. In fact, anything will grow in the Valley of Gabriel, provided it has the sun and water; for this part of California depends entirely upon irrigation; wherever there is irrigation, there is verdure. The country reminds me, indeed, in its physical features of Palestine, or Attica; all desolate now; mountainous; furrowed by gullies, or *arroyes*, as they are called in Southern California; yet once blooming and fruitful, because irrigated. Once the irrigation ceases, the desert reasserts itself.

There is not much cultivable land in any of these countries; they are all a mass of wild dreary mountains; but the earth, wherever there are valleys, is extremely rich. In Southern California it is a peculiar kind of black loam, called adobe, the detritus, I fancy, of the mountains, washed down in the course of ages. It is an earth which dries as hard as brick, furnishing an excellent material for the construction of houses, adobe houses being, it is said, warmest in winter and coolest in summer. I only know that if you walk in it, after a rain, your feet stick in it as if it were so much putty. And à propos of rain, we did not have much of it during our sojourn in the Valley of Gabriel. We were there three months; and I counted in all eight bad days; all the rest of the days were brilliant: one day precisely like another. The day of our departure precisely like the day of our arrival; so wonderful is the uniformity of

this climate; but the eight bad days were bad indeed. They came in, say, two spells, — diluvial rains; cloud-bursts, accompanied by gales of wind that made our big house strain like a ship at sea; and once there was thunder and lightning, though as a rule there is no thunder and lightning at all, there being no electricity in the air; and one is told, besides, that a case of sunstroke was never known. It is not, however, easy to discriminate as to what one is told about anything in California. Consciously or unconsciously, the people who have come here (I cannot say natives, for there are no natives, everybody has wandered in, as the Germans say, from somewhere else) are bent upon making out the country to be a paradise and that sort of thing; whereas here, as everywhere, there are drawbacks to the climate, — though I fancy that here the drawbacks are from fifty to seventy-five per cent less than elsewhere. At any rate, the only safe rule in California is to disbelieve anything you are told, unless it is corroborated by your own experience, or by the experience of some one whom you can trust. I talked one day with an old man working in the fields; and he frankly remarked that the Devil himself would be ashamed to show his face in the Valley of Gabriel, "the folks had got ahead on him so in lyin'."

But to go back to the rains, they were awful; not a human being could stir; roads were cut up; railway bridges washed away; for several days nothing came, and nothing went; we were cut off from all communication with the outer world, and sat in the wet upon the Raymond Hill, praying that our supplies might not be interrupted; and they were n't. This was our experience. I was told, however, that the rains are precarious; that

in some winters they are very light; now and then indeed comes a winter without any rain at all, — an appalling calamity; a calamity which, however, must be taken into account by those who buy corner lots on a margin. In other winters, I was told, there is a great deal of rain; sometimes — but this occurs seldom — it will rain for a month at a time; in fact, there seems to be no rule whatever about the rains; and the term rainy season is an extremely misleading one. When we left Pasadena towards the end of March, the mountains showed a tinge of green; but there was not a leaf on any deciduous tree; nor was there a grape leaf visible, — or, rather, there were a few grape leaves visible: for in winter, as I may have told you, the grape-vines all die away, there remains nothing but the roots, great gnarled dry brown roots, two to three feet high, looking very much like the roots of double teeth magnified and set up with the root part in the air. The vineyards, therefore, are not a feature of the landscape in the winter; what they may look like in the summer I cannot say; the roots put forth sprouts and vines and leaves; but the vines are not trailed upon a stick as in France, nor from one plant to another as in Italy. The grapes hang from the vine as it sprouts from the roots, but the roots look extremely strong and capable of holding any amount of grapes.

Irrigation has been pretty widely introduced into Southern California, — the mountains are near; and there seems to be water enough stored in them to answer the needs of a large population; but upon this point I heard a good deal of scepticism expressed. My own opinion, however, is that water is only a question of money; and that enough of it can be had for all the population that is likely to

exist in the country, however large it may be; and I fancy that in the course of years it will be a very large population indeed; because, say what one will, and taking into account all drawbacks, it is an extremely inviting country. Fancy what wealth can make out of a place in this beautiful Valley of Gabriel; what Art may arise there! Fancy, in short, the possibilities of a country with a radiant climate, cool in summer, and where the water pipes never freeze in winter. And so, take it all in all, I may say that a Boston man knows nothing about his own country; in fact, that his experience of life will remain incomplete, until he has had a winter in Southern California. And, I will add, that my next winter there will be spent in Santa Barbara, though I must confess that I took a great fancy to the Valley of Gabriel; but Santa Barbara is said to be greener; for while the mountains look down upon Santa Barbara, Santa Barbara looks down upon the sea; and I love the sea.

A twenty to twenty-four hours' railway ride brings one through the Valley of San Joaquin to the city of Saint Francis. California is said to be about three times the size of Great Britain; but really I should think that three fourths of California were a desert. Vast mountain ranges absorb, at any rate, a good part of its area — wild and dreary mountains, glittering dusty in the sunlight. It is five hundred miles from Los Angeles to San Francisco, and the greater part of the ride is through mere dreariness; the San Joaquin Valley, however, is green with wheat, and its verdant plains refresh the weary eye. California, as you know, has become a famous wheat country; but all the wheat goes abroad. It is said to be the best wheat in the world, and I fancy it must be, for it all

goes to London; at any rate, the English wheat-ships one sees in the harbour are altogether colossal; long and narrow; and all with four masts. But I may remark that it is only in Southern California that irrigation is necessary. Central and Northern California have sufficient rain for their crops, and the country is greener, and the climate different. Southern California is a quite peculiar, nay, choice spot of earth; there is not much of it; and what there is, will by and by command a great price; and what is not needed for house-lots will be mainly devoted to the cultivation of the grape, I fancy, though it has no monopoly in wine-making. Indeed the wines of Central California are said to be superior to those of Southern California, and, so far as I can judge, I think they are. But à propos of wine, it is a striking fact that the people of California hardly ever drink the wine of their country; it all goes abroad; in vast quantities to Frankfurt-am-Main, chiefly; and to other German as well as French wine-making countries; and there seems to be no brand which is regarded as superior. There are hundreds of wineries, as the places are called where wine is made, and every maker of course affirms that his own wine is the best; but the upshot of it all seems to be, so far as I can make out, that the red wines of the Napa and Sonora and such like countries are superior to the red wines of Southern California, while, on the other hand, the sweet wines of Southern California surpass those of all the rest of the country.

But to come to San Francisco, before I have written my fingers off. It is a large fine city in many respects, — streets broad and clean and all well-paved, — far superior to many a Western city; but it is a peculiar city;

an altogether peculiar city; and though I can conceive of a person becoming accustomed to the climate and liking it, yet at present I must confess that for my part I detest it. We have been here now rising six weeks; and every day has been precisely like every other day; a brilliant blue sky; in the morning a pleasant air; but by midday there comes in a hard cold wind from the sea, driving the dust into one's eyes, and penetrating the very marrow. It is an invigorating climate, favourable to enterprise and work, but it is a climate of appalling uniformity; no transitions of the seasons; one wears the same thickness of clothing in summer as in winter, and one needs fires all through the year; that is to say, on cloudy days, or when it rains, or one has not a sunny room. There is nothing to look forward to, and nothing to look back upon, except glittering dreariness; an unchanging monotony of climate: the same dry hard cold air all the year through. In fact, the city itself is so situated that there is a permanent draft, so to speak; the Golden Gate is a narrow entrance from the sea into a landlocked lake, as it were, namely, the harbour and bay, extending northward and southward; and the winds draw through this entrance and sweep across San Francisco, which lies at the northern end of the Peninsula near the Gate, from water to water. It is really a magnificent harbour; I fancy there is nothing like it anywhere; the navies of the world might ride on its waters, — but I hope they never will.

Rolling back from the water, like the billows of ocean, are hills; hills in endless succession; on these hills are built all the dwelling-houses, and built of wood. The lower part of the town is the business quarter; and there

the structures are of brick; but fancy a population of rising three hundred thousand, all living in wooden houses! I shall be glad if they don't all burn up before I get out of the place; for fire, by the way, is one of the drawbacks in this country, which I forgot to mention. I have prepared what I call a fire-bag, into which, on going to bed, I shove all my valuables; and put the bag on a chair near the bed, in order that it may be handy to grasp in case of sudden alarm. The necessity of this is obvious when you learn that at the burning of the famous Del Monte Hotel in Monterey, one lady not only lost everything, but lost, besides, her teeth and her hair! Well, these awful hills are traversed by cable cars in every direction. Capital invention, the cable car; but its jerkings are uncanny to a heavyweight like myself! Hills, that make one giddy when one reaches the crest and looks down upon the city and the water, — a vast expanse at the foot of a precipitous descent, down which the car plunges, — as if there were nothing in it! There is not a promenade in the place; and a city without a promenade must always be regarded as a failure from the truly metropolitan point of view. California Street, in which are the fashionable houses, is the vastest hill of all. The richest man here is said to be Flood, with three hundred millions: in fact he is said to be the richest man in the country; and Stanford thinks nothing of giving twenty millions and his name to a university, — fancy! And what are we coming to! — There are thirty thousand Chinese, too, in the place: a tiresome lot with their everlasting pigtails. They are manufacturers, many of them: and among other things, make cigars; and I have bought a better cigar of them than ever of a Christian in a white

collar for double the money. The country roundabout has many pretty points; but there is nothing in California at present except climate. I prevailed upon the wife to avail herself of an opportunity which presented itself, and take a run into the Yosemite Valley. I did not feel like incurring the risk myself, being now unhappily conscious that I possess kidneys. The excursion involved two nights in a Pullman sleeper and four days' hard stage-riding, — and when I learned that, the picturesqueness all left it for me. She had a good time, however; and returned looking ruddy: and said it was lovely!

Apollo Hotel, Apollo Bunder, Bombay,
Sunday, 12 February, 1888.

My dear R., — Your most interesting and welcome letter, of date December 12, reached me in Benares, the Holy City of the Hindus, on January 14. We arrived some days ago in Bombay after a tiresome journey across India: and I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your letter and at the same time to add something — not much — about our journey: for the weather is warm, — 80° in the shade in the daytime and not much less at night, — a gauze mosquito netting over the bed sufficing for covering; a delicious warmth, however, because tempered by a sea breeze. The same degree of heat in Colombo, with a land breeze blowing, was desolation. But I am feeling tired: and I cannot find that I take much interest in India, except for the climate, which is truly divine. Some persons do not care much for climate; but having been brought up in one of the most dreadful of climates, — as the young women say, I adore climate; and here I do find climate; but not much else, except ruins of a grand

Mohammedan rule in the past, and an effete race in the present. I used to wonder that, with only sixty thousand English troops in the country, England could hold, as it were, in the hollow of her hand, two hundred and fifty million Hindus. Having seen India and the Hindus, I am only surprised that six thousand English troops do not suffice. It is an effete race in India, the poorest race on earth, without energy or knowledge; in fact, having no visible possessions that I can make out except brass pots and superstition; though perhaps among the lowest Chinese an equal depth of superstition may exist, superstition not being an absolute, but a relative aberration, relative to the civilization of the race. The superstitions of Roman Catholicism quite rival the superstitions of Buddhism; and the superstitions latent in the Protestantism of New England are altogether as ridiculous as any that one may find in Confucianism. In fact, mankind is dominated by superstition; and the Yankee is after all a part of mankind, and not always one of the best parts, though he is apt to fancy that he is not as other people are. But there is something very tiring about India, about Asia, — always the same thing. Every Chinaman is just like every other Chinaman; every day the sun rises red in the east, and glares all day, and sets at eventide red in the west. Every servant wears a big turban on his head and no shoes on his feet, this is *de rigueur* in India: and all black faces are alike. In China and Japan there is no variety in costume, but in India there is an immense variety of colours, and also of costume in a limited degree. Bombay swarms with Parsees, for instance, who wear a black hat that looks like a piece of black tin stovepipe cut off diagonally; the upper

classes wear a coat like that of an Episcopal clergyman, and but for the hat the educated Parsee might be taken for a European; but his features are very Jewish and he is much given to wearing spectacles: spectacles always make a man look like a scribe, in fact, a man who wears spectacles is not a good type of the human race from the Greek point of view. Fancy the Apollo Belvedere in trousers and wearing spectacles! The Asiatic costume does justice to the natural man; the finest specimen of a man I ever saw was in Japan, an old man wearing nothing but a loin girdle, tall, erect, with a chest like Trajan's, and legs like a gladiator's. This was remarkable, because, as a rule, the Jap, if not the meanest, is an extremely mean type physically, his chest being concave and his legs crooked.

I am sorry that I did not receive your letter in Calcutta, — it arrived there the very day I left, — because I might have looked up the Theosophical Society: I had it in mind several times to make inquiries in respect to this society, or ism, or whatever it may be: but I ended by forgetting the subject altogether. I don't know, however, that, if I had applied myself to the investigation of the subject, I should have obtained any results worth having. All that the Society has to teach is set down in its books, I fancy, — for the confusion of mankind; and the illumination that a disciple might throw upon the tenets of the faith I should hardly have obtained upon mere inquiry. The Society has a House in Calcutta, — and I am extremely sorry that I did not learn this fact until I had left Calcutta a thousand miles behind me, — because I could at any rate have gone to the House, and that would have been something; a Society that has a House

is necessarily tending to define itself, and perhaps the time will come when we shall be able to understand what the Theosophical Society teaches, — if it be worth understanding, which, somehow, I doubt. The metaphysical craving is very strong at certain periods in a man's life; but I think the older one grows, the more does the mind concentrate itself upon the knowable things. The metaphysical craving, being the strongest in human nature, is never really suppressed, except in perhaps a few of the most dreary of rationalistic minds: the strongest, I say, — as witness the Hindu paying merely to touch the tail of a sacred cow, the mere touch insuring him entrance into Heaven. Whether the Society has any following in Bombay I do not know, and I have no means of finding out: I do not know any one here, — except a couple of Parsees whom I met on a steamer coming to Ceylon; they were returning from London and had come by way of the United States; intelligent men, and most agreeable, the son and son-in-law of an eminent and wealthy Bombay Parsee; but they are not men who know anything other than the price of cotton and the precepts of Zoroaster. And most excellent precepts they are. I have a great respect for Zoroaster; he was the only Greek, — he was a Greek, was n't he? or was he only a Grecized Persian, or was n't he even that? — who ever possessed original religious intuition. The Greeks invented a pretty mythology; but they had no religious insight, as had the Hebrews and as had Zoroaster. But unfortunately there is very little of Zoroaster's teaching which has come down to us. What has survived, however, has been most rigidly carried into practice. The Parsee's coat is cut to cover his chest; no part of a Parsee's body may be uncovered, as per

Zoroaster. Also the Parsee wears under his coat, around his waist, a cord, wound three times around his person; this cord he unloosens; and, unloosening, prays at certain times in the day, — all per Zoroaster. Also Zoroaster is reported as having remarked that the dead should not be suffered to pollute the earth, or water, or air. This remark must have been a poser, I fancy, when first dropped, but you must bear in mind that the Parsee is extremely clever: to him belongs the superior mind of the East: — he caught the fancy floating in the Zoroastrian mind, and now one of the sights of Bombay — I might almost add of the world — is to be had on Malabar Hill, where, overlooking the sparkling sea on the one side and palm groves on the other, in the midst of a garden redolent of roses, and beautiful with flowers of many hues, and shrubs and stately palms, rise the White Towers of Silence, — where dead Parsees are brought to be devoured by vultures.

But I have not told you of our wanderings. From Kioto in Japan we passed through the beautiful Inland Sea, so called, to Shanghai in China: where we tarried a couple of weeks. The Chinese are not an attractive folk, and we were glad to get away from them. There is also nothing novel about the Chinaman: the three hundred million Chinese in China are mere repetitions of the Chinese washerman you meet every day in the streets of Boston. A Chinese city, however, is curious from the very antiquity of the Chinese. I fancy they live now precisely as they did four thousand years ago, and have been accumulating dirt ever since. We had at one time a plan of going to Peking: and perhaps we might have gone, had not the wife been taken critically ill in Shanghai: a case

of poisoning from eating clam soup, very serious case, indeed. She pulled through, however, and has been well ever since. And so we sailed on to Hongkong: most picturesque place. We visited Canton, — altogether curious and interesting, — and sailed away after a couple of weeks to Ceylon, spending a couple of weeks also in that palmy isle. I intended to spend a month there: and also to go over to Java, just on the other side of the Equator as it were. But I quite broke down in Ceylon: the character of the heat was most depressing: and the grasshopper became a burden, to say nothing of the lizards that do disport themselves in the rafters of the roof — for there are no *ceilings* in these countries: in fact, there is not much of anything in these countries except punkahs and cockroaches and cocoanuts. We fled to Calcutta, where the *cold season*, as they call it, had set in, — 75° in the shade and deliciously tonic. But Calcutta was very crowded: we could scarcely find lodgings: the Races were on, also the Viceroy and Christmas, and we went to Darjeeling, — seven thousand three hundred feet above the sea-level, — and from that elevation we looked upon the highest peaks in the world: Mount Everest, twenty-nine thousand feet: and Kunchinjinga, twenty-eight thousand feet. Of Mount Everest you can only see a bit as big as a sugar loaf, and *I* did n't see even that: but Kunchinjinga towers up in front of one at Darjeeling quite altogether massive and snowy. It is worth a journey to India to behold the glory of Darjeeling: 45° in the shade and bitterly cold, and we went back to Calcutta after three days. And then we journeyed across India: at least two thousand five hundred miles of railroading, mostly at night; stopping at Benares, the

Holy City — of Hindu abominations; dusty and dirty and tiresome; but the dilapidated palaces and ghats — or terraces of steps — on the banks of the Ganges make wonderfully beautiful photographs and pictures; "divine" Lucknow, and the Mutiny business; also Agra, where is one of the few finest things of earth, the Taj. We saw it also by moonlight: really quite striking, as one may say. In Delhi we spent a week: forty-five square miles of ruins; then we came to Jaypore, where the wife rode on elephants to Amber. Elephants are too much for me, but the scenery at Amber is exquisite; among other things, a ruined palace rising from the midst of a lake; alligators disporting themselves on the lonesome banks — pretty much everything is in ruins in India; and I never saw anything so weird as is the view of Amber. They were Titans, the Great Moguls: but they have passed away, — everything passed in Asia, — and the ruins of their mosques and palaces and tombs are a melancholy witness to the transitoriness of earthly things: the Great Mogul is dead, but the Mild Hindu whom he overcame still survives. He laughs best who laughs last, and the Mild Hindu will always be the last to laugh in this sun-scorched land.

We shall probably sail for Suez on February 25 in the Austrian Lloyd steamer.

VI. IN DRESDEN AGAIN

Climates discussed and compared — The Riviera — Southern California — A Winter in India and in Boston — The Exhibition of 1889 in Paris — Munich — Italian Custom-Houses — Presentiments and Dreams.

DRESDEN, 3 January, 1889.

MY DEAR M., — I was very glad indeed to hear from you, and to learn that you were well and ever prospering. Yes, I wrote you a long letter from San Francisco just before we embarked for Japan; but I have not had a line from you since we left California on May 14, 1887. Well, here we are in Dresden once more, enjoying to-day a cold snap; say 12° Fahrenheit above zero; not a snowflake yet, fancy! and for the most part a sunny and mild December month; altogether unusual for this place.

Yes, I was sorry to hear of Edward Sohier's death; but rather for myself than on his account; for I do not think a man loses anything by dying at seventy-eight, especially if, as in Sohier's case, he be spared the misery of a long breaking-up. An admirable man; of supreme rectitude; and of delicate wit. I have not seen much of him since Old Age overtook him; but when I did see him, he always seemed to me a most unchanged man in physical appearance and mental traits: a winning smile; a gay laugh; a ready joke; and a shining *Glatze* (I can't think of a decent English word for that). And so he is gone, good man and true: and we are once more reminded what phantoms we are, and what phantoms we pursue; mere bubbles, as it were, in an eternal flux;

happy only are those who lift not the veil of Maia; and can go through life fancying there is something real in it, and die in the glitter of that illusion in which all earthly things are wrapped.

The finest climate I have met with? — Ah! my dear boy, you will never know the meaning that may lie in the word *climate* until you have spent a winter in India. The Riviera? mere fraud! Italy? worse fraud! Southern California, not a fraud at all, but, I must confess, concealing perils in ambuscade, as it were. I thought, at the time, it was the finest climate that could be: in this I was mistaken. I should have contented myself with saying that it was the finest climate which up to that time I had ever experienced. That fearful diurnal change of temperature in California from day to night is, after all, extremely trying; and I nearly fell a victim to it. I fancied at the time that my brief but severe illness of two days was not owing to the climate, that it was a sudden attack of gravel or something of the sort. Not at all. In India I met a physician from California, an intelligent, modest sort of man, in whose conversation I found much instruction. I gave him a minute account of my case: he understood it thoroughly, and I have supreme confidence in the opinion he pronounced upon it. He said it was a mere case of congestion in the bowels and kidneys, caused by a severe cold which had settled in the abdominal region; and what is more, he said that three quarters of the people who came from the East, as I did, in the winter, go through precisely the same experience. He said he had attended no end of such cases; that nothing was more familiar to him than precisely this thing; hence when you go to California

for the winter, be on your guard against this diurnal change of temperature: wear what the Germans call a *Leibbinde;* and as you value your life, never sleep with your window open, and never take a room that has n't the sun in it. It does n't do to keep to cast-iron habits when one changes climates; and California, I suppose, is unique for this really fearful difference of temperature between day and night. I have known a difference of 40° to 45° Fahrenheit for weeks at a time. In other respects California is a grand country, an imperial domain; and one needs only to be careful, and one will go uncongested.

In India there is of course a difference between the day and night temperature; but no such change as takes place in California. By India I mean the central part of it, — say, across from Calcutta to Bombay, in a vague way. Northern India is colder. In Delhi we had wood fires at night; grand, cool, brilliant days in Delhi; one never suffers from heat in India, unless it be in the extreme southern part, which is of course the dreariest part of the whole country. In Calcutta and Bombay the climate was simply divine; of course in the middle of the day, if you go out without an umbrella in Bombay, the sun will bore a hole in your back; but I call weather hot only when it is hot in the shade. In Bombay, in the shade, with the mercury at 82° Fahrenheit, it was delicious; always a sea breeze in Bombay; and they never use punkahs there at night, even in the summer, I was told. Of course I am speaking of the climate of India during not more than four months in the winter, — perhaps only for three months; during this time India is paradise, — all the rest of the year, it is the other thing.

I mean in the plains; in the hills, — by "hills" they mean in India "stations" in the Himalayas, from six thousand to seven thousand feet above the sea-level, such as Simla, where are the government headquarters in the summer, and Darjeeling, and other like places, — in the hills, I say, it is said to be cool and pleasant in the summer. We made a visit to Darjeeling. The distances in India are considerable; it is as far, for instance, from Calcutta to Delhi as from Boston to Cincinnati. From Calcutta to Darjeeling we rode twenty-four hours by railway; ascending the mountain on which Darjeeling stands, by a steam tramway, in seven hours: seven thousand feet, rising a thousand feet each hour. The most stupendous scenery I ever saw. Kunchinjinga, twenty-eight thousand feet high; Mount Everest, twenty-nine thousand feet; the latter, as you know, is the highest mountain in the world. The views at Darjeeling are quite altogether indescribable. I never came anywhere near such scenery before.

Yes, I do not think I can ever live a winter in Boston again: it is a hard climate; there are some robust natures of innate vigorous vitality, whom it suits; but my vitality was never vigorous; and as one grows older a winter climate like that of Boston is very wearing. A weak vitality succumbs to it. Statistics show a much higher death-rate in a sharp, extremely cold winter than in what we call a mild, open winter. This contradicts the usual notion; but nevertheless the fact remains and speaks for itself; and to me it speaks very loudly. It all depends on one's vitality. There is a rasping quality in our Boston winter climate which tires me fearfully, especially towards March. In California and in India I was

buoyant, and there was a joy in life. Boston, to me, in the winter is a period of misery, greater or less; from May to December, there is no place I like so well; and yet going south from Boston in the winter has its dangers. How many Bostonians could one count who, having gone South, have died in New York hotels of pneumonia on their way home in the spring.

Well, there are risks everywhere, but in my humble opinion you need not worry about a war in Europe next summer, disturbing those sweet plans of travel, which darkly you do intimate. No, France will not go to war while it has the Exhibition of 1889 on hand; and as for Russia and Austria, — no, they will not march yet. This coming summer is precisely the safest summer for visiting Europe; go to Paris and see the Eiffel Tower, three hundred metres high or something, fancy! and walk through the stupendous Bazaar, yclept Exhibition. Horses could not drag me there; no, I was skinned alive once in Paris, upon occasion of an exhibition, — the Exhibition of 1879, — that will answer. It was my original plan, — if wanderers such as we can be said to have plans, and sometimes to my surprise we do find ourselves with a plan on hand, — it was my original plan to return to Boston in the early spring; but you see we pine now for another winter in India; the Light of Asia draws us unto itself; and I do not care to cross the Atlantic twice, as preliminary even to the finest climate on earth; and besides, I think it better that we should both have another course of waters at Carlsbad, and Carlsbad is an inhuman place before June or July. I am coming to believe that after all the waters do really benefit us both, though I have hitherto had doubts upon

the subject. Hence at the present we are in our usual state of uncertainty. Returning to America now means giving up India. And I do not know what we shall do. Perhaps we may relapse into that state which you describe so charmingly, of fancying what we might do. And by the way, à propos of Trusts, — and you will no doubt appreciate Cleveland's excellent remarks upon that subject in his late message to Congress, at any rate, in the abstract, — did you know that in Germany an attempt, by combination or otherwise, to increase artificially the price of the necessaries of life is — *felony?* But we are citizens of a free country; and it is only in a free country that the strong dare combine to throttle the weak: long live our free country.

DRESDEN, Tuesday, 16 April, 1889.

MY DEAR M., — If you embarked on 13 April in one of the old Cunard tubs from Boston, you are now of course enjoying the salubrity of ocean breezes at your leisure. I hope they will prove merciful to you all; and that some day you may work up your courage to the sticking-point and steam across the Atlantic, just once, in a really good fast ship. The new North-German Lloyd ships, the *Lahn*, *Trave*, etc., do the passage from New York to Southampton now in seven days; admirably appointed ships; fine Continental *cuisine*, and an excellent band of musicians playing classical music behind your back, while you sit at dinner wrestling with the throes that Neptune doth inflict upon audacious intruders into his briny and altogether rude realms. Well, I hope you will have a smooth voyage, and find all things propitious.

There is nothing I dread so much, in the way of travel, as a voyage across the Atlantic: it is the most turbulent of oceans. Steaming in Asiatic waters is bliss in comparison; lying on long wicker stretchers under awnings; dozing and smoking, while soft breezes fan you and so on. I was interested to learn that you were coming abroad again; how very restless we all get, to be sure, with advancing years! But I think it is a good thing to be restless; and keep moving; one lives longer and lives deeper; the days get filled with something one likes to remember. I have been in this place since Tuesday, the 24th day of July last past: and I have n't a thing to remember in all these months except dreariness. We are perishing with cravings to get "on the road" again; the moss that grows on one when one is stationary is altogether deadening; the only way to avoid moss is to keep rolling. The old saws about staying at home, and so on, were forged in ages when locomotion was difficult and dangerous. It is all different nowadays. There was indeed a time when the wise man stayed at home; now the wise man goes abroad. It is the fool that sticks in one place, and gathers moss; the wise man knows that what most is to be avoided in this world is *moss:* soddenness, producing sluggishness of blood, and shortening life by taking the interest out of it. The longest-lived are those who take the greatest interest in things: who never cease to be diverted by the comedy of the world: and it is the taking-up into one's consciousness of all lands and civilizations and ages that makes life richer, widens one's interest: and so on.

And I was amused by your writing that you were to strike at once for Venice; yes, it 's a capital idea; in

Venice is beauty and poetry; all things that gild the memory of travel-days; but why don't you go straight to Venice by the shortest route? Cross to Paris, take sleeping-car — one night — from Paris to Turin, or is it Milan? and then you are in Italy. It is but a short distance thence to Venice; and you will be sure of delightful balmy weather once you have pierced the Alps, whereas to go to Holland, and come down through Germany to Venice, is a waste of precious time. Take Germany and the North afterwards, in the summer; it is often bad enough then; in the spring it is utter dreariness. Since I have known Germany, I have known but one pleasant May month, and that was twenty and more years ago. In fact, there is not any spring here, and the summer is often wet and gloomy. Last summer was fearful. We nearly froze to death in Carlsbad in July: 42° Fahrenheit at the Springs, of a morning. We are running the stoves at full blast to-day, precisely as in winter; the air is raw and the sky is gloomy; it has been like this for two or three months, — I mean, sunless; whereas in Venice, by the time you would get there, you would be sure to have sunshine and flowers, even if you have to hold your noses as you paddle through the canals. We were in Venice in September, 1885, and it was quite altogether divine. There are months in the year when Venice is truly paradise. May is one of these months. And there are months when it is the other thing. And, by the way, when in Venice go and see the chandeliers of Venetian glass, — great shop on the Piazza di San Marco, — upstairs; altogether gorgeous and *Arabian-Nights*-like; they adorn a drawing-room like a festoon of rarest flowers.

And then, when you come North, you can go to a Bath. I do not know anything about Wiesbaden; I was never in the place, except once, and then only for two or three hours, and that was years ago. But one word as to mineral springs. It is dangerous to drink any waters except upon the advice of a physician. Do not think of it. No German would. If you have been ordered to Wiesbaden by an American physician, — I have nothing to say: but if not, it were better to consult a German physician. The German physicians are more familiar with the Baths; more in the habit of prescribing with reference to Baths. My German physician is dead; but I have heard that Doctor Fiedler in Dresden, Physician to the King of Saxony, is of great eminence as a consulting physician; but any other good physician in Germany will do as well. He will make a thorough physical examination: and this is the essential, because oftentimes patients have heart or liver or kidney and so-forth troubles, of which they are unconscious; and the wrong water might develop a disease, which otherwise by proper treatment might be nipped in the bud. I cannot advise you, therefore, too strongly to be on your guard against drinking any mineral waters except after thorough examination by a good German physician. Americans are much too reckless, as a rule, in these particulars.

As for ourselves, we expect to leave Dresden, if we possibly can, in about a fortnight; if the weather should be too execrable, we might wait for a few days; but I do not believe the weather can be worse in Carlsbad than it is here: and it is to Carlsbad that we are going. Afterwards we may go to some place in Switzerland and tarry the summer. We shall not do any travelling, however;

for as soon as one may dare venture the Red Sea passage, we hope to go to India and spend the winter there. We left much unseen in India; the climate in India is altogether divine; I do not believe there is anything like it on earth; it was in India that Paradise was set up, as you know, and I really can't understand — now that I know India — why it should have proved a failure! Yet we may not get there. I can only hope for the best: and the best is India.

And why don't you break away from the old European ruts, and go to India for the winter: you would never regret it; on the contrary, you would rejoice forever after that you had done it. Smooth voyage, excellent ships, — say from Brindisi to Bombay in twelve days. Bombay is a magnificent city; delicious climate in winter. India is a land of an ancient civilization; magnificent roads everywhere; good railways, and inns; every luxury; perpetual sunshine; and wonders of architecture altogether marvellous. There is nothing in the world so beautiful as the Taj, in Agra; nothing so colossal and so wonderful as the Fort (so called), in Agra: Mohammedan architecture of the Great Moguls. India is the safest country, too, in winter: you could not possibly get sick there; I never heard of anybody being taken down in winter by any sickness. No Roman Fever there; and mind you, it is not a hot country in the winter like Ceylon and the equatorial regions. Such picturesqueness of costume as you see in India was never seen anywhere. — Italy can show nothing like it: *Verbum sap.* Go to India for the winter; ride on elephants: and return home laden with embroideries and all curious works in ivory and silver and copper and wood. In India there is perennial

interest. In Riviera resorts there is nothing except boredom and typhoids.

MUNICH, Monday, 3 June, 1889.

MY DEAR M., — Your line from Rome came duly to hand. May is always a fine month in Italy, — though I must confess I nearly froze to death in Rome last April a year, — and you are wise to spend the month in so delightful a climate, instead of in Germany, where the chances were all against you; though as a matter of fact this last month of May has been fine in Germany; something quite unusual. I came across a German who has been in Carlsbad every year for ten years in May, and he told me that this last May was the only fine month of May which he had ever experienced there, — in fact the only month of May in which for ten years it had not snowed there, — fancy! We enjoyed our sojourn there extremely. The blossoming of the springtime was delicious; almost every day was fine; only once of an afternoon were we driven indoors by stress of weather. We were in the open air nearly all the time; coffee in the fresh air in the morning, — after goblets of reviving waters; and all the afternoons up to seven or eight o'clock in the evening, wandering over the vast forest-covered hills, sitting on convenient benches, reading aloud pretty German stories by Seidel, and that sort of thing; quite altogether idyllic. We spent three weeks of delight in Carlsbad; and then we went to Nuremberg, where we spent four days.

It is fearful business, sight-seeing. I had quite forgotten that it was such a colossal bore; nevertheless, as the wife had never seen the place and is always an eager traveller, I pulled myself together and faced The

Inevitable with serenity. She walked me through everything with an energy quite altogether peculiar to herself: and I don't know where she would have landed me, had not Sunday fortunately come; for she always rests on the Sunday, and goes to the English church, wherever she may be; and I have come to look upon the English church in foreign parts as a most beneficent institution: though I never entered one myself, except once in Carlsbad, when I narrowly escaped being struck dead by lightning. Two or three men near me were knocked off their pins; but they were thin men, and my pins are prodigious. Well, in Nuremberg we separated; the wife went on her way to England, and I came to Munich.

I had a fancy at one time for seeing the Exhibition myself; but it is a long railway journey to Paris, and railroading fatigues me fearfully, and then the crowds in Paris are a terror to me; and the expense — and the bore of the whole thing is too vast; rather do I prefer to tarry here, where serenity reigneth and I am disturbed not, and books are accessible, and tobacco cheap: *odi profanum vulgus et arceo.* If I see the Exhibition at all, it will be in October; when I hope the rush will be over, and yet sitting in the fresh air still possible; but at this present I do not expect to see either Paris or the Exhibition at all, — though I have no doubt this exhibition is the grandest thing of its kind ever gotten up.

And by the way, à propos of your "by steamer" from Genoa to Naples, — bound for Bombay, etc. We talk now of spending next winter in India: mainly for the benefit of the mild climate for the wife, her doctor having advised a sojourn in a warm climate as being the only remedy for her throat trouble, and Italy being, as

you know, a bitter fraud in the winter months from the point of view of invalidism; though as for that matter the wife can hardly be called an invalid. She can walk all day over high mountains without tiring; in fact, I never heard her complain of being tired, and I came to the conclusion in Carlsbad that she really never knew whether she were walking uphill or on a level. Well, the upshot of this is to ask you the name of your big steamer; and to what line it belonged; was it a steamer of the Rubattino Line: and was it clean: good table, and so on? We came from Bombay to Suez in a grand new Austrian Lloyd boat; but these boats sail from Trieste, and it would be more convenient if we could sail from Genoa. The North-German Lloyd Asiatic steamers, which are very fine, do not go to Bombay, nor do the French Messageries Maritimes. And I do not know how to obtain any information about steamers to Bombay. The P. & O. steamers I never take, because for the most part the cabins are three-berthed; and to obtain a cabin for ourselves we must pay an extra fare: — *das fehlte nur!* Well now, about Germany, I do not think you need fear any undue hot weather; for my part I wish it were hot; you might get a spell of warm weather somewhere for a few days; but it 's nothing to worry about; and you are far more likely to get it cool and rainy than hot; and besides, if it should be a little hot in the daytime, the nights are always cool; and there are no mosquitoes. I advise you, therefore, to banish from your mind all disquieting notions about hot weather in Germany, and go where you like; I do not know any specially cold place except on the tops of mountains in Switzerland; but, dear me! don't you get it cold enough in Boston in the

winter to run you through a few mild months in the summer over here?

MUNICH, 1 July, 1889.

MY DEAR M., — Your letter from Venice has come to hand; and I was glad to learn that you were comfortably settled there, and were enjoying all the beauties which the resplendent Queen of the Adriatic doth lavish upon her admirers. You can go by rail from Venice to Franzensveste; there connect with rail to Toblach through the Pusterthal, and from Toblach a drive of about three hours through the magnificent Valley d'Ampezzo brings you to Cortina. Go to the Aquila Nera, kept by the Ghedinas, and admire the frescoes on the outside of the little *dépendance* just opposite the hotel. I fancy from what I read the other day in the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, that the place is just now very crowded. These pretty places in Europe, however secluded of yore, are getting overrun more and more every year, until at last they will become altogether insufferable, and we shall have to fly to the Andes or the Himalayas or other remote mountain resorts, where, too, I have no doubt the scenery is much finer.

It was in Cortina that I had a trying experience in September, 1882. You will traverse from Toblach to Cortina the magnificent military road constructed years ago by the Austrian Government, running really from Vienna to Venice, — in the days when Italy was not yet free. Well, this road was all rent into shreds by the awful downpour of waters which took place in those September days. For nearly two weeks I could not venture out of the Aquila Nera; the clouds seemed to descend in massive blackness to the very earth; there was not a breath

of wind — not a leaf stirred — but all day long and all night long one steady awful downpour of water. Well, I got tired of this sort of thing, however interesting it was in the beginning, and I resolved to make an effort to escape. I got a man to superintend the business. He procured six stalwart Italians and a guide; and we set out. The road was washed away, of course, but it was comparatively easy to get to Toblach. After that, through the Pusterthal, began the trouble. The railway had disappeared; also the highway; we were obliged to crawl, I cannot call it walking, along the upper slope of the mountains; across raging watercourses; up to one's knees often in the soft spongy grass. The men boosted me and pulled me, and somehow got me on; and though the guide was drunk, nevertheless at last I did get to Bruneck; it cost me a heap of money; but I was rescued, and still had strength enough, when I reached Bruneck, to call for a bottle of Voeslauer Goldeck Cabinet, — try it.

Also in August, 1885, when I was in Cortina for the second time, we had a startling experience. There is a campanile in the place; of granite, and higher than Bunker Hill Monument, — fancy! Well, when *Gewitters* threaten, the bell in this campanile is rung madly, with a view, it is said, to exorcise the evil spirits of the storm-cloud. We were out walking one afternoon with a party, when I noticed a *Gewitter* threatening afar off. I insisted upon returning; I was pooh-poohed; but I knew the signs, and was firm; we had no sooner reached the Aquila Nera than the storm *gieng los:* — an awful blackness, and the campanile bells ringing as if pulled by fiends. I sat down in an armchair, and began smoking an Austrian cigar, — don't try 'em. The wife was standing at the

balcony window of the chamber, looking out upon the scene; when suddenly did I behold a red hot bolt, as it were, flash through the blackness; there was an awful crash; I bounded up from my chair. The wife sprang back half-blinded from the window; and suddenly the bell stopped ringing, a long and most uncanny pause; and then it began again. Afterwards we learned that the bellringer had been struck dead by the lightning. There was a little American boy up in the tower with him; and this little boy ran down and gave the tidings; and instantly another man went up the tower and began ringing the bell, and madly; while yet the corpse of the poor dead bellringer lay there; so intense is the frenzy of superstition.

HÔTEL PAOLI, LUNG' ARNO DELLA ZECCA VECCHIA,
FLORENCE, Thursday, 10 October, 1889.

MY DEAR R. . . . À propos of India, we have received a letter from "our Indian cousin," written in London after his arrival and consultation with physicians. He reports that the physicians found only a slight weakness in the intestines, and have given it as their opinion that the patient will soon be well again. The cousin reports that he has gone into the country and is "recovering by leaps and bounds"; and intends to sail again for India in December. This is altogether extraordinary. He had settled himself in Cuttach, and furnished a house; suddenly this illness came upon him; he broke up his housekeeping; sold off all his furniture, "at a very great loss"; and came home, with wife and child; and now he is going out again with ditto. However, it will be too late for us to go to India in December; and unless sometime

or other you take me in hand, I am afraid I shall never pass another winter in that delightful country; although I must confess that I am altogether eaten up with a craving to visit Japan and India once more. And I think such a journey would do you a lot of good; you can set the world right when you come back; the world will keep.

Well, we got our baggage at last: after a lot of trouble and expense. Perhaps it was worth while to undergo this experience, in order to get a "filling" idea of the Red Tape of an Italian custom house. If social reformers will only begin with the "Custom-House Evil of the World," I am with them: once custom houses are abolished all over the earth, the way will be made easy for the brotherhood of the human race and many other beautiful things, hitherto muddy. It took one man nearly two hours to get an armful of ridiculous papers signed for the passing of our two poor little trunks and one bag; and the custom-house fees were outrageous. However, we got our wardrobes and linen, and are once more clean: — and when you come to Italy follow Thackeray's advice: Keep one eye — if you will — on the scenery: but keep the other on your luggage.

The rainy season has come early in Florence this year. We have hardly had a clear day for a week; but nevertheless the air is soft, and I sit with my stupendous windows wide open, and 70° Fahrenheit balminess in my chamber. We have delightful front sunny rooms, looking upon the Arno and the green heights of San Miniato opposite: — all open space and airiness; an exquisite little hotel, extremely clean, ceilings very high, and beautifully decorated; altogether a festive sort of place; a low

ripple of English small-talk at table d'hôte the only drawback, but easily drowned in carafes of Tuscan vintage. Well, this is twaddle: and I proceed to remark that I could not get *Looking Backward* here in any language. I have sent to London for it, and as soon as I get it and have read it I shall send an opinion upon it; but it will be some time before I get off my broadside, — as we are expecting to remain here but a few days, and are then going to Siena and Perugia, — interesting places which the wife has never seen (nor have I) and is most desirous to visit. I do not care a pin for them; but they lie on the way to the South, and therefore we must take them. There is a good deal of the Buddha, I fancy, in me. He is always sitting. The Supreme of life to me is the calm of Buddha: what the Germans call *das schöne sitzen*. Then we shall keep on to Naples, — via Rome. I would gladly give Rome the go-by if I could, but I am afraid it will not be permitted. I do not know how long we shall linger in Naples, but the Indian cousin expects to call at Naples in the ship which takes him to India in December, and it seems to be necessary that we should put ourselves out and greet him as he passes. However, perhaps a kindly fate will send him in another ship that doesn't call at Naples; and then we can say good-bye on paper, which is always more touching. Well, — then we shall go to Palermo, and expect to find you there: for Palermo is in the South of Italy, and you fancied you might come to the South of Italy. Let cataclysms befall, but come for once to Sicily, and drink in a little of the poetry of life; we all require rejuvenation. Have you read about Doctor Brown-Sequard's experiments in that direction? Try a winter in Sicily, and

if afterwards the wine of life doth ooze too fast, — well, try Brown-Sequard's essence of guinea pigs. You say that California is already a blur to you: that one should travel when one is young, in order that impressions may stick. Well, that may be true of *travelling*, in the proper sense of the word; but you and I are too wise to *travel*. This was the mistake you made in respect to California; you travelled all the time; whirling along over vast distances in a railway carriage; you got merely a succession of dissolving views, — forgotten as soon as dissolved; whereas I *sojourned* and took in the country. I remember everything distinctly except the railway journey across the continent; that is a blur. Railway journeys are always a blur. So with Japan, where I *sojourned* for a summer; I remember it all; and so on. But à propos of Southern Italy, — if you have any intention of coming out there, — and I fancy you have n't, not the slightest, — it occurs to me to suggest to you to take a steamer from New York for the Mediterranean; you will have a smoother voyage, and escape a very tiresome journey from England or France across half the map of Europe.

I note what you say about presentiments; but I have no faith in presentiments, either in my own case or the case of other folk. I have had intensest presentiments: and that sort of thing also in dreams, which gave me at the time a cold sweat; nothing ever came of them, mere rubbish. And as for dreams, so far as my experience and observation go, they are always concerned with the past; they never reveal the future; the future never yet emerged from the abyss of darkness in which it lies, into clear vision of any human being. Our reasoning faculties enable us, indeed, to forecast the future in

many cases; it would be a pity if they did n't; but it is only in a general way that this forecast holds. Dreams also never evolve thought; at least, I have never heard of any that did, — unless it be in the case of Swedenborg, or Mohammed; but there is too much charlatanism about founders of religions to warrant us in attaching any real importance to revelations purporting to come in dreams. I do not deny that in many cases presentiments come true; but I affirm that there are many more cases in which they do not come true; hence there is no importance to be attached to presentiments, — the chances being against them shows that they are vagaries, having a great deal to do with the state, morbid or otherwise deranged, of the digestive organs.

I was delighted to read the title of your pamphlet upon Taxation: it is precisely the kind of shriek which I have been hoping these twenty years that somebody would at last utter. May your pamphlet be a splendid forerunner of attacks upon the barbarism of our present system of taxation: an evil which has already wrought immense harm to Boston and the Commonwealth, and will go on working harm, to our utter ruin, if not taken in hand betimes and eradicated. Taxation of personal property must bear relation to income: no income, no taxation. An income tax: yes, that is just, if it becomes necessary; but taxation of *capital* strikes at the root of industrial development, and taxation of such capital as produces no income is confiscation of the property of the weak for the benefit of the strong. These things seem to me such commonplaces that I can hardly bear to set them down, and yet they are altogether alien apparently to the consciousness of our lawgivers.

I like your definition of Genius: it is altogether striking. Schopenhauer has written a good deal upon the nature and root of Genius; but it is many years since I have read his writings, and I cannot remember whether he gives expression to a similar thought. Still, I have some doubt about "unconscious thought." I have always fancied that nothing is a *thought* until it finds expression in words. "Thoughts too deep for words" are not really *thoughts*, but moods, affections of the soul, feelings: out of these states doubtless emerge thoughts, or rather, perhaps I should say, these states give occasion to thoughts. But whatever cannot be, and is not, expressed intelligibly in words, is not a thought: it is a conscious or unconscious *affection* of the mind. And yet your definition is none the less true, in that Genius is a scoop-net thrust into a sphere where lie concealed masses of truth which otherwise would never have come to light. Edison's invention of the phonograph is a striking illustration of the way in which Genius may penetrate the hidden abysses of the physical world, and combine and flash upon us forces hitherto undreamed of. But you are a deeper thinker in these things than am I: and it were better for me to break off than run the risk of falling into futile imbecilities.

FLORENCE, 23 October, 1889.

MY DEAR M.,—You see we have not yet left Florence; and I don't know on what day we shall get off. We have been lingering here, — nice little hotel; wine "comprehended," twice a day, in carafes; excellent wine, too. Our rooms, front, look out upon the Arno, — raging ridiculous under our windows; and beyond, upon the green and

ilexed heights of San Miniato; and by craning our respective necks out of our stupendous windows we can get a view of the long ridge of the Apennines, which doth encompass the pretty little Queen of the Arno. The other morning they glittered white with snow in the temporary sunshine; for we have been here nearly four weeks, and have had about three clear days, — fancy! — gloomy and rainy; altogether harrowing; but the air is soft and delicious, a peculiar freshness and perfume in it, such as one finds nowhere except in Italy. It is really worth coming down here from Munich, and living for double the money, for the sake of enjoying this delicious air. I keep my windows open half the time. The mildness is extreme; somewhat like damp July weather in Boston, when a south wind is blowing. Well, as I was saying, we have lingered here until now, the wife having contracted a bad cold; and to complicate the situation our rooms are engaged by another party for next Monday. Yet I dread going to Siena and Perugia in this damp gloomy weather. However, she has always been in the habit of curing a cold by doing the most imprudent thing which she could think of at the moment. In any event, we must go on betimes to Rome, where we are intending to spend the winter. But if I paid the least attention to presentiments, I should say that we were sure to return to America within a couple of months; but presentiments are, as you know, mere rubbish; cobwebs of the brain, — films sent up from vinous stomachs, disturbing dreams of restless nights, which somehow get fixed in the mind as images of what is to come; once in a hundred times the images take shape in corresponding facts, and then are caught up by spiritualists and such like wonder-seek-

ers as proofs of the presence and working of an invisible something, which no one knows anything about.

But to turn to something interesting. I hope that when you were in Florence you visited the Galleria degli Arazzi, — the finest collection of tapestries I suppose in the world; altogether stupendous and beautiful; all done with the needle; acres of exquisite work. What colouring and bold designing. It is the fashion now to decorate houses with copies in painting of these tapestries. We fell in with a lady in the Gallery who was making a copy in painting of one of a series of tapestries, of which the subject is the story of Esther, — the copy was an order from a wealthy resident of Newport; also many copies have been made for other of our pecunious fellow countrymen; — and presently, I fancy, the walls of rich men's houses in America will be flowering all over with these beautiful decorations; reproductions of a most agreeable art; reminders of ages full of joyous life, of Olympian serenity, that have passed away forever; — for do what we will, the Modern Life is not joyous, — its dissipations are fretful; and its work is sombre; or morbid; as if the shadow of a great catastrophe, — a cataclysm of the social order, were hanging over it. The Middle Ages were happier, in one respect at least, than are we. The *hunger* of the masses was unknown; there was food enough in the world to go round; now there is not; and there are masses, — masses everywhere, — toiling, starving masses, propagating more and more masses, toiling and starving more and more; and there you have the cataclysm ready-made: happy those who survive it, and surviving, can understand it all, "looking backward."

But I did not mean to run into this sort of thing. Yes,

I have read one of Crawford's works, *Mr. Isaacs*. I hardly ever read a novel nowadays; but I read *Mr. Isaacs*, — I suppose because a friend gave me a copy of it for a Christmas present last year. I thought it was very clever, and it interested me, especially because the scene was laid in India, where Crawford too had lived; and anything that recalls to me that delightful country is most welcome. — If I could, I should emigrate to Asia, and pass my summers in Japan and my winters in India; but I can't. And what amusing specimens does Crawford bring in, of the power of the Buddhist Seers! quite altogether fascinating and funny. Some day when I make another voyage, I will get more of his stories and read them; he is very clever; but his style is not the style of a master; he just misses being a genius.

Well, and now I send this letter to be delivered to you on board ship in Cork Harbour, — or Queenstown, as it is called in these days. It always seemed to me very nice to have a letter put into my hands there, just as I was bidding a last farewell to the pleasant lands that lie on this side of the ocean; a gleam of light, as it were, in the black darkness into which the great ships that bore me were plunging. And now may a tremendous head of steam drive you swiftly over the waves; or if need be, through them; and land you safely, rejuvenated, exhilarated, happy, and joyous on the other side.

VII. ITALIAN WANDERINGS

Holmes's "Over the Teacups" — Statues in Rome — The Italian Genius for writing Inscriptions — A Winter in Perugia — The Season of Roses in Florence — An Estimate of Thoreau — Remarkable Prediction of the American Financial Panic of 1893 — A Few Days at Padua and Ravenna — A Winter in Naples — A Dissertation on Wisdom — The Roman Catholic Church and the Socialists — Bellamy's *Utopia* — *David Harum.*

HOTEL ROYAL, ROME, Wednesday, 15 January, 1890.

MY DEAR R. . . . A lady here the other day lent me a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly:* containing among other things O. W. Holmes's "Over the Teacups." He says his class graduated fifty-nine, and after sixty years, ten were living, — one in six, nearly; after forty years, twenty-one were living, — twenty-eight having died in the twenty years following the forty years. How does our show compare with that? The query occurred to me as a kind of Old Mortality reflection while perusing the Doctor's lively article. If he could only have told us something useful in point of practical application: but, though a doctor, I suppose he is too much of a poet for that. I read his paper yesterday, and I cannot now remember a thing he said, except the above figures, which I worked out, with a view to comparison. Well, we have been having brilliant weather for now a long time: intensest blue skies; air, clear and exhilarating, — not cold, — 63° Fahrenheit, say, in our rooms. Sometimes of an afternoon of late I have strolled down upon the Pincian Hill: it was as far as I could get: and sitting

upon a bench in the sunshine have smoked a bad cigar and contemplated the green of ilexes, and cypresses, and the countless busts of well-remembered men, or names, Terminal Statues, as the Ancients called them, with which that classic spot is filled, — beautiful spot, to be sure, and in the avenue which leads to it I noticed one day a small round pillar surmounted by a kind of astronomical-looking instrument. The pillar bore this inscription: —

> "*Il prossimo Palazzo già de Medici fu Prigione a Galileo Galilei reo d'aver veduto la Terra volgersi intorno al Sole*":
> *S. P. Q. R.*

"The neighbouring Palace, formerly the Palace of the Medici [now belonging to the French Academy], was the prison of Galileo Galilei guilty of having seen the Earth turn round the sun."

I could not forbear laughing outright: exquisite simplicity: and so very *biting!* Nothing so absolutely perfect was ever done in the way of satire. Last summer in the *Campo di Fiori* there was set up a bronze statue of *Giordano Bruno*, — in spite of the shrieks of the Papacy, as you may remember, and all the bellowings from the Pit of Darkness. I came across this statue some time ago in a stroll we were making in that part of the town, towards the Tiber and the *Ponte Sisto*. The statue is draped in a monk's habit: cowl thrown back: it bears this inscription: "*A Bruno Il Secolo da lui divinato qui dove il Rogo arse*": "To Bruno, the Age by him divined, here, on the spot where he was burned at the stake": and underneath, "All civilized nations concurring" — exquisitely simple and beautiful: certainly the

Italians have a genius for writing inscriptions; and what slaps in the face of Papacy are these two inscriptions, to be sure. But lest I be led to moralize I pass on to say that one often meets Latin inscriptions on houses in Rome: — the following I saw on a house in the Via Cavour: "*Divina mens civitatem Populi Romani egregia temperataque regione collocavit ut orbis terrarum imperio potiretur.*" It struck me that this must have been taken from some old Latin writer? — perhaps you will remember: or is it mediæval? — at any rate it is an "egregious" and tempered clime, this of Rome, — quite altogether superb: just the kind of clime adapted to the attaining supremacy in intellectuals, I fancy: — supremacy, — yes, alas, the Supremacy of Darkness, "*orbis terrarum imperium*": and what a wonderful clever lot these Romans must still be to keep that supremacy over all the earth in their hands even unto this day. This Latin inscription has really a significance.

But enough of this. And are you a Nationalist? You have once or twice alluded to this party; but I did not know what you meant; I always read the word Rationalist. Now at last I know; in a stray number of the Boston *Post* the other day I read of a meeting of the Nationalists, which was addressed by E. E. Hale and Bellamy the Prophet. Well, and now what are they going to *do:* keep on braying like Balaam's ass? You must bear in mind that I do not dwell in the glare of light which beats on the gilded dome of the State House. No, I am like a tramp in the backwoods, and only now and then does a ray from the central effulgence illumine my path: come, tell me all about this thing.

Hotel Royal, Rome, Tuesday, 8 April, 1890.

My dear R. . . . This is my last line from Rome; we have lingered here so long that we feel as if we had almost taken root; and it will cost an effort to pull ourselves and our things together; but the effort is to be made; and in a few days we shall be on the road again, so to speak, — towards Perugia, Florence, and the now greening Fatherland.

It is an excellent quotation you make from Landor: "I warmed both hands before the fire of life." I have often seen that line, or the substance of it, but never knew to whom to ascribe it: rather long for an epitaph: and I never had any fancy for epitaphs, — too *grave* a subject for so airy a mind as mine. Nevertheless I promise to do my best on yours; but not in Latin. I could not manage to write a Latin epitaph; nor hardly to read one: and besides I go for cremation and cinerary urns, if the ashes must be kept. I think it would be better, however, to keep nothing, but rather give back dust to dust, and make an end of everything, — Old Mortality included: for do what we will, what will be left of man and the memory of men after, say, a hundred thousand years? And a hundred thousand years is but the twinkling of a star in face of the Eternities. Yet somehow there is ingrained in the nature of man a longing for continuation of his identity after death, — or what we call death. With some this longing takes the form of earthly memorials; with others it is absorbed in religious cravings, — belief in a future life, and so on, according to Scriptures; with others — but these are few — it takes the philosophic form of pantheism, — absorption of the Self in the Godhead, and yet somehow a

separate identity in the Godhead; this was always too much for me; I could never grasp it. In fact, I never could grasp the idea of a future life disconnected from earth; my faculty is too weak to imagine how a Soul, pure and simple, stripped of the body, can occupy itself? Well, I have got over all my troubles; cough gone, and so on; I am feeling cheerful once more; and I must say I cannot but congratulate you upon having slipped through this ill-omened winter without getting a shot from "the Pits." And now the skies are blue, intensely blue; the air is fresh and odorous; but the weather is not by any means warm; yet spring has come and the blossoming springtime always gives me new life. I hope there will be no winter in the Celestial City.

HAUS KÖNIG OTTOKAR, SCHLOSSPLATZ, CARLSBAD,
Saturday, 28 June, 1890.

MY DEAR M. . . . Yes, Perugia is certainly a most interesting place; and the views are very grand; the grandest I ever saw in any city, or rather from any city; though a friend of ours was there once, and says he has no recollection of any views, — fancy! I remember your telling me in pretty little Igls that if you were obliged to "remain over," you fancied that you might pass the winter in Perugia. The hotel is certainly nice and comfortable; but the *cuisine* did not wear well — food even less sustaining, if possible, than is usual in Italian hotels. There is not nourishment enough in Italian food as a rule. It 's a curious fact; but after six months in Italy you find it out; and feel run down — it 's not the climate, it 's the want of *stamina*, so to speak, in the food, that runs you down; and you come North to recuperate. North-

ern races require more in the way of solid nourishment than do Southern races; at any rate, they get it; at least I did at the Bayerischer Hof in Munich. But apart from this, you could never have stood a winter in Perugia; ten days would have finished you. It is absolutely impossible to *live* in such a place. Fancy every time you go out of the house, and want a walk, having to descend slippery steeps, and then ascend them again; you would have snapped your legs in twain in a week; and the ache is not yet out of my poor calves. It is a hill city; and bitterly cold; extremely picturesque; but these awful narrow precipitous alleywayed steeps! No, never: go rather to Seattle! or, better, to Vancouver! and buy for me not too infinitesimal interests in Vancouver. We have met people here who have been in Vancouver recently; and what is more, made money in handling "Lots" while there. I have no doubt that this part of the Pacific Coast has a great future, — for those who are to come after us. However, old Raymond, of the Passumpsic Railway, went out to Pasadena at the age of eighty; built a hotel there; and said he meant "to grow up with the country." That was four or five years ago, and I dare say he is still growing up with the country; but some men seem never to wear out. I am not of that kind, however. I am not wearing well, — that is, I fancy I am not, — time will show; but we must all break up at some time or other, and it does not matter much about a few years more or less, especially when, as our friend says, the "enswathment of my non-atomic Being" turns the scales at two hundred and forty-eight English pounds, — fancy! However, I am not worried about this, — except when I am expected to stoop and pick up a lady's pocket-handkerchief; be-

cause, after all, it 's normal, — to lose weight at my age is the abnormal; and a bad sign.

Well, we left Perugia on Wednesday, April 23, and went to Florence; and we fell upon the season of roses, and roses fell upon us; for they were very cheap, and we never stopped gathering them up, until the very odour nearly suffocated us. But we got away from Florence on Wednesday, May 21: — yes, we left Florence and roses behind us at nine o'clock at night, and rode straight through to Munich, in twenty hours, changing trains once only, at Ala, and arriving in Munich at five o'clock the next afternoon. The ride over the Brenner was delightful; such greenness and picturesqueness! Then we spent three weeks at the Bayerischer Hof in Munich: — and left it — "busted" — for Carlsbad, where we have been sitting in the wet for now rising two weeks. We are living high up on the Schlossberg, and the Duke of Wellington is living in the house directly opposite to ours. I saw him this morning; very stout man; I quite pity him, — so dreadfully in bondage to the flesh does he look to be, but probably is n't; I know nothing about him. Awful weather for the most part: cold and dampness unspeakable; but I feel better for coming here, and I fancy the waters are good for us, though I never really know; at any rate, I don't think they do me any harm; and Carlsbad is a delicious little place when the sun shines; and we can sit in the open, and respire the fragrance of spruce and pine; of course it 's not up to Boston Common; but it is better than most places on this side; and one good-sized room for one person can always be had for thirty dollars a week.

DRESDEN, Sunday, 31 August, 1890.

MY DEAR M., — Your letter came duly to hand yesterday; and I was glad to learn that you had been able to make a happy escape from the devouring heats of the summer months, and were altogether joyous in the cool recesses of your ocean-girt isle. This sort of thing, however, is a matter of taste; for my part I like the warmth of summer days; and precious little of it have I had in the last two years, either in blue-skyed Italy, or in this Cimmerian North, with its gloom and wet. We did indeed enjoy a spell of pretty hot weather some time ago, — 86° to 90° outside in the shade; never above 75° in our rooms, however; quite altogether delicious; nights cool and dewy; no mosquitoes and hardly a pestering fly; and I sat at eventide on my balcony and smoked with fresh resignation the metaphorical pipe of serene senescence; for we are living in a part of the town where all the houses stand in their own grounds; embowered in verdure; gardens and balconies. The whole house is a *pension;* and the two fat women, our landladies, who bought it recently, paid rising sixty thousand dollars for the place; for behold, there is money even in the Fatherland; and is there perhaps a boarding-house keeper in Boston who can pay sixty thousand dollars for his house? Well, we live well, and feel quite altogether sumptuous, and not too cheap. The air is good and fresh; we are but a short distance from the grand old park (Grosser Garten); in fact, it is like living in the country; and fair red wine is only one mark the flask, and Munich beer (the only beer I ever drink) is thrown in at twenty pfennig the bottle. This is truly *clover.* Our rooms are in the parterre; but the house stands back from the street, and

the street is macadamized; it is really a beautiful street; and such a house as this, three stories, square, massive, of stone, exists not in Boston. Would that it did, and I could live in it there instead of here! but I can't. The parterre is elevated, and therefore not damp; in the rear is a sumptuous terrace and garden, and the whole house is almost swamped in verdure; but alas! the yellow tinge of autumn doth already begin to show itself on the foliage, and I can hear at times the twittering of swallows, gathering in flocks for winter pilgrimages; and fogs draw along the river-banks; the air is cooler, and sharp fresh winds sweep the stubble with sighings over the summer that is gone, and was n't much when it was there.

Yes, we had our four weeks in Carlsbad, and left it on Friday, July 11, and came here by quick train in a little over five hours. We have been here ever since. In fact, we like a place of this sort better than the country. The country we like now and then for short sojourn; but we can't carry the country, so to speak, for very long at a time; there is nothing to interest us, except driving, and that costs too much; but after all, there is nothing in America precisely similar to what we have here. When I say that we prefer a city, I do not mean of course such a city as New York, nor even Boston; but I mean such a city as is this in the part where we live, among trees and flowers and wide expanses of park and open fields. And then we have the picture galleries and the libraries, and the animation of streets and people and so forth; also the Terrace, quite altogether a beautiful place now, where we go for afternoon coffee, and an occasional spree in the evening (the wife is fond of *Reb-*

hühner, and I am fond of the cups that cheer) in the verandah of the old last-century banqueting-hall, — looking out upon the Elbe, the dying sunset, the glitter of lights on the water, and the sombre pine forests crowning the far-off ridges; and there is music, too, everywhere for them that do love it, but I am not much for music, having no more ear for it than a paving-stone. And by the way, on the bank of the Elbe opposite the Terrace, they are beginning to make *tabula rasa*, with a view to constructing a grand embankment such as has already been made on the Terrace side of the Elbe; and further, with a view to the laying-out of a great new quarter there. The old houses and the *Schuppen* and all the rubbishy buildings, which you may remember on that bank of the Elbe (opposite the Terrace), have already been demolished. It is amazing, the growth of this place, and the beautifying of it that goes on year after year; and now they have got an electric tram; the wagon carries its own machinery with it under the seats. This seems to me the supreme thing, — the *ne plus ultra* of trams. No overhead wires, such as I read of in American newspapers, entangling the unwary, and making corpses of too adventurous horsemen. And now on Tuesday next comes the twentieth anniversary of Sedan to be commemorated by Song and Beer. I should like to hear the song, but the *profanum vulgus* is too ill-smelling for me. Grand procession from the Altmarkt to the very green *Wiese* in front of the Waldschlösschen Brewery, directly on the Elbe, where from thousands and thousands of husky throats shall ascend the Song of Victory and Beer, — quite altogether rending the welkin, and making even Mother Germania dizzy; for Mother Germania is fat

and opulent now. Well, this is indeed an airy nothing; at any rate, if not airy, very much of a nothing. One of our fat landladies was asked the other day, if among the nationalities that gather in this sumptuous house there were any French people. "No," she replied; "we have not come down to that yet!" — fancy! Oh, fat and rude Germania!

DRESDEN, Friday, 10 October, 1890.

MY DEAR R. . . . Let us now sink Mount Auburn and executors and all that kind of lugubriousness, and rejoice as of old in the sunlight and our cups and all things cheerful and serene; and if the world goes on rotting, it is not our fault; we can't help it; perhaps it is the order of nature that civilizations should rot and die out, to be replaced by better growths: — even as the leaves fall in the autumn and come back, fresh and glittering, in the sunny springtime. At any rate, such seems to have been the order of history thus far, whether or not it be the order of nature. And à propos of nature I posted to you day before yesterday a recent number of the *Galignani Messenger*, containing a brief and most flippant notice of a new book on Thoreau by one Salt. The book is pronounced to be excellent. The flippancy relates only to the subject, to wit, Thoreau himself. I thought it might amuse you to see how glibly he is disposed of. I remember reading some of his things years and years ago. He made an impression upon me of being a very dreary personality: a contradictory creature, — what we call nowadays a crank, — a cold, isolated nature, struggling with an overmastering will to strip himself of his humanity: and all this mixed up with an insatiate

passion for notoriety. Of course there is a great deal of superfluity in various directions in life, of which the wise man will take due care to strip himself if he finds it encroaching upon the essence of life itself; but the wise man knows the supreme folly of all Thoreauan twaddle; though in Thoreau was no wisdom, he had certain cleverness; and there was a certain dexterity in the way he put his ear to the throbbings of nature, and tried to educe a meaning from them. But in his own life, in the way he looked at life in general, not a particle of wisdom. In this he is to me a typical Yankee; the Yankee is *smart*, but his smartness always wrecks him in the end, because of his lack of wisdom: — witness Ben Butler. Benjamin Franklin was not a typical Yankee; for Franklin was wise, with a kind of Old-World wisdom such as we are not likely to see again in our country. All the great men of our Revolution were wise men; the last century was full of wise men; the *great* Radicals were wise men. There were indeed Radicals who were not wise, — men like Tom Paine; but such men were mere weeds, rank growths, long ago swept away. Well, this kind of smartness, which had its origin in New England, has been spreading all over the country: redeeming and colonizing wildernesses in a way altogether stupendous: performing feats unparalleled in the history of the human race. But this smartness is altogether unaccompanied by wisdom; and hence the fruits of it shall be the gnashing of teeth in rottenness. I must confess I am quite altogether sick of Americanism, as Americanism presents itself to me: the strong devouring the weak: legislation, not for class, indeed, but for what is just as bad, if not worse, legislation controlled and decided by monied interests in their own

favour: millions for favouritism — but not a dollar for justice: witness the recent flagitious rejection by Congress of an appropriation for the payment of the so-called French Claims. These claims date back to the end of the last century. My maternal grandfather was an insurer of ships. In those days there were no insurance companies, as you know; insurance was done by private individuals; my grandfather was a ship-owner and a merchant, and he used also to underwrite marine insurance. Out of the wreck of ninety years, — in spite of conflagrations and other destructive agencies, — for sooner or later everything burns up in Boston, — I have fixed up claims amounting to thirty thousand dollars; and these claims have been investigated and pronounced to be legitimate by the Court of Claims in Washington, to which court it was finally permitted, after years and years of fruitless endeavour to obtain justice from Congress, to refer these claims for adjudication. The Court of Claims has adjudicated upon my claims; and now these wretches in Congress turn round and refuse me my money. For ninety years Government has been in possession of this money; figure what a sum is due me at six per cent compound interest; and yet the Government refuses to pay even the paltry principal, without interest. Well, I suppose the only hope of the patriot lies in everything getting to be as bad as it possibly can be in the shortest possible time; then perhaps will come a reaction and perhaps a ray of wisdom; and as things are going now, it seems to me that the end can't be far off. I give two years for the present tariff policy to produce its fruits; and then I predict the greatest panic ever known on the North American Continent. But

as for the individual, I can't see the least use in worrying. I say this to myself, as it were, and not to you; for I *have* worried a great deal over what seemed to me most ominous signs of the time. I shall worry no more; worry does not fall within the category of wisdom; smart folk worry; I am not smart; I don't want to be; I only want to be wise; but I am afraid I am not even wise; in fact, "I am nothing; not even an Academician." Ah yes, good old Doctor Hedge; we shall never see his like again. With what delight I used to listen to his monologues at the *Examiner* supper-table long years ago: and do you remember the supper we gave him twenty-four years ago? It took place at the Union League Club in Park Street, when he was a youth of sixty; it seems to me only yesterday; how fresh and young he was, to be sure, then.

Well, we have been lingering here far longer than I ever intended; but the wife has had various interesting occupations, and the weather is very mild. We have not yet had any fires; Italy could not have been much milder; and of late I have had a den to myself; it has a great window which opens upon a great garden. I have the sun all day; and am altogether secluded and cheerful. It is grand, the kind of house one may get into here. With all our rotten millions there are no such houses in Boston; massive square villa, all of stone; nothing burns up here; one can sleep in peace and hand down all his futilities to a distant posterity. The house stands in its own grounds, back from the street; and a magnificent garden behind it: — massive verdure all about us: quiet and serene: no sound but the moaning of the wind rustling among the yellow leaves in the garden: but I may have described the place before: I forget. At any rate,

we expect now to leave Dresden in about a fortnight, or sooner, if the weather should whip round and grow cold: — for I don't want to have fires. This is one of my *fads:* if one be going to Italy, let him go before the season for fires begins in the North: — else, misery, — possibly fevers, — at any rate, continuing sniffles.

ALBERGO MILANO, FLORENCE,
Wednesday, 26 November, 1890.

MY DEAR R. . . . We left Dresden on November 1; and fancying to take a new route to Italy, — being rather tired of the Brenner, and craving novelty, — we went to Vienna; a most magnificent city now, you ought to see it, entirely made over from what it was thirty years ago: splendid architectures, great boulevards, new and yet old. I would live in Vienna, but it is an awfully expensive place and we left it after two days in a most sumptuous hotel. Yes, my plan was to come down into Italy by the Pontebba Railway, said to be the most picturesque of all Alpine railways. And we came. We left Vienna on Monday night (November 3) at nine o'clock, and rode straight through to Padua, reaching Padua (after two hours' wait at Mestre, just out of Venice) at five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. When the daylight broke, it found us among the snows and fogs of Carinthia, — but we had no sooner reached the Italian frontier of Pontebba than the skies became blue and the sun shone with a brilliancy quite altogether Italian. It is at Pontebba that the Alpine railway begins; and the scenery is certainly most picturesque, but it is not on a large scale; what we may call *intensely pretty*, however. At Padua I expected to meet an old friend of mine, but owing to a

spell of the bitterest cold, for the season, known in Padua within living memory, and Padua being in the main stove-less, he had fled; and we found ourselves stranded in the wet in that most picturesque and lively little place; for to the cold had succeeded the scirocco; and the scirocco is warm, as you know, and in the winter brings rain. Padua is a university city, — a very ancient place, all poetry and past; and I found it interesting to wander about in one of these provincial cities of Italy, despite the rain and gloom. For in their day, each one of these cities was a centre of art and wealth, — of enterprise and high civilization, and even now in their decline many of them preserve a charm and an interest altogether matchless. Well, we did what we could for Padua; and then on Friday, November 7, at noon, we took the train and railed to Ravenna, reaching Ravenna at seven o'clock in the evening. We had a wait of over an hour at Pescara, and the wife, being extremely adventurous, endeavoured to see the town. But I was too far gone; I could get no farther than the railway restaurant, where I struggled, but in vain, to fill up with macaroni and *fiaschettis;* they are very dreary and meagre, these little Italian railway restaurants. But after all, I chose the better part, for the town is so far from the railway station that the wife could see nothing of it, and nearly missed the train for her pains; and hence you will see that this is a case where wisdom came in on my part at the right moment, — wisdom versus smartness: — for wisdom at the wrong moment bears a strong analogy to dirt, — which, as you are aware, is matter in the wrong place. Well, we stayed in Ravenna until the following Monday — at a nice little hotel, — a new hotel, — or inn, rather, — not down yet in the books,

called the Hotel Byron: — it is an old and picturesque palace, — and this palace is separated by a tiny *piazza* from the house where Lord Byron lived when in Ravenna. A very second-rate sort of house, I must say, for a poet of his pretensions; yet I dare say he fancied he liked Ravenna. But I did n't: a most forsaken place; no picturesqueness; nothing but beggars and dirt. I was awfully disappointed in it; still I must add that it rained all the time and the gloom was preternatural; and we did not see a well-dressed man or woman all the time we were in the place. Of course there are certain most interesting sights in Ravenna; and if you care anything about such things you will find them all minutely described in the books, — wonderful mosaics of the fifth and sixth centuries, — very much freshened up I should think of late; the Church of St. Vitalis, — exquisite circular interior; and the Mausoleum of Theodoric the Great, and of Galla Placidia; the latter, containing the sarcophagi of Galla Placidia's brother, the Emperor Honorius, and of her second husband, Constantius III: — "These are the only monuments of the emperors of ancient Rome which still remain in their original position" — fancy! — altogether thrilling. These sarcophagi were once resplendent with gold and jewels; but both inside and outside were despoiled at the Sack of Ravenna, early in the sixteenth century, — said the sacristan. Well, this sort of thing you do not care about. However, we took a precarious cab and drove out of town for about three miles and saw the Church of S. Apollinaris in Classe: situated in a broad desolate plain, and the crypt of the church was all under water; it was awfully damp; a plain old basilica, — the very

image of desolation; and far beyond it stretched the *Pineta*, or Pine Forest Road, where Byron, type of the young god, used to ride, lonely, wrapped in visions. But I wonder what he did with himself in the fogs and wet of days such as we had, unfavourable to visions. Well, at Ravenna we made a departure. I had been intending to go down to Naples along the Adriatic coast, avoiding Florence and Rome; but the wife had a hankering for certain articles in Florence; and besides, did she harbour an occult design which I will disclose in a moment; — so we turned about and went to Bologna. In Bologna there is a delicious hotel, — Hotel Brun: and besides, is Bologna a most lively agreeable place, — opulent in comparison with Ravenna: — it was like coming out of the wilderness to get to Bologna; and there I read for the first time of the great political cyclone which is burying the Republican Party under the wreck of its many villainies: — of which anon. Well, on Tuesday, November 11, we left Bologna with a sigh of regret, at 12.15 P.M., and crossing the wild, dreary Apennines, in a succession of horrible tunnels, rolled into Florence at half-past four in the afternoon. In Ravenna we met a sandy-whiskered, thin Englishman, who proved, however, to be most agreeable company at dinner; he is the reviser of Murray's Italian Handbooks; and he recommended me to this hotel. I had never heard of it before: most comfortable: we are up only one flight and the dinners are *almost* sumptuous: but we do not get much sun, and I could have stood a lower price. However, here we are; and the wife's occult design has borne fruit; she consulted an English physician here last spring about her throat, and she wanted to consult him again: — and what is more,

she wanted me to consult him about my hearing. I had promised to do so if ever I came again to Florence: there was the occult design. We went to the doctor: — I will confess that I had been reluctant to consult a doctor, lest he should pronounce upon me an impending doom of hopeless deafness: — fancy my relief when I found that my only trouble was *hardened wax*. Well, his opinion upon the wife's case was most favourable: in fact, he found her, with some restrictions, nearly all right: — it took about a week to clean out my auriculars: and now I hear as well as ever I did. My hearing returned to me one night all of a sudden after a portentous syringing, skilfully worked by the wife. I shall never forget the moment: most joyous moment: I had been very deaf of late: and though our rooms are up only one flight and give upon a crowded thoroughfare and the Italians are the noisiest race on earth, I had never heard a sound, — the rooms were as silent to me as the grave. All of a sudden I heard voices all over the place: rattling of vehicles and shrieks of newsvenders. It was hours before I could get to sleep that night; it seemed to me as if all the fiends in the universe were conspiring to torment me with noises. Well, *that* shot from the "rifle-pits" missed fire: but I fear the next one will "set." And now we are lingering for a little in Florence: I really don't know why. We have had mixed weather: sometimes sunny and fine: oftener gloomy and rainy. We are very comfortable and very lazy, and the air is for the most part mild: the bitter cold of the Italian winter has not yet set in.

HOTEL BRISTOL, NAPLES, Monday, 29 December, 1890.

MY DEAR R. . . . We left Florence on Thursday, December 11, at 6.15 A.M.: this meant getting up at four o'clock of a dark, cold morning, and all kind of discomfort. However, we rode straight through to Naples, and got here about half-past six in the evening, quite altogether worn and hungry: — but a good dinner and a *fiasco* of Posilippo red wine, holding about three quarts, set me up at last. This is what I call taking the bull by the horns. These Italian *fiascos*, a sort of demijohn with a wicker covering, are most poetic objects, and altogether heighten the pleasure of a sojourn in these *shiver-a-tion* countries: — lands of sunshine and oranges as you know, this being the poetic view we take of them; in reality, the sunshine is but an icy glitter and the oranges are all sour. Well, we are settled here now for two months, — of which a quarter part has already elapsed. Our hotel is situated very high up on an upper range of what I may call the Neapolitan Amphitheatre. I forget whether you have ever been in Naples. The physical features of it are most extraordinary. It rises amphitheatrically from the sea, and within the last twenty years this Corso Vittorio Emanuele has been constructed, running round the uppermost height. Our hotel is situated on this street, and backs up against a perpendicular precipice two or three hundred feet in height, and above this precipice there is still another quarter of the town, with villas, gardens, and streets, called the Vomero. Fancy the tremendous height of it, for we must be two or three hundred feet above the level below, where the town stretches along the sea. — Well, we have two rooms, — good-sized rooms, and extremely lofty. The wife's

room is at the front, and commands full sun all day, when there is any sun; also a superb view over the Bay, and the Island of Capri, and Vesuvius, and its thickly populated slopes; my room is in the rear, and gets the sun in the afternoon only; but I have also a fine view over the water and out towards Posilippo, the room being on a side of the house. But the windows are not as our windows: on the contrary, they are great glass doors, tremendously lofty, opening upon delicious little balconies, — Romeo and Juliet balconies, — this being the rule all over Naples; most poetic arrangement, but the drafts under these doors when the wind rages, and it rages pretty much all the time, are awful; in fact, as I have said, it is a *shiver-a-tion* country, this; and I am sorry to say that we are living entirely fire-less. You see this house was not built for a hotel for frosty Americans, but for apartments for hardy Italians; and the Italians in Naples have no fireplaces. The landlord, however, having in view ill-gotten gains from spendthrift Americans has put into our rooms small stoves holding grates; but the grates are so ridiculously small that they can hold no wood, and even if they could hold chips, the chips suffocate one with smoke. We made efforts to work our stoves, but gave up the job; it was too much for us. However, of late the weather has been mild; and we have not really needed fires. I have not dared to look at my thermometer, lest the sight of it should give me a chill; but my test is the breath; I have never but once been able to see my breath in our rooms. Now, if you can't see your breath, and have a firm will, you are all right; because you easily convince yourself that any feeling of discomfort you may experience is purely im-

aginary. This, as you will observe, is a splendid illustration of the Mind-Cure, so called: — a cure which, within limits, is altogether beautiful and cheap, and of extraordinary simplicity in the application. But I forgot to say that the ascent to the Vomero is made by what is called a *funicular* or cog-wheel railway, which runs you up in a jiffy; but fancy a large population living under such distressing conditions: — tied to a cog-wheel railway. No; give me a level, and away from a volcano spitting smoke and fire all day long and all night long: most picturesque, to be sure; but after all, this kind of thing is very uncanny for a permanence.

This is very trivial stuff I am writing, but it will at least have some value if it serves to convey to you my thorough appreciation of the excellence and worth of your last letter. It is a long time since I have read any book on Political Economy: you see out here I cannot get English books: — in Germany it is somewhat different: one *can* get books there now and then: but unless one buys what comes out, — giving a standing order to a bookseller to supply one with works in any given line, — it is impossible to get on. I always make notes, however, of the books of which you and others make mention, with a view to avail myself of them at a future, more convenient period; and I was very much interested by your account of Böhm-Bawerk's work on *Capital and Interest*, and especially in the matter of interest, which you put so clearly. It never occurred to me before that *interest* was so difficult of definition: I should have said it was mere compensation for use of money: — if I have a thousand dollars, and Jones wants to borrow this sum of me, why should n't Jones pay me for the use of it,

precisely as in the case of a house or any other property? Why should I let Jones live in my house without paying for the use of the house? I cannot see that money differs in any respect from other things that one owns: — money is a tool, and everybody must either own his tools or pay for the use of other folk's tools, in case he wants tools.

Well, now, I must say, the maxim "Know Thyself" always seemed to me a wise one; but I do not take it in the physical way, so to speak, in which you put it — the self of youth or of age? — the self of sickness or of health? That is not precisely the way I should put it: the human body changes, I believe, every seven years: I have not the same body I had seven years ago: everything is in a state of flux: — this is very true. But still, taking a normal man, his mental faculty remains about the same, — of course enlarged and strengthened by use as the years go on; and this normal man may know himself, in the sense of judging what his faculties are, what they are capable of doing, and so on. I never supposed the maxim had any other sense than this: — one man may waste his time and strength in foolish and futile things, thinking he can do them; the other, who knows himself, knows his own limitations, — knows what he *can't* do; limits his energy and his ambition to what he *can* do. For instance, I know myself well enough to know that any time or energy I should spend in trying to write poetry would be foolishly wasted: — this I put of course as an extreme case. I think a man may by study and observation come to know his weaknesses and his strength; and in the conduct of life this knowledge is of greatest practical worth: it is wisdom, provided the man acts on

his knowledge. What Americans most fail in, speaking generally, is precisely this self-knowledge; this concentration of will within the limits assigned by the varying energy of each personality. The American spreads himself out over everything; he is deficient in wisdom in the conduct of life. The way the average American eats and drinks shows it: — he lives recklessly, and dies prematurely; pie and ice water and green tea kill him; he does n't know himself, either physically or mentally. Of course a man at twenty-five cannot know what he will be at seventy-five, if he should live so long; one must know himself as he goes along; — and moreover, although everything is in a state of flux, including our physical frame, yet, after all, the underlying character of a man *is* something permanent. What the Germans call the *Grund Charakter* does not change. It was a perception of this all-devouring fact in human nature, doubtless, which led to the theological doctrine of predestination. A man is ridden by his *Grund Charakter;* he can never throw it off; although perhaps colossal efforts of the Will may serve to modify it; but as a rule, in a general way, the fact remains that he can't get rid of it. And then of course sickness, which suspends the action of the normal faculties in a man, or interrupts it, — and various other occurrences; — these are only exceptions to the rule. What we have in mind is the normal man, and the Permanent in him: for after all, as I have said, there is something *apparently* permanent in any man, in spite of all *apparent* attacks upon him by age, illness, and the multitudinous occurrences of life. Well now, à propos of *Materialism*, did you ever read Lange's *History of Materialism?* If not, I commend it to you. It is a most interesting book:

full of thought and suggestion: quite altogether remarkable book; and I feel sure that it has been translated into English: I have a pretty distinct recollection of seeing an English translation of it advertised in a London newspaper some years ago. Well, I could never really make up my mind on the subject of materialism. When I read the books of that Darmstadt professor a good many years ago,—the great apostle of materialism (I am dreadfully sorry I can't remember his name, but it quite escapes me at this moment), I fancied that I quite agreed with him: the only thing that made me skeptical about all his teaching was this all-devouring fact of a certain permanent something,—to which for convenience we give the name *Character:* a something which does n't change. To be sure, it may be said that, given a certain physical organization, you will always find a corresponding character: but that is not in the least satisfactory to me: it is altogether a vague contention. I am afraid that in many things I am, and must always remain an agnostic: it may be a deficiency of mental faculty: yet after all, when I see one clever man upholding one theory, and another clever man upholding another theory directly contrary and destructive of it, I cannot say that there is deficiency of mental faculty because I am not able to decide between the two theories. The truth is, once we come within the domain of the Unknown, and give ourselves up to Speculation, every one is free to postulate his own dogmas: for neither proof nor disproof can be forthcoming from any quarter; and the unstable mind is driven every which way by the winds of fancy. And even in the realm of The Known,—in the world of facts,—I am lost in a similar way. I could never make up my mind theoretically

as to the correctness or the incorrectness of the doctrine of Protection or Free Trade; if I were a politician, and obliged to take a stand, I should stand now for Free Trade; because Free Trade *seems* to me *now* to be more in the interest of our country than Protection; but I am inclined to think that forty years ago the case was just the other way. Hence Free Trade or Protection, as far as I can judge, depends upon circumstances: and in themselves are neither good nor bad, but only good or bad relatively. It is a curious fact, however, that for the last ten years, Protection has been increasing all over the Continent; and that precisely just now, while a tremendous reaction, one may call it even an uprising, is taking place against it in our own country, it is intensifying itself, so to speak, all over the Continent of Europe; and this after all the study of the subject for the last twenty years by the cleverest heads in Europe. In France the duties on many things are enormous: in Italy almost prohibitive: and in Germany, — once the freest country in this particular, — the duties are very severe on many things, and constantly increasing. In Germany, however (I do not know about France and Italy), the duties are not *ad valorem:* they are all determined by *weight*, and this of course lessens, — in fact entirely does away with the temptation to fraud, which is so terrible in the United States. If you send a rocking-chair to Germany, for instance, the chair is *weighed* and the duty determined accordingly. And so with all other things; tobacco pays so much per pound, — whether good or bad; hence as good tobacco weighs no more than bad tobacco, good cigars are cheaper in Germany than elsewhere on the Continent, — unless it be in Switzerland. In Italy, to-

bacco is a Government monopoly, and the cigars are awful: they are made of Virginia tobacco, the poorest and cheapest which the agents of the Government can buy. The Government also imports cigars of a superior quality, but they are very dear; and unhappy is the lot of the impecunious smoker in this overtaxed land of the Olive and the Vine.

But speaking of Wisdom: — it is a difficult subject, and your remarks upon it in one of your former letters were most interesting. I should quite agree with them, were there not to my mind, as I have said, a permanent something in us on which I hang Wisdom and various other things, excellent or otherwise as the case may be. Wisdom, to my mind, does not depend upon age: there is neither a Wisdom of youth nor a Wisdom of age, except as age brings larger understanding of the limitations and risks and underlying phenomena of life; in this sense age may increase Wisdom as it may increase knowledge. But Wisdom is a product of the thinking man as opposed to man guided only by what is called nature or sense. What nature aims at is pretty clear, so far as the continuance of the species and the keeping-up of life are concerned; — that is one thing; and if left to herself, what a world nature would make of it. What a world this would be, if animal life were left to run unchecked. One gets a partial notion, so to speak, on that in Buddhist and Hindu countries, where all life is sacred, and to be preserved, — bugs, snakes, and all the rest; for, the doctrine of the transmigration of souls prevailing, if you kill a bug you may be destroying the life of your great-great-grandmother. Well, I can only hope that if the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, — a

doctrine, by the way, not so easily disposed of; — there is much to be said in relation to it, I will not say in its favour, but merely from an extreme transcendental point of view, for there is no doubt that Buddhism is the predecessor of Christianity; there are points of similarity too obvious to be overlooked; the doctrine of Buddha had reached Judea, I have no doubt, where, transformed, indeed, it fructified and bore fruit in a religion not inferior from an ethical point of view. — Well, as I was saying, I hope if the doctrine of the transmigration of souls should hold good, — and Heaven only knows what *will* hold good once we emerge from this vale of tears, — I shan't be transmigrated into a Neapolitan cab horse: I never knew anything like the cruelty and the deviltry of these people: — my idea of the *Inferno* is a place filled with Neapolitan rabble. When I first came here, I used to take a cab up the narrow streets by which our hotel is reached from the level below, — streets paved with large square blocks of granite or other stone, smooth and slippery; the poor little wiry nag in a fancy harness could get no hold on the paving; the driver used to descend. I also got out and walked: the lashing, the shrieks, the black night, the wet, — all made me so *sick*, as the English say, that finally I vowed I would never take another cab home, and I have n't. By dint of study and the wife's wonderful faculty of *orientation*, as the Germans call it, — we have discovered short cuts and ways by which we can, without overmuch fatigue, reach our hotel, situated "about" three hundred feet above the level; and also we avail ourselves of a funicular, or cog-wheel railway, from a point below us, which relieves me of the last ascent, that having always been the feather

that broke the camel's back. They are a dreadful lot, these Neapolitans: where nature is most beautiful, why should man be most odious? Well, I was going on to talk about Wisdom and the deeper consciousness which age doth bring with it, of the unrealities of life, — of the shadowy nature of all things human, — but I must keep all that for another time. I have written now a long letter, and at any rate have given you quantity if I could not give quality.

HOTEL BRISTOL, NAPLES, Thursday, 5 February, 1891.

MY DEAR R. . . . I am extremely sorry to learn that you have had the Grippe, — or Influenza, as we call it over here; it is a most distressing malady, and the after-effects of it are most tiresome. You do not say how severe was your attack, but I fancy it must have been pretty bad. The wife had an extremely violent attack of it last winter in Rome and suffered great pain: it lasted for nearly a month, and for a week was very acute. I happen to know, therefore, all about the Influenza, and I can quite appreciate all the suffering and wretchedness it brings. I suppose I had it myself, but in a mild form: pains in the muscles of the diaphragm whenever I moved, accompanied by great languor and prostration; so that for a week I could hardly hold my head up; I was very seedy, indeed. However, my appetite remained unaffected. I lived as usual and kept full of red wine, — which I regard as a wholesome prophylactic, — and so warded off any further trouble. The after-effects are said to be more dangerous than the original attack; and it is necessary to be extremely careful. If all the conditions were right, — but they never *are* right, — it might do you good to go

South for a change of air. But in my opinion going South in the depth of winter is a risky venture, — especially when the body is enfeebled or made unusually sensitive by a previous attack of Influenza: — the liability to colds and diseases resulting from colds is extremely great. Rooms are never properly warmed in the South, and to one accustomed to warm rooms the change is often most deleterious. If I were in your place I would not leave Boston before the beginning of April. Have you ever noticed how many people, especially elderly people, going South from Boston, say, at the end of February, or beginning of March, get an attack of pneumonia on their return journey and die in a hotel in New York? Tom Appleton, for instance, and a good many others whose names I have now forgotten. No, don't go South now: — go in the autumn if you like and return in March, or at any time in the winter, because then you come back into warm rooms. And, moreover, this previous living in rooms insufficiently warmed (insufficiently, I mean, from the Northerner's point of view) is a hardening process. The Italians who never come near a fire at all are really a hardy people. They live — the lower classes almost wholly — in the open air. The enfeebled people are Northerners, — Germans, Russians, and New Englanders who live in overheated rooms. The English are more hardy, for they live in rooms less heated; an Englishman whom I met here told me that 54° Fahrenheit was the rule in schoolrooms in England; it is scarcely credible. The temperature in our rooms here in Naples, without fires, has been at about 60°; and this, my friend the Englishman, pronounced to be a most salubrious temperature. I am disposed to agree with him. I find

myself not only comfortable, but well, in this temperature; but then one must dress very warmly indoors. I wear a summer overcoat, and wrap up feet and legs in a heavy railway rug when I sit in my room, and also wear a padded silk cap on the head; this keeps me serene and rosy, — and I enjoy the temperature. We should have fires if we could, but we can't; the stoves are tiny, and smoke beyond endurance; it is better not to bother with them. I said the temperature in our rooms, as a rule, was about 60°, but for a fortnight it fell to 53°–55°, — it has never been below 53° in our rooms; — that was during a phenomenal spell of bad weather sometime ago, when we had a heavy fall of snow; and so deep was the snow, and so slippery was the walking, that for three days I never went out of the house, — fancy being kept a prisoner in the house by snow in Naples! Of course everybody said it was an unheard-of visitation, — I dare say it *was* unusual, — but nevertheless we managed to pull through without over-discomfort; and ever since we have had superb weather, brilliant blue skies, and floods of sunshine. We were at Pompeii the other day; and our guide told us that the snow had been a foot deep on the ground there. Of course the snow all disappeared long ago from Naples; but it still lingers upon Vesuvius and the mountains that run away from Vesuvius. At one time all these mountains were so densely covered with snow that you might have fancied yourself in the Bernese Oberland. North of us, in Rome and Florence, the winter has been horrible, especially in Florence: I mean of course from the Northerner's point of view of indoors comfort. No end of snow in Florence: bitter winds: and gloom and sleet and rain. This we have learned from

shrieking letters of poor lone women to the wife, perishing with cold and numbness in that most fraudulent of winter resorts. I dare say one *can* make one's self comfortable in Florence in the winter: but then, firstly, the winter must not be like unto this winter, and secondly, one must get an apartment that has the sun, and live in that room in it which has the *most* sun: — have a good stove, and masses of wood. One can't keep comfortable in a hotel in Florence: quite impossible. In Naples it is otherwise; Naples is a much warmer place; — but, dear me, what is to become of us? — I can't live in Boston in the winter; I do not mind cold weather, but I have a nervous infirmity which makes it impossible for me to walk a yard on snow or ice. So long as there is snow in Boston I cannot live there, and I cannot live without exercise: — for at least the *four* winter months I must get to a place where there is no snow. But I must confess I have no fancy for settling anywhere in Italy; it is a thin, dreary country, after all; and once one has *done* the art, etc., in Florence and Rome, and the winter is over, one is glad to leave the country behind one; at least I am. Of course to a thoroughly artistic nature, there is a never-ending charm in the ancient art in Italy and in the architecture of cities like Florence and Siena; but though I enjoy art I do not like to live on it, as it were, and I meet very few people who do. A course of Italy, so to speak, is a necessary element in a liberal education; but unless there be an underlying, quickening æsthetic sense in an individual, always craving nourishment, — this art education is soon finished, and Italy is a sucked orange. But everything in this world depends upon temperament and craving;

everything is individual, so to speak; there is no rule which applies to all cases; every tub stands upon its own bottom. I can quite understand one person loving Italy, craving Italy, with passion; and another person quite altogether frozen up and maddened by a winter in these comfortless houses. In my case, — well, I have a good deal of practical philosophy. I make it a rule to cut my coat according to the cloth, and adapt myself to circumstances; if circumstances are disagreeable, and they generally are, and I can alter them, I do; if I can't alter them, and generally I can't, I accept them; smoke over them calmly; or gullop them down (is there such a word?) in big-bellied Chianti or *Posilippo fiascos*. They say life is what you make it: well, suppose you can't make it anything? We must wriggle through the world as best we can; and above all things, take it calmly; the secret of happiness is abnegation, — renunciation: misery and discontent set in, once one begins to want things. Schopenhauer's *Verneinung des Willen* is after all rooted in the supremest practical philosophy. Seneca said that he alone was rich who had no wants: within bounds, — every saying has its limits, what we call its common-sense side, — this is true. Yet, speaking in a general way, if Mankind had no wants, Mankind would remain where the North American is, — he has no wants. Every one does have wants; the point is to determine where the wants should stop: — this is the supremest, but most difficult task of what I call Wisdom, or practical philosophy: for Wisdom is nothing more than the art of guiding life to best advantage from the practical point of view, taking in, of course, in this practical point of view, the intellectual and moral good of the individual,

and not *merely* the material welfare. And this is really all *I* meant by the maxim "Know Thyself"; I did not have in mind a metaphysical knowledge of what self may be; for, so far as I can see, nobody knows what he himself, or anybody else, really is. I had in mind merely a practical study for the practical guidance of life, of the wants, the disposition, the faculties, et cetera, of one's self: and this is all the Greeks, who set up the maxim, had in mind, I fancy. It seems to me the world would be a good deal better off if every one could see distinctly his own limitations and his own *capabilities* (awful word), and act upon that knowledge. What a mass of turbid muddle-headness would the world be saved, — especially we in America, where this sort of thing comes to the surface more than anywhere else, owing to the prevalence of the rubbishy notion that one man is as good as another, and every man is entitled to everything, — at every other man's expense. Well, I dare say you are right about the Roman Catholic Church taking up with Socialism. I never thought of it before, but it strikes me as extremely probable. And what after all would it be but a return, after centuries of wearisome experiment and seeking, — what but a return to the original doctrine of the founder of Christianity? The teaching of Jesus is socialistic from every point of view; the earliest Christians must have been Socialists to a certain extent; for if Jesus taught anything, he taught *coöperation* as against *competition:* this spirit of brotherly love, — what does it mean, except that all should work together *for* one another and not *against* one another? The original doctrine failed of practical success; the evil that is in man overpowered it. Is it now, after two thousand years, under altered

conditions and over all the earth, to be tried again? I dare say, — for it embodies the highest ideal which the human race is capable of conceiving, and to that ideal mankind will ever be turning its face. Two thousand years more of wrestling and bloodshed and misery, and perhaps the ideal will rise triumphant from oceans of human agony, and the world shall be saved. Perhaps this is what is meant by the coming of the Son of Man. Well, I wish the Roman Catholic Church would bestir itself, and preach Socialism; in that case I think I could become a Roman Catholic. I could swallow any amount of theological rubbish if the end held out were the attaining of coöperation as the saving grace of mankind in this world: — and the priests may add, in the next world, too: — this would do no harm, — nay, rather, as a pleasing illusion, would strengthen the case for this world. I have no doubt something is coming; for it seems to me as if in the last ten years the world has been changing faster than ever it changed before in centuries. New conditions are arising with fearful rapidity; the disintegration of all the elements of life is going on with a speed altogether confusing; there is need of a new religion that shall once more bind men together, and if this new religion is the old religion, so much the better; and if it shall come from Rome, none the worse for that, provided it comes purified; for mankind craves a centre, so to speak, from which all things shall emanate and draw life, just as it craves images and pictures for religious worship. Well, we shall keep the centre, — the Holy City, Peter's Chair, — the churches and all the architecture, and all the masterpieces of art: — the incense, the symbols, the vestments (these are all Buddhistic, by the

way): we shall keep the Temple Service: mankind cannot do without it. To be sure, the Puritans managed to do without it; but the Puritans were never anything but an insignificant fraction: in short, they were cranks. I do not mean to speak disrespectfully of them, but in the light that now blazes upon the world, we see that they were cranks; very useful cranks, no doubt; all cranks have their uses. New England is full of cranks: crankism is in the blood. And, above all, we shall draw once more from the Far East — from that source of touching and quickening inspiration — the compassion and charity of the Buddha, — we shall draw still fresher impulse. Yes, I think the Roman Catholic Church could n't do better than turn the whole force of its vast and astute organization into the channels of Socialism. Then we should have a religion good for something: not as now, a religion of shams: we should have a religion that all men could embrace: the one only true and visible Church.

HOTEL BRISTOL, NAPLES, Sunday, 8 February, 1891.

MY DEAR R.,— I wrote to you on Thursday, and now I send this supplementary line to say that in the evening at dinner, that very day, I happened to be talking with a gentleman who sits next to me about Socialism. I do not remember how the conversation came up; but à propos of the subject I mentioned that a friend of mine fancied that the Roman Catholic Church would soon be swinging round to Socialism, in order to obtain control of a movement which, so far as men can foresee, seemed likely to dominate the future. "Ah!" he replied, "I had a conversation in Rome with the Pope, in January, a private audience, — no one but myself present, — and I

broached that very subject"; and then he went on to tell me what the Pope said. This gentleman is a Frenchman,—a tall, elderly, accomplished man, with a sprightly little wife. He is a Protestant,—Calvinist,—and one of the thirty lay members of the Protestant Consistory of France,—a body similar to the Presbytery in Scotland. He wears the red button of the Legion of Honour;—this always means a certain distinction of personal rank;—he has a fine set of rooms, in this hotel, including a private salon, and he jobs a handsome two-horsed landau;—this always means money, and is all I know about him, except his name, which he requested me not to give; and also except the fact that he intends writing a book about Universal Suffrage in Italy. He is opposed to Universal Suffrage, and I fancy would like to frighten his countrymen by showing them how badly the system works in Italy; but I told him it was useless to talk about Universal Suffrage in a country which once had obtained it, for it could never be taken back. His reply was,—a shrug of the shoulders,—how inimitably the French do this thing, to be sure,—and a smile spread over his severe features: he has the severest mouth I ever saw in a human being,—quite altogether a Calvinistic mouth. Well, I wanted to get the Pope's remarks down in black and white; I was afraid to trust to my recollection of the conversation; I wished to be precise; and therefore I took the liberty to ask if he would mind putting on a slip of paper for the benefit of my friend a memorandum of his conversation with the Pope. He said he would do so, and yesterday, just as I was going to a funeral,—case of *elio-typhus*, whatever that may be, that came off in this hotel: retired officer of the

English Army: buried in precisely thirty-six hours after the breath had left his body: typhoid is prevalent in Italy, and I am quite frightened out of going to Sicily; — well, my friend the Frenchman gave me the notes, and here they are: —

Quelques mots d'une Conversation avec le Pape Léon XIII en Janvier 1891

Après m'avoir parlé de l'état du Catholicisme, sur une réflexion de ma part, il a abordé la grande question du jour, celle du socialisme. "On sait," a-t-il dit, "que je prépare une encyclique, fruit de longues études et de nombreuses consultations dans l'Europe entière, elle est le résumé de mes idées et de mes conclusions personnelles, et comme le couronnement de l'édifice social, préparé pour le relèvement de l'humanité."

Le document constate les principes généraux sur lesquelles repose l'économie sociale.

Le Pape veut abolir la misère par une justice égale et réformatrice et, par suite, il disapprouve le rôle prépondérant du capital, tel qu'il existe aujourd'hui, et veut une plus équitable répartition des richesses.

Sur mon observation, que ces principes si justes mais, mal compris et mal interprétés, conduisent à un socialisme révolutionnaire, fait pour bouleverser la société, et supprimer la responsabilité et l'individualité humaine, le Pape m'a répondu que l'application des nouvelles idées sociales, que l'application des principes régénérateurs ne pouvaient être bons qu'en s'appuyant sur la morale, dont l'Église est l'interprète et la gardienne.

On peut donc conclure que le Pape ne vise point à un socialisme civil ni à un socialisme d'état, mais à un

socialisme d'Église, résumant et affermissant, sous une forme nouvelle, l'autorité et la puissance de l'Église Catholique.

HOTEL VITTORIA, SORRENTO,
Monday, 23 March, 1891.

MY DEAR R., — We left Naples for good on Wednesday, March 11, and went to a little place called *La Cava*, — or *Cava dei Tirreni*, being the Cave of the Tyrrhenes: about an hour and a half from Naples by rail. And we have been wandering about this picturesque rocky promontory of Sorrento and Amalfi for now ten days. We were extremely sorry to learn that you had been having a second attack of grippe or influenza; but rejoiced to learn at the same time that you had thrown it off and were bound for sunny seas and balmier air in Southern climes. I was told once by some one whom I regarded as an authority, — I forget now who it was, — that people caught cold not by going into the cold, but by coming to the heat: — I thought this theory very plausible. At any rate I fancy that one must become very sensitive and liable to cold by keeping in too warm an atmosphere. I used myself to like very warm rooms, but my experience is all against them. In Germany, where rooms are heated by great porcelain stoves, I was always having colds; in Naples, all winter, we had no fires; and though I must confess there was at times great discomfort, yet I think it better to endure discomfort, which after all is but a passing annoyance, rather than run the risk of distressing colds through too warmly heated rooms. We have not had a cold, either of us, since we came into Italy, while I noticed that people who did have fires were always complaining of colds: — yet,

after all, everybody to his taste. We are all doomed to something or other; if it is n't one thing, it's another; and the upshot of it all is that we get pulled down when our time comes.

No, the Pope did not say anything to my Frenchman which he had not already said to the world, as I read afterwards in a newspaper; merely that he was about to issue an Encyclical upon the subject of Socialism, and that the Socialistic movement was to be controlled by the *Church* and not by the State. It was altogether ridiculous, — my Frenchman's making any reserve about it. His name is Vernes d'Arlandes: most agreeable man: he wrote a very clever book, published in 1859, entitled *Naples et les Napolitaines;* also he has written another little book entitled *Trois Mois en Italie.* He comes of an old Huguenot family, which fled to Switzerland upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He is a cousin of the late *Count Portales* of Boston, and he is now a French citizen: pious and opulent: of a mellowed Calvinistic type.

And now I am looking forward with eagerness to the promised account of your interview with Bellamy; — and meanwhile I have to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of Bellamy's *New Nation.* I noticed in it, by the way, a paragraph which put Bellamyism in an altogether new light to me. It was a paragraph favouring the confiscation of the Union Pacific Railway — twaddle about robbery and that kind of thing — mere demagogism: — and that is what Bellamyism will come to, I fancy. No, I am not enthusiastic about Socialism. I remember letting off some chaff about the Catholic Church taking Socialism for a new departure, and how pretty it would

be if we could all be guided by the principle of coöperation, instead of, as now, ruined by the principle of competition. But all this is so far away in a remote and hazy future that it is altogether absurd to discuss it as an immediate end and aim of social effort. What so ridiculous ever loomed upon the horizon of thought as the Utopia of Bellamyism, put forth as something to be introduced at once! What so futile as setting up a plan on which society is to be organized at once and permanently for all time! No, I detest Socialism. When Bellamy confiscates the Union Pacific Railway, does he propose to feed and clothe the poor stockholders whom he has stripped of every hope of support in that quarter? No, this sort of thing stops at the pocket-book: and I own shares in the Union Pacific Railway, representing much money to me, and am I to lose this money? and how is Bellamy to adjust this thing? Will he make a day labourer of me for my folly? No, this is dangerous fooling. Imperative reforms, small individually, but great in the aggregate,— this is what we need; but any theory of society which implies a total alteration in the fundamentals of human nature as we know it,— what idiocy! I remember that you did n't think much of Wisdom as I put it last winter. Nevertheless your letter is a startling illustration of *Wisdom:* your whole attitude towards these avalanches of rubbish that are threatening to come down and overwhelm us is one of supreme Wisdom. There is nothing apparently so rare nowadays as a level head, and hence I should like to know what you said to Bellamy: what he said to you, I know already, of course, without your telling me, for he has but one idea and that he has let off with great profit to himself;— and does he propose to give

up his money when to-morrow he takes away mine? However, the guillotines of doctrinaires work without mercy; and generally the first heads to go are those of their inventors.

Well, now, the day is cloudy and the wind is howling, though not cold, 58° Fahrenheit in our rooms; but our rooms face north, and look down upon the blue sea.

We went to La Cava, as I have said: small stuffy town; but our inn was outside of the town, a white (stone) villa standing in its own grounds; sweet little inn, scrupulously neat and clean. We remained there a week, and made various excursions: — one day by rail to Pæstum: you know Pæstum? Well, it's all there just as I saw it thirty-one years ago: — desolate lonely plain, given over to malaria and dreariness; the glittering sea in front; backed by barren rocky hills: — three ancient Greek temples; columns all standing; standing twenty-five hundred years: — prodigio*us* / as our Frenchman was always saying. Fruitful subject this for moralizings on the transitoriness of earthly things: on the swift successions of The Phantasmal, which is Life: — phantasms, phenomena, nothing real, — all things in a state of flux. Nevertheless, when we ate our lunch in the Temple of Neptune we fed also three beggars and two dogs; and I dare say if we had eaten there twenty-five hundred years ago, we should have done the same thing, so that, after all, there is a certain permanence in the *appearance* of phantasms; they are much alike in all ages; and I can't help thinking that after twenty-five hundred years there will still be the same three dirty beggars and the same two ravenous dogs on precisely the same brilliant morning in precisely the same lovely spot, fed by precisely

similar tramps. But who can possibly give a thought to twenty-five hundred years hence? It is enough if we can wriggle through another ten years and keep U. P. from confiscation. — Well, then, from La Cava we took various drives: all over the place, as the English say: — to the Benedictine Monastery of La Trinita della Cava: high up on a mountain; most dramatic situation; wonderful library of old manuscripts; thrilled at sight of a parchment bearing date A.D. 727, — fancy! — to Salerno, lively sparkling little town by the sea; — to Ravello, mountain ascent, old Moorish castle; ravishing views; — to Amalfi: old monastery of the Cappuccini: — *vide* Longfellow: — now a hotel. The ride along the sea from Salerno to Amalfi I pronounce to be the finest drive on earth; — but, on second thoughts, I will not bore you with this kind of thing. Well, then we drove to this place some days ago: exquisite hotel; rooms all vaulted, — fancy! not a wooden rafter — or joist, is it? — in the place. This is truly the fireproof system; exquisitely furnished and decorated rooms, opening upon a verandah and pillars supporting another similar verandah. The hotel overhangs the sea, and over opposite me lie Naples and the great Vesuvian chimney for the discharge of cosmic gases: quite an altogether idyllic place. Here at last is the real *dolce far niente* thing to be found; the Romans gave it a better name; they called it *otium cum dignitate.* But all things degenerate in Italy; even Antoninus Pius, who once dwelt here and was wise and clever, could never have grasped, I fancy, the ridiculous shade of meaning conveyed by the phrase, *dolce far niente*, but he was very proud of his *otium cum dignitate;* and we are all still proud of it too: even Bellamy provides for it.

DRESDEN, October, 1897.

MY DEAR M. . . . Did you ever read *David Harum?* He met with an accident when, as the guest of a fashionable Newport family, he tried to eat an egg in the European manner; I often think of him; I hate the European way. How much better to let the coloured gentleman, who waits on you, break up *three* eggs for you in a glass, which you salt and pepper at discretion; this saves a lot of trouble and gives you more egg at the same time. It is a most amusing book, *David Harum;* it kept me alive in that awful July month of last year which I was obliged to pass in the Murray Hill Hotel in New York. It was a terribly hot month, — I went out but very little. I could n't. I sat in a rocking-chair, moist and clammy; and among other things, mostly rubbish, I read *David Harum.* It kept up my spirits, — for I was much depressed; and I laughed all the time "consumedly." Blessed is the man who can make others *laugh!* It is a rare gift, alas! in this vale of tears. How many men have missed their vocation in trying to be serious! But the funniest thing I have seen of late is an account of the will of a man in Boston, who left ten thousand dollars to an Adventist society, to be used for the combating of the pernicious doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Yet what *is* the doctrine, — or rather, what are the *imaginings* of the Adventists? Of course no one knows anything about the Unknowable; but in all ages men have busied themselves with imagining certain things about it. All religions are based upon such imaginings, except the religion of Confucius. He confined himself strictly to all-devouring facts; and the result is the interesting China of to-day!

It is cold and raw and damp and gloomy here; and I am racked by a tiresome bronchial cough. I can look only to the softer air of the Riviera for alleviation; but, as for a satisfactory climate, that is not to be found anywhere. One can only choose between a warm fog and a cold fog; for fogs, or some disagreeable equivalents, encircle the earth; and for my part I prefer a warm fog.

VIII. IN THE NORTH OF ITALY AND SWITZERLAND

Milan to Parma — Italian Elections — The Republic of San Marino — Dr. Johnson and the "Hymn to Health" — In the Engadine — German Quacks — Bryanism — Growth of Wealth and Luxury in Germany — Theodor Storm — A Neapolitan Tale — The Way of Revolutions — An Ancient Genoese Hostelry — Sam Ward at Genoa — The Riviera Wind — English Criticism of "Peter Stirling" — Cremation — Death of Queen Victoria — The Laugh-Cure — Of Many Books — Automobiles — Snow on the Azure Coast — Old Age — Notes on Eastern Literature — The Italian Government and Socialism — The Anti-Imperialists and The Inevitable — Legends of Jaffa — German Hatred of England — Superstitions.

MILAN, 26 May, 1900.

MY DEAR M.,— It was a ride of three and a half hours only by an express train from Genoa to Milan, but the day was gloomy and rainy; and I was still under the cloud of the melancholy event which you had communicated to me, — the news of it came suddenly, as a great shock, and I was altogether cast down. In the midst of life we are indeed in death. Yet now that I have pulled myself together, and can contemplate the event calmly, I cannot but say that all is well: "A good name," says the Psalmist, "is better than precious ointment; and the day of death better than the day of one's birth." Our good dear friend had lived an honest, clean life; and rounded out many years, — more than are given to most men; and finally by a merciful and tranquil passing away has been spared those trials and infirmities of

the flesh that are inseparable from extreme senescence. As an old writer says: "Providence gives us notice by sensible declensions, that we may disengage from the world by degrees"; and I cannot but think that this kindly notice was served upon our dear friend, when I recall the terror with which I was filled one day last summer, when, lunching with me, he spoke of his eyes, and told me that there was a cataract upon each of them. Of course, like all men he had experienced his own peculiar disappointments in life; but so far as I knew him, he bore them all serenely; never relaxing in his efforts to bring out what it was in him to do, — though, to be sure, he did not find until somewhat late in life what it was he could do best. But ever in his heart was the precept of the Psalmist, and truly did he live up to it: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor desire, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest." I have known him for the best part of a long life; yet how shadowy and brief at best seems the span of years since we first knew each other: "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope," exclaims the despairing Job: "they are passed away as the swift ships: as the eagle that hasteth to the prey." But as I have said, it is well with him now; he had warmed both hands at the fire of life.

> Rara tempora felicitas ubi sentire quæ
> Velis et quæ sentias dicere licet:

And we shall all hold him in good remembrance, until we too follow him into the Great Unknown. . . .

And that reminds me, — are you in favour of crema-

tion? I hope so; and I hope your friend was also in favour of this most wholesome of modern reforms; but I do not remember ever having heard him speak upon the subject. A friend of mine wrote me some time ago that a "delicious" crematory had recently been put up in Mount Auburn; which I was glad to learn. For how much more poetical is it that the corporeal part of us should pass away in thin bluish vapour than be laid in the dark, gloomy earth to rot and breed pestilence for the living. But as for keeping our ashes in urns, — really, that is too sentimental. Let the ashes be scattered; dust unto dust; and so far as we survive at all, — is it not enough, and sweeter far, — to survive as a living memory in the hearts of those who knew us in the flesh? And after all, how transitory and how shadowy is any surviving, even of the most illustrious! A million of years is but the twinkling of a star in the æons of time, — to say nothing of eternity, in which even time ceases to exist; and after a million of years who shall remember Socrates, — nay, — even Jesus?

Well, — we are taking a little tour in Northern Italy, after our long, sad winter. I fancied that a brief travel might afford some diversion to the wife; and as she had long been desirous to visit the ridiculous little Republic of San Marino, we are now on our way thither; stopping for a week in Milan in the hope that the weather may become settled, for in Genoa, for three weeks, we had almost constant gloom and rain. I never knew a May month like this in Italy. Rain and gloom were here, too, until to-day, when the sun is at last shining, though fitfully. Yesterday in the afternoon we went out for a stroll over the place; and it was so cold and damp that I was

obliged to wear an overcoat, almost for the first time in six months, — fancy! Milan is really a fine city, — what vast palaces! — and growing like a mushroom; centre of trade and manufactures; brilliant shop windows; incessant shriek and rattling of electric trams — storage-battery system; hurrying crowds; it must have increased prodigiously in wealth and importance since I was first here in 1859; and very pleasant it is too for me to be in a place that is all on a level. Genoa, though one of the most picturesque cities in Europe, is very trying to a heavyweight like me, — with its everlasting *salitas*. There every one lives uphill; and I hate going uphill; the ache of those hills of Genoa is still in my poor legs. To be sure, there are now electric trams all over the place; and one can be whisked up in no time to higher latitudes by funiculars or trams; but there are no good long level walks even then. Pelion is piled on Ossa; but you know Genoa, of course, and its amphitheatrical configuration; and how every square yard of building ground must be dug away, as it were, from the great hills, or mountains, that encompass it. Milan on the contrary is an urban oasis in the vast Lombard plain, and altogether an animated place; and that great Lombard plain — is there anything like it anywhere, with its endless rice-swamps, and miles and miles of flat green earth, covered with mulberry trees and the clinging vine?

But to turn to a topic nearer home. One Adams has recently published a *Life* of Sparks; it is a most interesting book to a Harvard man. The amount of labour that Sparks put into his historical works was truly prodigious; it gives one a feeling of soreness and pain to see a human being undergoing the toil to which he subjected

himself. And by the way, my ancestors came from Hardwick, in Massachusetts, the geographical centre of the state — and I have never met but one person in all my life, who knew where Hardwick was, or even had ever heard of the place; and that man I met in Genoa three weeks ago: — an incessant traveller; at home everywhere; knows every spot in the Southern hemisphere; talks as if he were a millionaire, of having banking interests all over the country, from San Diego to the Devil's jumping-off place, wherever that may be; also of all kinds of other interests; goes yearly to California and Honolulu; and can tell you the best place at which to put up in Samoa or Jamaica or the Fiji Islands, and so on; but *per contra* he lives cheap, consumedly cheap. What can one make of such a man? I give it up. He is a tiny man, with a smooth face, sharp like a razor; he eats little; drinks nothing, smokes nothing (I wish I did): but, dear me! he talks from six in the morning until twelve at night in a steady stream; and for a choice of vices, give me mine.

I read no newspaper now; and I am therefore ignorant of all that is passing in the world, and for aught I know, our friend Kruger may by this time have gone under, — with Tom Moore's plaintive lines on his lips: —

"Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering, Heaven holds dear,
'T is the last libation liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

HOTEL GREIF, BOZEN, TYROL,
Thursday, 28 June, 1900.

MY DEAR M.,—You seem to me to change your abode, and live in as many places all at once, as do the

wife and I. And here *we* are, — stranded in Bozen of Tyrol (or Tirol, as the natives write it); in a very pleasant hotel, however. In former years when we passed through Bozen, we used to descend at the Kaiserkrone, which I dare say you may remember; superior folk always descended there, — the ex-Empress Eugénie and such; but some friends, — we always say friends now, when we mean only acquaintances, — preceding us from Venice, sent back word that this hotel, of which I have never heard before, was most delightful, and so we came here. And it is really a pleasant house; spacious rooms; electric lights; a candelabra of three burners in each of our rooms, — usually we get only one electric lamp in each room and use three private candles in order to see it.

I think I told you that the wife had occasion to consult a physician in Venice. He was a very clever young man, — English, with a Dutch name which I can't write. He was very careful in his examination and advice, which culminated in the happy assurance that there was nothing the matter with her, save that she needed to be built up; and to that end, he prescribed the Hotel Penegal in the Mendel Pass above Bozen. You may know the place; and if you do, I have no doubt, that you got out of it as quickly as we did. We went up there on Tuesday, — unfortunately the weather was all against us, rainy and gloomy, for the most part. An awfully black fog enveloped us as we neared the summit; the road was narrow, — and if anything had gone wrong (one of the horses was white and of course shied at everything: — white horses always do: — beware of white horses), — if anything had gone wrong, I say, we should have been

dashed down a precipice at least two thousand feet in the sheer perpendicular; it was an uncanny situation; but fortunately there was nothing for the white horse to shy at just there, and we reached the summit in time for dinner. It is a vast hotel, this of the Penegal; and altogether first-class; an immense dining-hall; and such; a prodigious summer resort; but the situation was very lonely, nothing human visible on the horizon except one hotel just opposite; no village; nothing; a dreary altitude. There were a dozen guests perhaps in the house. The season is only for about five weeks, say from July 10 to August 25. It was very cold and damp there, and we got thoroughly chilled and discouraged. And besides, what could I have done there? No walks; nothing but mountains to climb; and as a rule I don't often climb a mountain nowadays, do you? We gave it up.

It was a ride in a closed carriage, in the wet, of five hours up to the hotel, but we came down in half the time; and it was a pleasing feature of the homeward drive that the sun came out, and lighted up for us for a time the vast and beautiful valley of the Adige, and showed us in outline — for the clouds were obstinate — some of the grand Dolomite peaks on the opposite side. But the most pleasing feature of the excursion was that it did finally come to an end. I was very much run down in Venice by the heat, and I had no sooner reached Bozen than I became almost ill; extremely languid, so that with the exception of this unhappy drive up to the Mendel Pass, I have hardly been out of the house. We are thinking now of an open-air carriage cure, so to speak. I should not have thought of it myself; but it has occurred to the wife that we might drive from Bozen

to Pontresina, — fancy! — and then go on to some point out of the Engadine, and pull ourselves together at leisure for a *Nach-Kur* in some pleasant Swiss inn. Of course we can't remain in the Engadine; it is too cold; and we have no warm clothing. I have always said that horses could not drag me to the Engadine; but now it looks as if they were about to do it, — for of such is the irony of fate. But I dare say we shall remain here for another week. The air is cool, and the skies are cloudy; I fancy there is to be a spell of rainy or gloomy weather; and besides, I am not yet in a condition to resume mountain wanderings over foggy passes.

And now to take up the tale of our *travail*. On Thursday, May 31, we left Milan and went to Parma; and, by the way, I have remembered, ever since I wrote you from Milan, that I made an awful blunder in telling you that the electric trams in that busy city carried their own storage batteries, — or whatever the thing is called. How I came to be so unobservant is really a painful commentary on the levity of senescence. The city is a vast net-work of overhead wires, — fancy! — only in the narrow streets the wires are not hung from hideous poles, but suspended from the sides of the houses. It was very hot in Milan; but cooler and rainy, more or less, in Parma. You may remember to have read in the newspapers that, owing to a factious opposition in the Italian Parliament, the King suddenly dissolved the Parliament. Well, on the Sunday following the Thursday on which we came to Parma the elections for Deputies to the new Parliament were to take place. Parma is full of Radicals, and Socialists, and they achieved a great victory there, besides giving us the excitement of almost a riot, in front of our hotel,

where one of the Conservative candidates was lodging. It came off at ten o'clock at night, just as I was going to bed; the bellowings and hisses of the mob quite shook the building; and I fancied unutterable things; but fortunately I fell sound asleep before anything untoward happened. I was told, however, the next day that the police and *carabinieri* soon drove the mob away, fearing that I might be disturbed. We went to Parma in order that the wife might run down to Salso Maggiore, a bath near by, where a friend of hers was undergoing a cure, — the strongest iodine waters in Europe; awfully nasty; but somehow the trains were all dislocated, — very tiresome railway mismanagement in Italy, — and she had only half an hour's visit to her friend, whom she found slowly dying of some dreadful internal trouble.

On Saturday, June 2, we went from Parma to Bologna, and spent three days there amidst continuous downpours of rain. I went out but once or twice. On the Sunday, the day of the elections, I observed that the streets were paraded by squads of soldiers, — two soldiers and one police officer making the squad; these squads were numberless; but Bologna, I believe, is less anarchical than many another place in Italy, and we missed the excitement of a bloody outbreak, such as I passed through in Milan in May, 1898. On Tuesday, June 5, we left Bologna and went to Rimini; and it was a joy to be once more by "the silver sea." It is a quaint place, Rimini. I don't know whether you were ever there. We lodged in a vast old palace; vast rooms, clean and decent; good living; everything of an Old-World flavour. It was like going back into bygone centuries. Interesting place, too, Rimini; an ancient arch — *porta* — of the time of

Augustus, I think, but it is not necessary to be accurate, and I could not be, if it were; ruins of an old Forum; and other sundries of ancient times; over which one may muse à la Volney — did you ever read Volney? — and learn what shadows we are and always have been? Empires, men, nations, all are shadows chasing each other across æons of time, — *cui bono?* — who knows?

Well, the next day, being Wednesday, June 6, we made our visit to the Republic of San Marino, this being "the objective point" of our touring. It was a fine day, cool and bright, and at ten o'clock in the morning we drove gayly off in an open two-horsed landau, through a fruitful plain of intensest verdure, bearing corn and wine and all good things at a moderate price, until we came to the foot of the grand hills on which the Republic is perched. Then began a long ascent, which anywhere else would have been wearisome, but here was a joy; for did they not yoke a pair of white oxen in front of our horses? And thus we were drawn like victors in chariots up the Capitoline Hill. We got there in four hours, — I mean to the Albergo del Titano, — alas! a sorry place. And I got little to eat. The place, indeed, was sufficiently spacious and cleanly; but oh! the "victuals"! The town is perched upon a vast rock, and runs uphill; one *seems* never to get to the top; but one does finally, — even I got there; and beheld the three towers, visible afar off and giving character to the view. In an upper piazza, in front of the new fine town hall, is a statue of Liberty, given by an Englishwoman; and on the pedestal is a bas-relief portrait of herself: wouldst thou buy immortality, couldst thou do it cheaper?

You may read in the history-books all about the Re-

public of San Marino: thirty-two square miles. At present they coin money no longer; but they have their own postage and stamps for the benefit of greedy philatelists. I do not know anything about the condition of the Republic from the economic standpoint; but, like all these hill-cities — you know there are no end of them on the Italian Riviera del Ponente — the town of San Marino has a poverty-stricken air. However, our driver ran us down in about two hours; and the next day, Thursday, June 7, we went on to Ravenna; lodged in the Hotel Byron; and on Friday, June 8, we reached Venice, where we remained in a profuse perspiration for precisely two weeks; when as above said we came here.

This is an absurd and tiresome scriblet; but nevertheless, it is the first letter I have written for now a long time, having been too intent on the poet's admonition: —

> "Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes
> And pause a while from Letters, to be wise:"

I have paused, — but am not wise. Who is wise? who shall be? — Witness: — In the *Morning Post* (London) for Thursday, April 12, 1900, in a letter from the famine district in India, I read the following verses translated by the correspondent from the Persian: —

> 'Cupbearer mine, pour out the wine, pause not while life is ours:
> For when we die, inert we lie, no more in rosy bowers
> By limpid stream we doze and dream and crown the cup with flowers."

"For in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow," saith Ecclesiastes, The Preacher.

HOTEL ENDERLIN, PONTRESINA,
UPPER ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND.
Saturday, 21 July, 1900.

MY DEAR M., — I wrote you last from Bozen: and now I have the pleasure to announce the receipt of your letter in which you mention having received two forlorn postcards of mine from Venice. Yes, postcards are a tribulation; but then they come in very handy at times; and besides you must remember that Gladstone wrote postcards to the last.

Well, you see that horses have at last dragged me into the Engadine, though once I swore that they never should; which shows how useless and inconvenient it is to swear that one won't do a thing; for, the irony of fate being unrelenting, that is precisely the thing about which afterwards one has no Free Will. Do you believe in what is now called Determinism, formerly called Predestination? Calvin, Edwards and all the swell theologians believed in it. Well, my coming to the Engadine is leading me, perhaps, to embrace this horriblest of all dogmas, — to wit, that our actions are all determined by preëxisting causes, — causes that run back to the beginning of time, whenever that was; so that, for instance, the making of this scriblet on this brilliant morning, — 68° Fahrenheit at the moment of writing, grand mountain summits glittering with snow looking down into my windows and the racket of a wild mountain torrent coming up from the valley below, — the making of this scriblet, I say, according to Calvin, Edwards, and Company, finds its cause far back in endless æons of time, — to say nothing of space. Is this credible: or is it, rather, what it seems to be, — rot? I wish I knew, because then I could give a

satisfactory answer to an old friend, who has written to ask me by what chain of reasoning I arrived at the belief in Free Will. Chain of reasoning, — fancy! — what is a chain of reasoning? I was never guilty of it, whatever it may be; but my friend says that some years ago I announced to him my belief in Free Will, and that he has only just now recovered from the shock which the knowledge of such a portentous heresy of mine gave him.

Well, however all this may be, we did leave Bozen on Wednesday, July 4, wrapped in the American flag, — it being the day on which our forbears kicked off the chains of English tyranny, as you may remember, — bound for the Engadine in a two-horse chariot, the charioteer wearing a pea-green hat with an abbreviated cock's feather stuck in the same. It was a dull morning; but the sun came out by the time we got to Meran, — you know Meran, of course; then, later, we ran into a deluge which lasted until night, when we lay at Schlanders; resuming our journey the next morning at five, and reaching Trafoi about noon. You may know Trafoi, high up at the foot of the Ortlers; but you could not know the grand hotel, which has been built there recently: one of the most delightful hotels I know; electric light of course, "own plant," every refinement and luxury. Our horses gave out by the time we reached the place; and we tarried there, drying ourselves, until the next day, when we climbed the Stelvio in a fog; but the fog left us at the summit, having done its cruel work; and we came down amidst wonderful scenery to Bormio (in Italy), where we "lay the night." From Bormio we travelled on to Le Prêse, in Switzerland, in fairly good weather; fine scenery: through the fruitful, smiling Val Tellina. Charming

spot, Le Prèse, by the charming Lac de Poschiavo. We "lay there the night"; and the next day, crossing the Bernina Pass, we descended upon Pontresina in a howling storm of wind and snow, reaching this pleasant hotel on Sunday afternoon, July 8; and the next two days were really dreadful. Fifty-four degrees Fahrenheit in our rooms; an awful gloom interspersed with frequent spittings of snow. But on Wednesday the sun came out; the air became milder; my thermometer gave a joyous leap to 64°; and the weather has remained sunny and milder, for the most part, ever since; except that every afternoon — so regular in its coming that one could set one's watch by it — there comes a *Gewitter* that shakes the mountains to their base.

I do not dwell upon this mountain *travail* because I know you must be familiar with it all; in fact, I remember that a good many years ago, you wrote me about the Engadine, where you had just made a tour; and if I do not mis-remember, you did not fancy it. I think you found the air too dry, and the climate too hard; in short, you said it was a dreary country or something to that effect. Well, there is no doubt that it is a prodigiously tonic air here. I feel this myself. It is, however, doing me good, I think, except that it has brought back upon me that tiresome bronchial cough which racked me body and soul all last winter, but which I thought I had left in Venice; and for several days I did not go out of the house, in spite of the tempting blue sky and the aromatic air. But I am getting on now, and am feeling stronger; and we have discovered some delightful walks among the pines of the valley; especially one fascinating walk on the other side of our raging stream, high up along the edge of a

wildly romantic gorge. These pines are stone-pines, so called in the books, and they give forth at times a delicious fragrance. They are the only things except grass that grow in this region; for we are very high up, nearly six thousand feet (precisely 5915). And as you know, the valley is very narrow; Pontresina, in fact, just holding its own, straggling along a narrow ledge or ridge at the foot of the mountains, — the ledge running just above a steep grassy slope to the meadows, where rages and winds and swirls and wriggles our noisy Flatzbach; and almost directly on the opposite side rise the mountains again, covered with pines and scrappy bushes, leaving a pleasant margin for pleasant walks among the pines, and for occasional benches, where may rest the aged and shaky of pins that do wander into these otherwise dreary and far-away valleys in search of variety, and they know not what.

I take it for granted that you made your headquarters in St. Moritz, which is, of course, the grand centre of the Engadine. I went over there one day in an omnibus; but I must confess that the place did not attract me. The scenery is not prettier than in Pontresina; in fact, everywhere it is a dreary scenery in the Engadine; that is to say, it is dreary to me, but I will not quarrel with those who may think differently; and besides, I do not feel at home in these great resorts of the Rich and Fashionable, and of the Very Rich who would become Fashionable. I dislike the sight of such a vast and, as it seems to me, wasteful luxury; but that is merely a subjective mood, if you like. I can well understand how many people go year after year with ever increasing joy to these scenes of gayety and pride. St. Moritzbad, as you may

know, is all closed in winter. It is to St. Moritzdorf that people resort in the winter, — to the Kulm and other hotels, — for the enjoyment of winter sports and landscapes and all the horrors of a gelid clime: also, alas, I am told many consumptives are sent there to wear out the fading remnant of their days. It is an hour and a half's walking distance, St. Moritzbad, from Pontresina; and while I was under the weather, the wife thought nothing of walking over there, and walking back of an afternoon; but it is a very hilly and tiresome work. I tried it once and broke down. I have walked, however, to Samaden in an hour and a quarter, but I blush to confess that I felt obliged to take a cab back. It is a pleasant place, Samaden; and there is a nice cake-shop there, where I sat on the stoop and drank tea. It is the meanest drink I know, tea: and I seldom touch it; but on this occasion I found it a pleasing kind of medicine, being altogether wilted and blown. The railway runs now from Chur to Thusis: and the State is continuing the line to Samaden. It will reach Samaden in about three years, I am told. There is a difficult tunnel somewhere to be made; it will be ready for you when you visit the Engadine in the next incarnation, and will greatly facilitate your travel.

This is a nice hotel; very well appointed and kept; most excellent kitchen. We did not know where to descend on arriving here; and so following a good rule, suggested to us long ago, we took the second first-class hotel set down in Baedeker. It was this hotel, Enderlin. We have two good rooms, up only one flight, and my room has a balcony, where I may sit and contemplate the scenery, the green meadows below and the snow-covered mountains roundabout; but I never do, alas, for that

bronchial cough. Well, I am enclosing in this a picture taken by the wife with her Kodak in Venice. She has been running a Kodak for a couple of years, and finds great entertainment in this particular sport. It is of a gentleman whom she happened to see standing in front of the Cathedral among the pigeons, in the Piazza of St. Mark, gazing confusedly at something or other far away, — at the sun, I should say, — and she snapped him at once. The figure strikes me as a familiar one; and I fancy that you or I must have met this gentleman in some one of our previous incarnations.

But I am boring you with this long and desultory and altogether frivolous scriblet. I ought to write something about the terrible things that are happening in divers parts of the earth, — of the awful scenes transpiring in China, the massacre of all European ambassadors in Peking, and all other Europeans there and native Christians as well; and of the rivers of blood that are flowing still in South Africa, the Boers not having been all slaughtered as yet; but I can't, it is too sickening. I have always looked upon the Chinese as a tremendous people; and I have always felt sure that when once thoroughly aroused, they would wreak a terrible vengeance upon the Europeans for all they have suffered at their hands. This awful epoch of blood seems to have come. Three hundred millions of Chinese, all in a rage. What a tragedy does that spell, to use the last slang phrase I have heard; and I like a slang phrase now and then, provided as in this case it be not *too* racy. And now, keep on writing; it will divert your mind in the midst of this dreadful yellow terror that has been sprung so suddenly upon us, and all the other terrors, — the Bryan terror in particular. And be

sure and pay no heed to democratic or other sophistries. Talk and vote for McKinley, for in him alone lies our salvation. Bryanism means chaos, means Socialism in its most putrid form; means the vulgarism of the masses, triumphant over the classes; means Free Silver, and Free Silver, — you know as well as I, — Free Silver "spells" hell.

DRESDEN, Wednesday, 13 August, 1900.

MY DEAR M., — I have now the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your interesting letter from the "Harbor"; and why don't you write "Harbour" and preserve the continuity of the language? I am told that the American people are "going back" now on all Webster's wretched spelling-contortions; giving them up, in fact, and returning to the orthography of the wells of English undefiled. This is as it should be; either phonetic spelling or the spelling of our grand forbears, to the end that we may keep the continuity of our dear mother-tongue. However, pronunciation has departed so far now from spelling that it is a question whether a change to phonetic spelling would not be advisable. But I hope it won't come in my time. I am too old to learn anything new. Several years ago I tried a typewriter at the instigation of an old friend, who keeps himself "up to date" in all particulars. I wrestled with the infernal thing for six months, and then I gave it up; that is to say, gave it away; since which time I have had peace, but a hand growing more and more cramped.

Write me your pronunciation of the word (proper name) "Colcleugh"; but no, I won't bother you to do so; it is pronounced in England "Coake*lcy*": and, as the Germans say, *da hoert alles auf.*

Well, on the day you were writing your letter, we were travelling from Pontresina to Thusis in a two-horsed Helvetian chariot. We left Pontresina at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, travelled the steep and dreary Albula Pass and the romantic Schwyn Road (pronounced "Shin"), and after divers harrowing experiences, thunder and lightning and wetness, were set down at half-past six o'clock before a little inn in Thusis. You know all this region, of course, and I need not dwell upon its charming scenery. I wonder only whether you remember the wine of Sassella. We had some of it at a lonely wayside inn where we stopped for midday refreshment. I was nearly half-frozen, and hence am still cherishing a grateful recollection of the peculiarly genial warmth induced by this wine, provided one partakes of it in sufficiently generous drafts. The railway line down from Chur stops now at Thusis; but they are continuing it to St. Moritz by means of a prodigiously long tunnel through the intervening mountains. When descending from the Albula Pass we saw the entrance to this tunnel; it comes out at Bevers in the Engadine, not far from Samaden; and it is expected that the line to St. Moritz will be open for traffic on July 1, 1903.

Well, "we lay the night" at Thusis; and the next morning travelled by rail to Zurich. At supper in Thusis, by the way, we learned of the murder of the King of Italy, the night before, in Monza, — altogether harrowing; and it means perhaps a revolution in Italy. Zurich is a busy, pleasant place now; much improved, fine promenade by the lake, and so on. We had the afternoon in Zurich; and the next day we went on to Frankfurt-on-the-Main by way of Basel, a very long and prosaic travel;

railway travelling, however, is always prosaic; it is a mere question of arriving. We reached Frankfurt on Wednesday night, and tarried there till the following Monday, when we came to Dresden in eleven hours: very tiresome. I dare say it 's a good while since you were in Frankfurt; if you remember it well, however, you would hardly recognize it now; tremendously changed and improved, like all the German cities. Indeed, the increase of wealth and luxury in Germany in the last quarter of a century is a phenomenon of historical significance; there was never a thing like it in any country, in the same space of time. We made excursions from Frankfurt to Wiesbaden: and also to Nauheim. Do you know Nauheim? Wonderful springs there. Geysers throwing copper-coloured waters high up into the air: and immense verdure, spacious parks, — and an awful boredom.

Yes, of course, the hymn by Doctor Johnson which you mention was translated from Boethius: is it not so set down in Johnson's Works? and did you never read Boethius *De Consolatione?* And that reminds me, — there is among the fragments of the Greek poets, a brief "Hymn to Health," of which Doctor Johnson in the *Rambler* writes "that no one, who has ever languished under the discomforts and infirmities of a lingering disease, can read it *without feeling the images dance in his heart*, and adding from his own experience new vigour to the wish and from his own imagination new colours to the picture." (This, by the way, is a good specimen of Johnsonese. What a lingo he did create for himself, to be sure!)

Well, in a time-stained note of mine, this Greek ode is set down, together with a translation which I suppose to have been made by Doctor Johnson, but I am not sure.

He was well up in Latin, of course; but I am not certain about his strength in Greek. It may interest you to read this translation; indeed anything that takes the mind off from the sickening horrors of Bryanism cannot but be welcome.

Here it is:—

"Health, most venerable of the Celestials,
With you might I dwell,
The remainder of life!
Would that you might be a glad dweller with me:
For if any charm either in wealth or children,
And in the favourable-to-subjects
Kingly rule, or in loves
Which we hunt in the secret toils of Aphrodite,
Or if any other delight for mortals from heaven,
Or rest from labours has appeared;
With you, blessed Health,
All things have bloomed, and the spring
. . . of pleasures shines;
And without you, no one is happy."

Well, now, here is another and modern translation: tell me which you like the better:—

"With Thee, sweet Health, I 'd dwell with Thee,
Blest of the blessed ones in heaven,
Whate'er remaining years to me be given:
O willing come, and now my housemate be!
For if in gleam of gold a glory come,
Or any grace in children, to the home;
Or men win any happy hour
On regal heights of power;
Or any joy when young Desire
Tangles in nets unseen his amorous quest,
Or after toil if any hearts respire;
All joy, all rest,
With Thee doth springlike bloom in rosy light;
But without thee, they 're gone for mortal wight."

DRESDEN, 17 October, 1900.

MY DEAR M., — Well, we have been living quietly here for now nearly ten weeks; and ten weeks is long enough to spend in one place, is n't it? I don't believe you have spent ten weeks in one place in the last ten years, have you? and yet "folks" call *me* a tramp. However, it is better to be a tramp; tramping requires energy, enterprise, and all those high qualities of character, which are so much envied and so seldom found. Tramping keeps us fresh and verdant and buoyant, and may always be availed of by ethical writers as an illustration of that beautiful truth that a rolling stone gathers no moss, — moss being the last thing that any one of us wants, — "don't you think?" Well, I am sorry to say that I have been ailing sadly ever since I came here. I brought a cough with me; and every fresh cold I catch, and I catch a fresh cold every three days, aggravates it somewhat; and moreover, I have suffered from a tiresome attack of shortness of breath. This was overcome, however, by rubbings (by means of an embrocation pad) with spirits of camphor. This is an excellent remedy for inflamed nerves. It was suggested to a lady of my acquaintance by an old quack doctoress, in whom she has implicit faith; and in any case the remedy worked well. Germany is full of quacks, — one would hardly believe it; at any rate, this place is full of them. There is a quack here in whom large numbers of the aristocracy have great faith, they are constantly consulting him; he is said to have a wonderful clairvoyant faculty, or whatever it may be called; he will take a corner of one's handkerchief in his hands, and presently describe the condition of one's insides. Of course he cannot practise

openly; the law is strict in this particular; but there is nothing to prevent people from going to him. His ostensible business in life is the teaching of the science of *mushrooms*. If I can think of it, I will copy for you the sign over his front door, or rather the garden door of his villa; for he liveth sumptuously and rides out clothed in purple and fine linen as befits his calling and success in life: *Nur die Dummen sind bescheiden.*

We have had a fine late summer and autumn, cloudless skies, and balmy air; the oldest inhabitant cannot recall another instance of such. Three years ago I spent the corresponding part of the year here in one continuous wetness and gloom; the floods were awful; all rivers overflowed; all streams were swollen, and the raging waters swept away all the houses and people on their banks. It was a sad time; great loss of life, but contributions came in liberally, and now all the houses are rebuilt precisely where they were before. And, by the way, speaking of anecdotes, a lady has given me the following, à propos of the fondness of the Germans for airing their English, however precarious or impossible it may be, whenever they get a chance. This lady was at a small gathering of Germans, — among them a young man who flattered himself to "shpeak vell ze language." Something happened to the gas, and a good many went away, fearing to be left in darkness; when the young man turned to the lady (the lady who gave me the anecdote) and said sweetly: "Ach, es macht nichts, vile you remain, it vill be hell all ze time." I will not, however, spoil the point, by remarking that *hell* is the German word for *clear, bright.* Well, our sojourn here is drawing to an end; there has come an *Umschlag in der*

Witterung. The air is raw and cold; the skies are gloomy and wet; the autumn winds sweep harshly over the stubble; there is a chill in all my bones; and I shall be glad when once the wife thinks she has collected clothes enough for winter use, and we may set out on our journey southward, to the white and sunny strand of the great Midland Sea, where do wave the graceful fronds of a palmy land. You will observe that this is an unusually pretty sentence.

And now brace yourself, and let fly winged words across the seas; I have been much depressed for months. I need to be cheered by your strong and vigorous spirit; in fact, I am so weak a vessel that I have been horribly scared of late by the prospect of a possibility of the election of Bryan, not because he represents the Democratic Party, but because he stands for disorder and perhaps civil war; for mind you, the triumph of Bryan means Disintegration. I am neither Democrat nor Republican; I am nothing any more, either in politics or religion; I am not for a McKinley and Imperialism, but I do not fear either; Bryan and Bryanism I both hate and fear.

DRESDEN, November, 1900.

MY DEAR M., — The gloom of this place is altogether harrowing; rarely a ray of sunlight penetrating the heavy pall of coal-smoke, bituminous coal-smoke, which hangs over the town; though on second thoughts I must confess that this is a slight exaggeration, for the sun does sometimes shine fairly well, and once we had a whole week of it; but in our rooms comes never a beam of sunlight, except by reflection from the opposite side of the street; though in other respects we are altogether comfortable

in our hotel, — the "swell" hotel of the place, — with heat from two vast porcelain stoves, a kind of heat which I prefer to steam heat (*Central-Heizung*, as the Germans call it). I like the big German porcelain stove; the heat from it is not dry and oppressive like steam heat, but permeates the air with an agreeable warmth. Steam heat is indeed far more convenient to manage; but after all, it is a dreary institution; there is nothing *gemüthlich* about it; and as you know, I am nothing if not *gemüthlich*.

It is very striking, — the absence at this present of Americans and English; formerly one heard our delicious twang everywhere, — in the streets, in the shops, at the theatre; now it is seldom heard; and equally seldom does one encounter the "rude British stare." Many of the *pensions* are closing; it used to be said that there were five hundred of them, all full of Americans; and those of the tradespeople who lived on foreigners are in despair. Yet the place is prosperous, and is growing like a mushroom. All Germany is prosperous, in spite of an occasional setback from overproduction, over-speculation and over-"bankrottenness."

Indeed, there is nothing so amazing in all history, to one who knew Germany thirty to forty years ago, as the growth in wealth and luxury in this country, accompanying, too, an enormous expansion of population. When I first visited Germany, one never saw more than one infant in a perambulator; now you see three; the streets swarm with children; there was never such a prolific era known of men, — or, rather, women. And the public buildings which have been erected here, and are still in process of erection, for all kinds of purposes, are multi-

tudinous: — art buildings, hospitals, common schools, polytechnic schools, normal schools, and what-not! And this little state of Saxony is no bigger than the little state of Massachusetts. But what have the people of Massachusetts to show for their taxes in comparison with what the subjects of His Majesty King George may brag of? And yet the ignorant and conceited among us continue to talk of the "effete monarchies" of Europe. Democracy is indeed a fine thing; but where Democracy spells "Crokerism," as is too often the case with us, it is not a fine thing. And then the cleanliness and decency and order of the city, — there is nothing like it with us; though it must be confessed that these advantages are purchased at a high price — yet for the public health and the public morale perhaps not too high a price — of police tyranny and frequent brutality. Thanks for "Dooley on the War-Game." The Irishism of it is exquisite; also the political satire is most cutting; in short, it is an extremely amusing squid. I am much obliged to you for sending it to me; and do continue to send me Dooley's further reflections as he emits them. They brace one's patriotic fibre. I said *squid*, but that is not the right word; for I have just looked it out in Worcester's Dictionary and find it defined as a "cephalopodous mollusk." But it's all the same; you see what I mean; perhaps I might have used the word squib; but that signifies either a firecracker or a lampoon! and Dooley is neither an explosive, nor a libeller. What is the word I want? It is tiresome to be no longer able to call up the word one wants, is n't it? Are you bothered in that way? or, as the Romans put it, *mihi subvenit aliquid.*

And, by the way, did I tell you to read an interesting

paper in the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*, all about sailing? Sailing is your *forte;* and I fancied that you would peruse the article in question with that avidity which characterizes the intelligent mind in pursuit of special knowledge in the line of one's fad. Now Boston is the greatest yachting port in our country; where every schoolboy, even, can sail a dory with a leg-of-mutton sail and an oar for steering-gear. You remember how skilful I was in this kind of thing off Cohasset Rocks in the days that are not now; and how, I dare say, you used to run along the coast, "spreading away to the northward in the swelling neck of Marblehead and to the southward in the streaming stretches of Nantasket Roads and the sheltering circle of Hingham Bay, and the tortuous channels of Cohasset Harbour, and the pygmy cranny of Scituate," — all in the sunny days of yore. Though, I must confess, there *were* moments of tossing on turbulent waters,

Quorum animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit,

"at which my memory with grief recoils"; being altogether unlike the lion of Samson, of whom it was written (see Addison in the *Guardians:* you recall the passage?) that "his strength shall bring forth sweetness, and his entrails abound with honey."

GENOA, 1900.

MY DEAR M., — À propos of the days when we read and ruminated on Goethe and Schiller and such, did we not also read Theodor Storm? Or is it of some other author I am thinking? At any rate I made long ago a copy of some verses by Storm which I will give you. They made an impression upon my mind, — an impression which still lingers; for they express in tersest fashion

the harrowing contrast between the artificial creed, such as we find it burdening the soul of man and keeping it in gloom, and the spiritual truth that floods with light!

"Am Kreuz hing sein gequält' Gebeine,
Mit Blut besudelt und geschmäht;
Dann hat die stets jungfräulich reine
Natur das Schreckensbild verweht.

"Doch die sich seine Jünger nannten,
Die formten es in Erz und Stein,
Und stellten 's in des Tempels Düster
Und in die lichte Flur hinein!

"So jedem reinen Aug' ein Schauder,
Ragt es herein in uns're Zeit,
Verewigend den alten Frevel,
Ein Bild der Unversöhnlichkeit!"

Yes, the world does seem to be going to the bad. It always seems so, I fancy, to those who are near unto getting through with it. How it must have seemed in that way to an old man, in particular, at the close of the last century when the torches of the French Revolution were kindling into consuming flame the rottennesses of past misrule and corruption! And the same kind of torches will soon be handed from hand to hand all over our broad continent, if there be no pause in this grinding rage for wealth and luxury, which we see now in our day dividing classes from masses. When wealth and luxury have reached a certain pitch of intensity, there will always come reactions, more or less bloody according to the provocation. It is the way of nature. When the Beast in man is hungry, it is the law of nature that he goeth about seeking what he may devour; and how hungry he is, at this present, you may see for

yourself, if you will look into any of the socialistic books or pamphlets with which the country is strewn from one end to the other. But I fancy your attention has not been turned in this direction. However, let us not be cast down; the future will take care of itself, or the Devil will take care of it; no human being can do anything which is of the least avail. There are great tidal currents that sweep mankind forward or backward, like the ebb and flood of ocean; these currents have always been in movement; we are responsible only for ourselves, and pious phrases do not alter the fact that nature is inexorable. However, it is difficult to conceive what it's all for; though it is really no concern of ours what the condition of mankind may be after five hundred thousand years; especially as we know from the teachings of science that after a little,— one hundred millions of years, perhaps, which are but the mere twinkling of a star, — the earth will dissolve in vapour, and all they that have ever toiled and suffered and sinned on it, — well, — what of them? The only fact that we have to reckon with now is, that, though the rain falleth on the just and unjust alike, yet, when it comes, the unjust man is found to be in possession of the just man's umbrella; this, I say, is the only moral fact of nature which we have to explain to ourselves and correct, if possible. Hence we have to deplore the excess of luxury, and the consequent depravation of manners of which you speak: it is indeed deplorable; yet still it may not be all so bad now as it will certainly be years hence, for, after all,—

> "Panting damsels, dancing for their lives,
> Are only maidens waltzing into wives."

I mean, of course, at the present. What the world shall see hereafter, when our civilization slumps in rottenness like the Roman, which it is imitating, — by an inevitable law of nature, — over that let us discreetly draw a veil, as Fielding did for Tom Jones at a critical moment.

But let us pass on again to other topics, — always keeping within the limits of the truly poetical; for of prosaic everyday things, we have enough in those twenty square yards of wood pulp that are daily spread on our breakfast-table, — black with all the miseries of earth. Do you know that Neapolitan song of a young fisherman who has moored his boat under a rock on the shore; and who, seeing a beautiful face below the surface of the waters, imagines it to be that of a Nereid and casts in his net to catch her; but he only disturbs the water, loses the image, and brings up a few common fish. He returns home disappointed and very much enamoured of the supposed Nereid. The next day he goes again to the same place, and discovers that the face which had so charmed him was that of a mortal girl reflected on the waters from the rock behind him, on which she had been seated, and on which she had her home. Well, out of this charming song has been evolved the following profound moral, thus: The fisherman goes again to the spot, and again sees the face in the water; and again and again he seeks to captive the Nereid; and never knows, to the last, that the face was that of the mortal on the rocks close behind him, and which he passed by without notice every day. Moral: Deluded by an ideal image, the real one escapes our sight.

And, after all, you are not going to the Paris Exhibi-

tion. A friend writes that he is going, though he loathes the thought of it: "But if I don't go, I shall be told the rest of my life that I missed the sight best worth seeing of the century." I read once of a man in Spain, who on his death-bed said he thanked God for at least one thing in his life. They asked what thing it was; he replied "that I never saw the Escorial." This is my case: I did not see the Chicago Exhibition; I shall not see the Paris Exhibition; and I thank God for having been pleased to spare me these two colossal wearinesses.

GENOA, Friday, 21 December, 1900.

MY DEAR M., — What has become of you? I hope it is not illness, nor preoccupation with too many mundane things, that has paralyzed the energy of your masterly pen? No, I fancy it is only a dislike of taking a little trouble: a trait that has often been remarked upon by foreigners as being frequently noticeable in the Boston character; it is therefore incumbent upon you in particular, as representing the best in the Boston character, to do what you can to remove this blot upon our fair fame; hence I exhort you to correct this obvious and painful tendency to backsliding, in the century which Time is now springing upon us. It is not too late; you will have a good taste of the new century, with all its audacious whirligigs of change and tumult; and I hope you will like them all; for my part, I know that I shan't. I am too old to change, — older even than you, — for the wellspring of youth which is still bubbling in you dried up in me long ago. I am now a mere fossil with bronchial streaks.

Well, we are once more on the white and sunny strand; blue skies and a soft air; and are sojourning in the queer-

est of all inns. We came here by accident some years ago; and have been coming here steadily ever since. It is an old house, in fact eight centuries old, having been built at the same time with the Bank of St. George, that is to say, in or about the year 1200! Fancy all the generations of men that have come and gone in these chambers in these long and weary eight centuries. Deep down below us are little shops, eating-holes, whence the smell of fried fat doth ascend to our open windows in the rosy dawn. This is the only drawback to the place, unless it be the cut-throat lane, Vico dei Negri, or "Nigger Alley," through which we pass to the entrance of the inn, in the rear of the house. The house fronts on the water; but there is no entrance from the front. The landlord is, however, struggling to obtain one, and has already bought up the little shops deep down below; and it may interest you, as a handler of real estate, to learn that in looking up the title to these wretched holes, which are separate properties, it was found to run back to the Knights of Malta, — fancy! Wine at lunch and dinner is included in the price: though I may remark, in passing, that I never drink it, for there is an admirable wine-cellar somewhere in the subterranean cavern below, and the landlord knows how to give me an excellent wine, such as it becomes a gentleman to drink. He had once a priceless Barolo; but alas, in the course of years I have drunk it all up! and I am now obliged to put up with Barbera, but such Barbera you will not find in Boston. But these are really absurdly frivolous details.

From our windows we look out over the water. In front of us, afar off, stands the tall lighthouse of the port; and to the right stretches a range of hills on which there is a

clump of green trees, where lies buried Smithson, the founder of our Smithsonian Institution. Sam Ward, also, — did you ever know Sam Ward? — died and is buried in Genoa. I remember four years ago, on arriving from Genoa, we went to the ill-fated Windsor Hotel; and on taking up the menu at our very first meal there, my eyes fell upon a dish of something or other (I have forgotten what it was) with the words "Sam Ward sauce" appended; truly this is fame. But this is nothing to the case of a Scotch girl who is here; very red-haired. We were talking about diet; and I got off a little joke, — even fossils with bronchial streaks will joke at times (though I am afraid that my joke is a very old one). Well, I said, summing up, "I find that light meals agree better with my health, as the Eskimo remarked when he swallowed another candle." "Yes, I suppose," replied the Scotch girl, "that he found bear meat all the time too heavy." Did you ever? And à propos of stories, I am reminded of what I read a good while ago in the *Nineteenth Century Review*. It was in an article on Selden's *Table Talk*, and ran as follows: "His [Selden's] stories, like Lincoln's, were always told for a purpose, and never because he had a story to tell. Abraham Lincoln was probably the best story-teller known to fame. There may have been mute, inglorious Lincolns who equalled him in that respect, if in no other way. But of Lincoln it was said, and of Lincoln only could it be said, that he illustrated by a story every argument he used, that he invented every story he told, and that he never told the same story twice." And that reminds me of what I have forgotten to ask, à propos of the very red-haired Scotch girl, — is it true, that red-haired people can never take a joke? And, by the way,

where are all those epitaphs, or something such, which in one of your letters you promised to send me? Look them up and send them soon, or they may come too late.

We are living serenely here in Genoa, waiting for Christmas; for after Christmas, the opera house (the Carlo Felice) opens; and the *Götterdämmerung* is to be given; and the wife is curious to see how they do it. Did I mention the view from our windows at night? It is really striking: the revolving light on the lighthouse, opposite, shooting its brilliant rays over the dark waters and the encircling hills; and on all the ships, in all the great compass of the port, bright lights, myriadlike: while every quarter of an hour comes the slow solemn stroke of the great clock on the Bank of St. George, sounding clear on the still air, calling the minutes, as it were, that are incessantly slipping from us: and it keeps good time, too, — quite superior in that respect to the farmer's clock, of which you may have heard. Some one complained to the farmer that his clock was n't right, — "Well, you see, sir," said the farmer, "nobody don't understand much about that clock but me. When the hands of that clock stand at twelve, then it strikes two, and then I know it 's twenty minutes to seven."

And now I hope this turbid screed will find you in good health and spirits: and altogether ready, after a cheerful Christmas and a Glad New Year, to grapple with a new century — awful thought!

On the Italian Riviera, 1 February, 1901.

My dear M., — I am pained to perceive that you have been so cruelly imposed upon by the newspapers as really to believe that "on our sunny Riviera we have been

snowed over" and "frozen hard." No, I hasten to assure you that this is a newspaper lie. There has not been a snowflake in this place, though I must confess that I saw for a time fringes of ice by the side of the tiny streams that trickle down from the mountains to the sea, through the beautiful valleys. But ever since that awful "cold wave" which broke over us here the day after our arrival, and lasted four or five days, nearly wrecking me, there has been an uninterrupted sunshine and a tonic air, mild for this season of the year, and altogether delightful. It is indeed a favoured spot; and I fancy the warmest to be found on this side of the Mediterranean; day after day of brilliant blue skies; and hardly any wind, — except for one great wind which came on Monday night last, and continued for twenty-four hours. There are two or three such Great Winds in the course of a winter, and they are truly dreadful. Words cannot describe them; one can hardly stand up against them; they make the casements rattle in fury, and with every thud one fancies the house will go down; but it never does; and I am now proof against them. While every one else tosses sleepless through the night, half-crazy with the terrors of the raging storm, which shrieks and howls as if all the demons of darkness were let loose, I sleep the sleep of the pious; nothing wakes me — not even my own nightmares. And in the morning I sit at our little breakfast table, and look out through the open windows upon —

> "All the hues of a sunlit sea,
> Where green are the wavelets curling
> On the sands with their forward sweep,
> And azure the midmost breakers,
> And purple the far-off deep.

"And o'er the mossy tops and cones
Pass the soft breezes by,
Breathing in the air's old undertones
From time's immensity
The eternal sigh."

Yes, there is an immense poetry in this sunlit landscape, and we live in it serenely. I dare say we ought to do something useful in the world; yet after all, it is something merely to *live*, and walk in beauty. This we do; we walk every afternoon, — either along the shining sea, or in the picturesque valleys by the side of desolate *fiumares* — broad, rocky beds of streams that are tiny; before us, afar off, snowcapped mountains; and on the slopes of the hills through which the valley runs, plantations of olive trees, or the orange or lemon, and sometimes the vine. Everywhere beauty, under skies of intensest blue: and everywhere do we feel the truth of the poet's words: —

"For this earth which we tread as common
Is grander than we know;
Her flower-wrought robe of ages
Is an eternal now.

"Before man bought and sold her,
Before his dark, toiling hours,
E'en before he compassed his kingdom
And syllabled names for her flowers,

"Yon green abysses were moonlit,
And sweet orchids filled the dell,
White, for night's wingèd wanderers,
Fair, though no voice did tell."

So sings a friend of mine, in his last volume of poems.

And what more delicious, too, than the following verses picturing an English landscape: —

"'T is a world of shrouded foliage;
Yet I know that those arrowy beams
Pierce a glade where a butterfly orchis
Like some pale angel gleams;

"And there, I know, the cinquefoil
Sleeps on the darkened moss;
And beside it the rathe tormentil
Nestles its tiny cross;

"And the moneywort's dim constellations
Thread many a humid grove,
Watching through moveless treetops
More golden stars above.

"And far along broad green sheepwalks
That lead to yon woodland shrines
Full many a yellow spikelet
Of agrimony shines.

"And the teasel bears in its basin
The tears which the sweet-brier shed,
And rings with a lilac halo
The locks of its wiry head."

Did you ever read *The Honourable Peter Stirling?* It is an American novel: and all about Boss politics in the City of New York. Well, I bought this book in New York one summer when I was stewing for a month in the noisome heat of that "cesspool of the Nations." And later I sent it to an English friend, who wrote me such an interesting criticism, that I do not think I ought to keep it wholly to myself. Hence I will give you the benefit of it, being sure that you will appreciate it as I did: —

"I have read *Peter Stirling* now, and quite enjoyed it. The love-making part was very well done; the young

ladies in America seem more fresh and 'naif' and the men more stalwart and strong than most in this decrepit old Europe. Peter Stirling, however, reminds one rather of William Dobbin in *Vanity Fair;* but then that character was a production of the Waterloo times. Did you ever read *Vanity Fair?* I think on the whole it is the best novel ever written in England. . . . The political part also seems particularly well done; but I did not know that you had anarchists in New York. Still, you are free from the newest development of universal education, — that is the 'hooligans,' who now infest the London streets. They are the product of the Board Schools; youths with sharpened intellects, undeveloped wills, and nameless ambitions. The eyes of the 'fools' have been 'fixed upon the ends of the earth,' in these 'national' but 'undenominational schools': where they are taught anything but how to be good citizens and good Christians. Perhaps the war also has something to do with this. — Though there is a taste of Thackeray in this novel, yet there seems one thing wanting, from no fault of the author. Yet it is difficult to describe what this thing, which seems wanting to an English reader, is. Perhaps 'the background of the past' will be best, — that is, in the *characters.* They seem so new and full of modern energy: so entirely the product of this century. Here people cannot help — whether they be 'gentle' or 'simple,' — being, in some way difficult to define, affected by the past. They inherit a long list of ideas and tendencies, which have come down to them in an uninterrupted stream: whereas *your* own great deeds have somehow interrupted that stream, it no longer comes to you. We don't, we can't look to the *future* in the same eager and absorbing spirit in which

you do: but we look back upon the past. We can't help it: there are so many signs of it around; for instance, Oxford, which is within six miles of this. There is a beautiful panorama of it from a hill close by. There are 'landmarks of history' all along the valley: first, a little bit of Saxon building (S. Trideswide Church); then the ruins and hill of the great Norman Castle; then Christ Church Gateway and Quadrangle, — Wolsey's production; then the tower of Magdalen reminds one of James First, — that is, the last Stuart's attempt to make the university Roman once more. Those who live in this labyrinth of many ages are unconsciously drawn to think of and to imitate some deed, some emotion, some character in its great past. So in a lesser degree all over England. This keeps us from becoming utterly degenerate; but there is nothing in modern England to congratulate ourselves upon. If we are going to have many more wars like the present, we shall become a nation of hypocritical land-grabbers (though our poor soldiers have done wonders and deserve nothing but praise). . . ."

I am sorry that you lost the epitaph which you transcribed in Chester Cathedral; there must have been some touching phrase in it, now perished forever, which attracted your attention. The epitaph which you send, from Jaffrey, of New Hampshire, you have sent before; but I don't think, there is any irony in the "Tag" as you call it. I fancy it is only an accidental collocation of sentences; the meaning being that the defunct was so excellent a gentleman that all his virtues could not be expressed on the stone, but would be revealed on the Day of Judgment, — whatever that may mean. And à propos of epitaphs, I have never had your opinion upon the

subject of cremation. I am myself thoroughly in favour of it. I look upon it as at once the most sanitary and the most poetic way of disposing of the dead; — to pass into the circumambient ether in a light blue vapour, — is not this better than being dumped into a hole in the earth, there to rot and infect the air of the living with pestiferous germs? Ten years ago a friend sent to me a pamphlet containing the prospectus, or what-not, of a Boston Cremation Society; and I noticed with pleasure that among the officers or patrons of this society was no less a personage than Phillips Brooks; also other "prominent citizens." It was then that my attention was first called to the subject. And I wrote to my friend saying how glad I was to learn that such a society had been formed; that I was entirely in favour of its object, though I was afraid that owing to the obstinacy of conservative minds and the usual stupidity and doggedness of the general public in regard to abandoning old habits and fixed traditions, — I was afraid, I say, that the enterprise would make but slow progress. However, I added, once you cremate Phillips Brooks, the cause is won. Well, would you believe it? precisely three weeks afterwards Phillips Brooks died and — was not cremated.

And I go on to say that if you have not read Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Eleanor*, don't! It is very tiresome, except for some fascinating descriptions of Italian landscapes, — descriptions which bring to one the very *Ding an sich;* the air, the flush of night and morn, the glitter of the sea, the ripening vine, the fragrant dell, and all the rest. Read rather the *Kentucky Cardinal*, by one Lane, American writer: it warbles of forest and hill and wastes no time in doing it. The Cardinal, however, is

not an ecclesiastic; he is a bird, a very charming if ill-fated bird; and the story differs from most stories in having an aftermath.

Well, and now the Great Queen is dead; she who has dominated the Consciousness of the world as it were, for the greater part of the century, that is now dead also; and the gayety of the Riviera is eclipsed. Everything is postponed until the "Funeral of the Queen"; and I do hope they will get her buried before long: not that I care to partake of gayeties, but there is a certain mental oppression in the interminable writing upon the subject in the London newspapers, which of course I cannot escape reading. She was certainly a remarkable woman; and her name will stand in English history to mark a wonderful era: the nineteenth century — an era from which the world takes a new departure. "The great bell of time sounding out another hour," as our old friend Rufus Choate, *stat magni nominis umbra*, once said in a speech in the Senate, à propos of I know not what, probably nothing in particular. I read in the newspapers that within two hours of the death of the Queen, five men out of six in London were wearing black gloves. Here the Englishwomen are of course all costumed in black; and as they make up the greater part of the population of the place, the streets present a truly mournful aspect. For my part I look upon the wearing of black for a sign of grief as a hideous survival of old superstitions. How much more cheering would be the wearing of white in token of joyous submission and resignation to Nature's primal and beautiful law of incessant dissolution and reformation of matter.

I must add, with a view to wind up this screed, that

the newspapers are right in reporting heavy snows in Rome and Naples and Ravenna, — in fact, all over the Peninsula. It was truly a glacial period. But you must bear in mind that here on the Riviera it is warmer than in any of the above-mentioned places; here it snows not, neither does it freeze.

On the Italian Riviera, Friday, 22 March, 1901.

My dear M., — The prosperity, of which you speak as raging in the United States, is indeed something awful. However, it would doubtless be well for many if they remembered the wise words of the Latin poet: —

"multa petentibus
Desunt multa: bene est cui deus obtulit
Parcâ, quod satis est, manu."

Well, I have not much else to discourse about, except weather. The Azure Coast has "gone back" on us for now a week and more, if I may use the current slang; gloom and rain all the time, incessant rains. I have not been out of the house for three days, fearing to catch a return of bronchial coughings. Elsewhere, having no right to demand sunshine, I can get on without it; but here, the gloom of the skies depresses me beyond words. I cannot even laugh at my own sad little jokes; and that reminds me, when I was at the Brunswick in Boston once, I picked up at the news-stand in the House, a tiny leaflet on the *Laugh-cure*, — fancy! Yes, laughing was prescribed for many troubles; and the author — I feel sure it was a woman — described how she herself had been rescued from a state of profound depression, and all sorts of impending woes, by the constant practice of laughing.

When any one spoke to her, she laughed; when she spoke to any one, she laughed; she laughed when she ate her meals; she laughed in the streets, in the shops; she woke up laughing, and went to sleep laughing: and in this way she was saved. Truly ridiculous it all seems, too; and yet I came across the other day, the following note from Kant, a note unearthed after forty years since it was made: Kant stellte den Satz hin, dass man Kinder, vorzüglich Mädchen, frühe zum ungezwungenen Lächeln gewöhnen müsse, denn die Erheiterung der Gesichtszüge drücke sich nach und nach im Innern ab und begründe eine Disposition zur Fröhlichkeit, Freundlichkeit und zum Wohlwollen gegen Alle. And further, it is related in my note how Der sterbende Cardinal Salviani, den seine Diener plünderten und dann fortliefen, lachte über seinen Affen, der den Cardinalshut vor dem Spiegel aufsetzte, *sich wieder in's Leben;* — fancy! "Let us laugh" might well take the place of "Let us pray": might n't it? At any rate, Μεγάλη ἡ ἀλήθεια. Can you still construe a Greek sentence? The only thing that I really regret in life is that I have n't kept up my Greek. I put German in place of it, however, and thus at least obtained something; and after all, perhaps German has fed me better than Greek would have done; but I don't know, and it 's too late now to think about it.

Well, still fumbling in my notes, I came across a passage from a French writer on the subject of melancholy: — the opposite pole in human moods to hilarity. The writer is August Thierry, and his remarks are à propos of Chrysostom's Letters to Olympias. Did you ever read those letters? I never did; but nevertheless I am always intending to read them: and in many cases intention

is even better than performance, because thus one has always something to look forward to!

"Le mal," says Thierry, "qui consumait Olympias était connu de la Grèce païenne qui l'appela *mélancholie*; ses grands médecins l'attribuèrent à une corruption des humeurs et cherchèrent des remèdes physiques pour le combattre. . . . Les Juifs le considèrent comme une maladie de l'âme, un châtiment de Dieu plus terrible que la mort. Jehovah, en Deut., après avoir énuméré tous les fléaux, — servitude, contagion, plagues, famine, — dont il menaçait les Hébreux, s'ils lui devenaient infidèles, ajoute, comme le consommement de toutes les misères: 'Je donnerai à ce peuple un cœur flétri par le chagrin, des yeux abattues et languissans, une âme consumée de douleur.'" The Christians called this *tristesse:* Jesus experienced it, when, bathed in tears, he said, "My soul is triste jusqu'à la mort!"

But if this is tiresome, skip it. A letter, if it is to be anything, should of course be an airy nothing: anecdotes are airy nothings. Hence a letter may contain anecdotes. "Un bon mot," said Voltaire, "vaut bien un bon livre"; but it is seldom I come across an anecdote worth repeating. The French wits of the last century, — I mean the century before the last, for the ironies of fate have thrown us prematurely into a new and altogether uncomfortable century, — these wits made a good many witticisms or *bon mots*, many of them worth preserving. I came across one the other day; made by Madame du Deffand, — you remember her? Horace Walpole's letters are full of her. When Helvetius was blamed in her hearing for having made selfishness, in his great work *On the Mind* (*De l'Esprit*), the mainspring of human

action, she answered: "Bah! he has only betrayed everybody's secret." She became blind at last; but still kept her salon and the giving of suppers; supper, she said, was one of the four ends of man; but she could not recollect the other three. If you would ever take your mind off the dreary muddle of this present, and all its materialistic strivings and greeds, its seething unrest, and its socialistic ravings, read such books as Helvetius, *De l'Esprit*. You will see therein human nature as in a mirror; and having learned what it is, will no longer be surprised or chagrined by any direction it may take, when projecting itself in the life of individuals or of nations.

And, by the way, did you ever know what became of the *Mayflower*, that ship of fate which threw our forbears upon the New England strand? I never did, until I came across Grant Duff's *Notes from a Diary* one summer day in the Athenæum, now two years ago. He says it was chartered in 1659 by the East India Company, and went to Masulipatam from Gombroom for a cargo of rice and general produce, and was lost upon the voyage home. There are interesting anecdotes and things to be picked up from this book: I commend it to you for a leisure hour. There was a similar book published two or three years ago by an anonymous writer, entitled *Leaves from a Private Diary*, which also collects a good many curious things. No, I have never read any of Doctor Weir Mitchell's novels or poems. He was the original author of the "Rest-Cure," so called, which I believe is now very popular in our restless communities. The fact is, I do not keep up at all with current literature; it has all dropped away from me; now and then I get hold of a book which is not a novel, and if it be interesting, which is not always

the case, I find pleasure in the slow perusal of it; Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*, for instance. Unfortunately I did not have this book in the original German, but in an English translation; and if there be anything I dislike, it is an English translation of a German book. It is, however, an extremely clever and useful book; but I do not commend it for "general reading"; it might be found too shocking. Nevertheless it gives a clear and most interesting explanation of the origin of life, especially of man; and also a large and valuable résumé of all the investigations and discoveries of the epoch that now is, in the region of physical life, our descent from apes, and that sort of thing; strictly and exactly scientific in every particular; establishing a broad and apparently conclusive basis for the monistic view, so called, of the universe — a view which in itself is extremely dreary, but I dare say mankind will grow up to it in the course of five or six hundred years — the view, that is, that the universe is one mass of matter, existing indestructible from all eternity, and, as one may say, altogether infinite, — a mass quivering with forces that permeate it, and incessantly change its forms in accordance with physical laws, — without conscience or object. Our eyes, for instance, are not made for seeing; there is no original creator who gave them to us; they are the result of countless ages of evolution under definite and inevitable conditions; and so on. But to appreciate the line of reasoning, and the scientific illustration of it, which fill the book, one must approach the subject with an unbiased mind; and an unbiased mind is a rare possession; and besides, with a considerable previous familiarity with the general scope and trend of modern science. But still, it is books like these that

are undermining that vast fabric of inherited and latent superstition, upon which the mind of the peoples does now rest; and bringing in new and clearer conceptions of the origin and scope of The Universal, so to speak; conceptions which exclude, of course, the old theory of a Personal God; also of a life beyond the present, — Immortality being, in fact, in the monistic creed, shut out from all consideration whatever, as the wretchedest of all the rags of superstition. And after all, when one considers the subject seriously, who would live forever? it strikes me as a horrible thought. Gladstone, I believe, had a notion, which he shared with other moderns, a notion borrowed, I fancy, from some of the Fathers of the Church, or old Neoplatonizing or other philosophers, that *some* souls would be saved for immortal life, while others would perish at once and forever; and, if I remember rightly, our good and great friend Doctor Hedge once preached a sermon setting forth a similar notion; and, if I am not mistaken, this sermon or an essay founded on it — though as for that matter all his sermons are essays — may be found now in one of his books.

No, all the current literature that I know anything about are the books, mostly novels of the day, that the wife reads aloud, after our morning coffee, while I am pulling myself together for the ever-renewed task of existence. She has just finished a book, which I fancy would interest you. It is entitled, *When We Were Strolling Players in the East*, by Louise Jordan Miles, published in London in 1895 by Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., 45 Albemarle Street. The book is profusely and handsomely illustrated; and is written, of course, by an actress, of whom, however, I never happen to have heard,

though that circumstance has no significance, for I have not been in a theatre for years, and could not give you the name of any actor or actress on the American or English stage, except of course Ellen Terry, whom, however, I did see once. Yes, I had forgotten that fact. I *saw her* in Boston, when I was last there, saw her *coming out of the elevator* at the Brunswick and a most extraordinary creature she was; tall and vast, with red-painted cheeks and flaxen locks; it was a sudden apparition; and before I could recover myself and inquire who it was, I fancied it must be an escaped lunatic. She had rooms on the same floor with me, and within two doors of my room, or cell, — fancy! and I never knew it. However, I should not have been *impressed* (as the newspapers say) if I had known it. I even saw Rudyard Kipling once in the smoke-room of the Brunswick; and remained unmoved.

Well, Louise Jordan Miles fell in love with the East, even with China. I could understand her falling in love with India and Japan, both most delicious countries; but China became to me a synonym for dreariness. Ah! that you should never have visited India or Japan, or both! Is it too late to repair this woeful omission? Could you not still round out your days by the contemplation of the Taj and the wonders of Agra; and the Ganges and Benares; and Darjeeling, with its stupendous Himalayan Mountains; and all the rest? We met an American gentleman in India, at the Elephanta Cave, near Bombay, who was then for the third time in India, at the age of eighty; no doubt he has been "gathered" since; but he must have died happy. Well, Louise Jordan Miles writes with delightful enthusiasm of all she saw, — and she

saw and lived much; but she does not bore the reader with minute details of itineraries and such; she gives impressions; impressions permeated by love for the natives and all their doings. She is what in art would be called an impressionist, usually a very muddled creature; but there are exceptions. I have seen some really taking Impressionist pictures: and our actress is an exception also as a literary Impressionist, so to speak. Or is it that our pleasure in her book came from her recalling to us so much that was delightful in the memories of the years when we too "strolled in the East?" I do not know: get the book if you can, and judge for yourself.

For more serious reading, I have taken up Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* It comes to me like a new book, so many years have elapsed since I used to look into it, and fancy I liked the style; and after all, the style may be suited to the grand sweep of the subject, though I now find it detestable. Still, it is a prodigious work, this history. What industry does it show! What a marvellous grasp of detail! What a wealth of philosophical reflection! And à propos of style, our old friend Helvetius makes some capital remarks, which, at the risk of boring you, I will set down here, for they are better than any remarks I could make myself, and explain the whole subject of style in a clearer and more concise manner than I have ever met elsewhere: "Mais qu'est ce que le public entend communément comme un ouvrage bien écrit? — Un ouvrage fortement pensé. . . . C'est à la clarté que se réduisent presque toutes les règles du style. . . . Ou l'on regarde uniquement le style comme une manière plus ou moins heureuse d'exprimer ses idées . . . ou l'on donne à ce

mot une signification plus étendue et l'on confond ensemble et l'idée et l'expression de l'idée. En ce sens l'art d'écrire est l'art d'éveiller dans le lecteur un grand nombre de sensations et *l'on ne manque de style que parce qu'on manque d'idées.*" There is no lack of ideas in Gibbon's writing; indeed his work may be said to consist in ideas illustrated by historical facts; and it is interesting to note that, though his history has been exposed for now a century to the tremendous criticism of German scholars, they have not been able to find anywhere a flaw in it, either in the way of fact or conclusion; and this in spite of the vast investigations and discoveries made by these scholars in all these years; and in spite of the fact, too, that they regard an *amateur* as an object of contempt; for Gibbon in their narrow-minded view was an amateur or dilettante; not a regular *Gelehrter*, that is, a Professor. The copy of Gibbon which I am reading comes from our little library here, a closely printed, cheap copy for the people; and the notes are in such extremely fine print that it tires me to make them out; as a rule, therefore, I skip them. However, I happened upon one note which amused me. In the text, upon the subject of the persecution of heresy, it is written: "By a particular Edict he [Constantine] exempted them [the Novatians] from the general penalties of the law: allowed them to build a church at Constantinople, respected the miracles of their saints, invited their bishop, Acesius, to the Council of Nice, and gently ridiculed the narrow tenets of his sect by a familiar jest: which from the mouth of a sovereign must have been received with applause and gratitude." The note is as follows: "The Emperor said to the Bishop, 'Acesius,

take a ladder and get up to Heaven by yourself.' Most of the Christians have by turns borrowed the ladder of Acesius." Could there be anything more concise by way of note; or more cutting?

I do not write upon politics, though as in duty bound I follow the turbid stream of the universal muddle with all the care and attention I can command; but it 's no use. I cannot form any more definite opinion upon the outcome of the Riddle of the Universe than can Lord Salisbury or Augustine Birrell; and hence, having nothing of my own to give, I do not, as I say, write upon politics, for the newspapers give you all that you can possibly want, if not much more. But à propos of Birrell, I hope you have read all his little books! If not, do so at once. They are excessively entertaining; the choicest whipped cream in current English literature; delightful in their way, and their way is so popular as to have given rise to a phrase altogether unique, — namely, *to birrell*. And now I have come to the end of this desultory screed; and I shall be glad if haply it may serve to entertain your leisure; for as Seneca says: "Otium sine letteris mors est et hominis vivi sepultura." Remember this; and fill up my leisure also with letters.

On the Italian Riviera,
Sunday, 17 February, 1902.

My dear M., — I sent you a newspaper clipping the other day, containing a long account of the automobiles which have recently been on exhibition in Paris. I fancied that it might interest you to see what the French are doing in this speciality; and how far in advance they are of the rest of the world in it. I dare say the automobile

is destined to be the street vehicle of the future; but that future will not take me in; and therefore I have not the slightest interest personally in it. As automobiles are made and run at present, they are to me a horror; adding enormously to the perils of street life; keeping the solitary and aged pedestrian in a state of nervous irritation and misery. Fancy an automobile running at the rate of seventy-two miles an hour, — such as I have lately read in the newspapers one of our rich men is building in Paris. Obviously there should be stringent legislation for the suppression of such enormous wickedness. "And that reminds me," as I was going to say, but won't; for did I not come across the following in a newspaper the other day? "The man who is determined to tell his favourite story, or the last story he has heard, whether there be a legitimate opening for it or not, destroys conversation, and ought to be destroyed himself. There should be a heavy social penalty for the use of the phrase 'By the way, that reminds me.' If a story does not explain itself, if the connection with the subject is not at once seen, both it and its narrator are social solecisms. *Soli* is their native town, though they never heard of it."

So am I castigated for the use of a favourite phrase: — well; and now I crave permission to eat some "too previous" words about snow here. It is a painful duty, but it must be done. Yes, we have had Snow, — fancy! It came on towards six o'clock in the afternoon, as our *facchino* was bringing in our petroleum lamp. I happened to get up and look out of the window; as weird a sight as ever I saw in my life; pitchy black clouds hung over Monaco and Cap St. Martin; and the sun, low in the heavens, was like a huge red coal of fire, set in the black-

ness of sulphurous vapours, and out from the gloom in the west came a wild whirl of snowflakes; as merry a dance as ever I saw; truly bewildering. However, the snow did not even whiten the ground; the flakes melted as they fell; the storm passed as swiftly as it had come; and after dinner, the air was clear and the sky bright with lustrous stars; and there was stillness on the frosty air, broken only by the low moan of the waves afar off, rippling on the sands. From our windows we look straight off upon the shining waters of the Mediterranean; and I often think of Bunsen's remark, — "As the plants are by an invisible power attracted to the light, so were the races of the Old World towards the Mediterranean."

Wonderful mysterious sea. In a book on the Riviera a French writer has given so good an expression to the feeling which the sight of it evokes, that I cannot forbear quoting the passage: "The great sea alone continues as it was in the first ages of the world. At one time its waters die in ripples on the beach; at another, lashed into fury by the tempest, they beat upon the shore in *mournful harmony* with the woes of which they have been the unconscious witness, as they did when the world was young; but it knows no other change." However, the shining sea has a very cold and angry look in these days; for we are having, alas! one of the worst winters here, and we can't get the temperature of our rooms above 62° Fahrenheit. To be sure, this is a good wholesome temperature, altogether salubrious; but I think I could stand 70° Fahrenheit indoors without the least discomfort; and we have had more or less wind, — dry, hard east wind; and now and then a gloomy sky, when, as Martinus Scriblerus so happily expressed it, —

"Distended with the waters in 'em pent,
The clouds hang deep in air but hang uncut."

And then, too, a certain event, an event that occurs every year at this time, has been casting its shadow over me, — for every year it brings me nearer the threshold of Old Age, if not quite altogether across the threshold; and I cannot say that I like Old Age: "Das Alter ist ein hässlich Ding," said an old German to me once, coughing up his words; and so said the Greeks, — at least some of them. Hesiod, personifying Age as the daughter of Night, called it the Destroyer; and Euripides said it was a heavier burden than the summit of Ætna; and Sophocles, in his *Hymn to Venus*, maligned it as "ruinous, grievous, and hated of the gods." However, *per contra*, read Plato's *Republic* at the beginning thereof; yet remember that Plato was an idealist. Say what we will, The *Inevitable* stands for itself; it admits of neither praise nor blame; for The Inevitable is an all-devouring fact: a fact which Goethe has well expressed: —

"Der Mensch erfährt, er sei nun wer er mag,
Ein letztes Glück und einen letzten Tag!"

And hence, as long as we can't help The Inevitable from riding over us, let us rather rejoice in it, and try to find it beautiful, as do some pious souls; yet, after all, there is some truth in a German poet's lines: —

"Das Alter ist ein höflich Mann,
Einmal über's andere klopft er an,
Aber nun sagt niemand herein,
Und vor der Thüre will er nicht sein,
Da klinkt er auf, tritt ein so schnell,
Und nun heisst's, er sei ein grober Gesell."

However, by way of light on this shadow, I am happy to be able to report that our almond tree was in blossom a week ago. I call it *our* almond tree, because it is a tree which we watch at every springtime. It is the first to bloom; harbinger of the blossomings to come, and very beautiful indeed are its white flowers and refreshing to see; and yet, after all, there are those who say it is not an almond tree. Yet these same folk are not able to say what it is. Peach, it cannot be, for, if I remember rightly, the peach blossom is pink, and this blossom is white; and besides, Plutarch says the peach tree is looked upon by the Egyptians as peculiarly sacred to Harpocrates, because of the resemblance observed between its fruit and the heart, and between its leaves and the human tongue, — fancy! though this is contradicted, of course, by a modern critic who says that the peach tree (unless it be the same as Persea) was not sacred to any deity. This I can't believe; for a fruit so delicious as the peach — in fact, the most delicious of all fruits — must have been associated with some rosy goddess. The critic says it was the holy tree of Athor (whatever that may have been) which Plutarch had in view. But, as you see, all this has nothing to do with our white and beautiful almond blossom.

Of this place of our sojourn I have really nothing to tell you. There is a certain amount of life, of course, among the villa folk here, — all English, — but we take no part in this. We have no villa; we cannot invite, and therefore are not invited; which after all is an immense blessing. For what does "society" here come to? Few are rich enough to give dinners; hence society consists in attending afternoon teas; sitting among a lot of

musty old women, listening to gossip, there being very few men in the place; and so the afternoon, which we reserve for walks, would be spoiled; for the morning is short. We have our coffee at eight, and lunch at half-past twelve; if we walked in the morning as well as in the afternoon, where should we be? Besides, I can't walk for two hours more than once in the day. We dine at seven; and then I smoke the pipe of tranquil senescence, and wear the evening away in cheerful talk. You see, the villa in which we live is tiny; the smoking-room holds only one person, to wit, myself; and we can never go into the salon, for if all went in, people would have to sit in each others' laps. However, the wife, I am glad to say, finds on the whole much entertainment in her life here. She runs a Kodak and a mandolin, and is always going over across the border; but I do not accompany her. It is too tedious; the trains do not fit into each other, and are always late, — often an hour late. It seems as if the railway folk did all they could on purpose to harass one. You remember the celebrated metaphor attributed to Pythagoras; in which the world is compared to an Olympic festival, where some are come to contend for honour, others to buy and sell for profit, the best of all as spectators for contemplation: "that's me."

ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA,
March, 1902.

MY DEAR M.,— No, I do not know much, — in fact, I can't remember anything now about Perseus; nor what his relations may have been with Andromeda; though I trust of course that they were altogether proper, seldom as that was the case among the legendary heroes and heroines

of ancient Greece. But I can give you the name of a gentleman who will read for you at sight, and with grace, too, the beautiful lines of Persius with which I adorned my last epistle. It is the "elegant Conington," — John Conington, to be particular, who published (Oxford, 1872) the best translation of the *Satires* of Persius: "And what is your aim? — that your money which you had been nursing here at a modest five per cent should grow until it sweats out an exorbitant eleven? No; give your genius play; let us take pleasure as it comes; life is ours, and all we have; you will soon become a little dust, a ghost, a topic of the day. Live with death in your mind; time flies; this say of mine is so much taken from it." (*Sat.* v, 149–53.)

Does this come up to your expectations? *Carpe Diem*, — how many poets have made this sentiment the burden of their song, and how few, either poets or others, have really *lived* it, — on a high plane, of course; many, indeed, on a low plane, altogether bestial. The Arab poets in particular are fond of tuning their lyres to the expression of this fascinating subject; in fact, the Arabs have always been very glib with their tongues. It was a common saying in the Eastern world that science came down from Heaven and lodged itself in three different parts of man's body: in the brains, amongst the Greeks; in the hands, amongst the Chinese; and in the tongue amongst the Arabs.

I have been looking over some old notes on Eastern literature and such: they are mostly worthless, but now and then I find a profound saying like this of the Sufi Ibraham Ben Isa (A.D. 890): "The token of perfect contentment consists therein, that both worlds are in-

different to us." At first blush, this sounds like cynicism; one must ponder it long, if one will discover its recondite significance. Again, said Ebuseid Thaifur el-Bosthanni (A.D. 874): "Did the Scholar know that all Science is but a single line on the Everlasting Tablet of Destiny, he would cease to contemplate his learning." This is altogether cryptic, is n't it? However, here is a capital thing, which I beg you to communicate at once to your friends, the Christian Scientists, — unhappy beings, who, as I am told, do swarm in Boston, like tadpoles in muddy water: Isahib said: "I weep less over the death of my son, than over the sad fact that he had never read my book on Doubt; for whoever reads this book of mine will be filled with such doubt in regard to the existence of things that he will at last believe that nothing exists." — "Well, then," said Ollaf (A.D. 840), "doubt whether your son be dead; and so make yourself believe that he never died." Said Ben Dschobeir (A.D. 712): "The subjection of men to women is a sign of the coming of the Last Judgement." How funny that sounds in view of our agitation for Women's rights, but they were "awfully" wise fellows, these Arab thinkers; and do you fancy that there is anything, after all, in this last saying? It was the saying of a Hindu writer: "That whoever obstinately adheres to any set of opinions may bring himself to believe that the freshest sandalwood is a flame of fire." This is to be commended to your friends the Anti-Imperialists, — hidebound fossils like Edward Atkinson; for though he is entirely right in his opinions, they are nevertheless opinions which run contrary to the line of irresistible evolution, along which all young and vigorous nationalities are ever speeding, — the line of

territorial expansion; the same being the product, so to speak, of all the underlying evil forces in human nature, — in particular, of greed and ambition and lust of power. These were the evil elements which undermined the Roman Empire; and in the end they will undermine us. It is the part of wisdom to accept and make the best of The Inevitable; the Anti-Imperialists do not see this. Doctrinaires understand everything except human nature as revealed in the teachings of history; hence do we call them hidebound. According to an Arab proverb, "Wisdom is the lost camel of the Believer, which he is ever seeking": — and shall we add, like the hidebound, never finding?

But enough of this kind of thing. I should like to be able to write to you on the subject of Italian politics; but I can't: they are all a muddle to me. All that I can see clearly is that there is a vast amount of Socialism all over the country, — Socialism of a destructive kind; not constructive as in Germany; showing itself in incessant strikes, and a chronic bitterness of the labouring classes; and I have no doubt that a great deal of this discontent is well-founded. Modern Italy is a conglomeration of many states, all of them formerly despotisms; at any rate, ridden by the most oppressive burdens thrown upon the lower classes by the upper and governing classes. In a word, they were all mediæval tyrannies; and it is with this awful inheritance from the past that Italy has now to wrestle. How she will work out her salvation, I cannot conceive; the social evils are so numerous, and so inextricably intertwined with customs, habits, and opinions in both the classes and the masses, as the English say. At any rate, certain obvious dangers are loom-

ing red and lurid on the social horizon; the chief being the discontent of the railway officials. The railways in Italy, as you know, belong to the Government, but they were farmed out a good many years ago to two great corporations, called the *Rete Mediterraneo* and the *Rete Adriatico*. The term for which they were farmed out is now expiring; and the discontent of the railway men is culminating; for of course it has been the policy of these two companies, in their eagerness to make the most of their opportunities, — it has been their policy to skin the roads and their men as closely as the law and human nature would stand being skinned, as it were; hence the disgraceful condition of the rolling-stock all over Italy, especially on the route Genoa-Ventimiglia — and the wail of the men over a non-living wage.

The Government offered to arbitrate between the companies and their men: but the companies are more or less obstinate, and in view of the expiration of their connection with the Government, have become apparently reckless; hence, fearing that a strike would break out all over Italy, paralyzing the whole social life of the country, — for the railway men throughout the Peninsula are banded together in a solid league, — the Government the other day, — all of a sudden, it came like a bolt from the blue, — the Government emitted a *ukase*, *militarizing* the whole body of railway men, some sixty thousand, throughout the country. The men are, therefore, now all enlisted soldiers, and striking would be equivalent to desertion, and punishable by martial law. Of course this militarization is merely formal; every railway man receiving only a badge, which sets him apart as a soldier; it has a meaning only in case of a

strike; and then it means, — hell. However, I don't think there will be any trouble at present; and if the agitation for the amelioration of the labouring classes be wisely conducted, there need never be any trouble; but it is said to be Hunger that makes Revolutions; and the Hunger in Italy is harrowing, and the grinding of the lower classes by taxation altogether infamous. It is, indeed, an inherited condition of things; but it is a kind of inheritance that breeds madness.

I began this screed yesterday: and now, as an Arab poet says, "morning has gone round like a cupbearer, with the vase of light in her hand, and, from her copious pouring, day has been produced." This is pretty; and the view from our windows is also pretty: we look out upon the whole sweep of the coast, where lie Ventimiglia and Mentone and Cap Martin, and Monte Carlo and Monaco, with the rugged scarred mountains behind them all, glittering in the sunlight, — and afar off the Esterels beyond Nice; also we look upon a fair flat plain, well adapted for manly sports: and behold them there! Kipling's "flannelled fools" playing hockey: young men and maidens: proud and self-complacent. They are typical of their race; and typicals, so to speak, I must say frankly are not to my taste; nothing typical is. I like an individual, not his type; and as with the English, so with the Germans. There are a good many Germans here; so many indeed that they are even thinking of building a Lutheran church, — fancy! who ever saw a German in church? a man, I mean, unless he were an official. Woman is an emotional being, and absolutely requires church; if she does not, she is to be avoided; I shudder when I meet a churchless woman.

I will add, only by way of confession (I wrote confusion, and perhaps it were better to have let the word stand), that I think I prefer Sufism to the Church of England. You are probably not familiar with Sufism; but Pope gives a fair notion of the system of the Sufis, the purest of all the sects of Islam, — in those famous lines: —

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul!"

What a wonderfully terse way Pope had of putting things, to be sure. But to come back for the last time to my favourite Arab poets, — is n't this delicious: "When I wandered over the desert during the shades of night, while the roar of the lion was heard from his haunts among the reeds; when the brilliant Pleiads circled like dark-eyed maids, dancing in the green woods, and the polar stars were borne round like winecups; when the Milky Way seemed like the gray hair of age upon the head of the gloomy night." And now summon at once your alert typewriter, and tell me whether any more beautiful metaphor than that last is to be found in any poetry you have read of late.

On the Italian Riviera,
Tuesday, 15 April, 1902.

My dear M., — Your most welcome and altogether sprightly letter of date Tuesday, March 18, came duly to hand here on Thursday, April 3. Yes, I do really grieve that I should have quoted an Arab poet's comparison of your thick hair to the Milky Way, and do humbly crave pardon for this stupid blunder; but if I make excuses, I shall only stumble into The Fatuous, which is worse than

The Inevitable, because, as you cleverly remark, one does not always know The Inevitable when one meets him, but The Fatuous, — we know him anywhere and everywhere, — for is he not always with us? However, your remarks upon The Inevitable are extremely interesting, and very just. I had always taken it for granted, that The Inevitable, *ex vi termini*, was a clean-cut figure, instantly forcing recognition of itself, when it emerged from the darkness of the Unknown into the full light of Consciousness; but you have shown me that I was mistaken; that The Inevitable is something altogether confused and uncertain, wanting in precise definite characteristics: something to be reasoned about, and reasoned away, after the manner of the Anti-Imperialists and of all lovers of their country in the face of a swelling tide of selfish, materialistic expansion, of an ever-growing hunger for dominion, — in short, of a wolfish lust for power and wealth, such as consumed the late Cecil Rhodes, dreaming insane dreams of a world-wide British Empire: for what, after all, has England been doing for centuries, and what is she doing in South Africa now, if not pursuing an Imperialistic policy? Would you be an Anti-Imperialist in England, where, as you say, it is the mark of a great mind "to think in (other folks') continents?" I, too, am an Anti-Imperialist; no one deplores more than I do, our policy of expansion; but it is as futile for us to try and stem the currents of Imperialism, as it was for Cicero in his day to try and balk the growth of Cæsarism. There is nothing new under the sun; a powerful empire like ours grows ever more and more powerful through the incessant working of the very forces which brought it into being, until at last, as did Rome, it falls

to pieces by its weight and rottenness; for all civilizations run out in time, and so will ours; and though no one is so foolish as to forecast the future, it is easy to see that on its present lines our modern civilization bears along with it the seeds of its own dissolution. You do not read the signs of the times aright, if you fail to perceive the progress of the socialistic spirit all over Europe, and notably in the United States; and in the long run, Socialism means a whirlwind of blood and desolation. But à propos of the Boers, let me give you an extract from a letter written to me by an English priest. The letter was written just after that defeat of the English troops, which resulted in the capture of Lord Methuen by the Boers: "What do you think of the Boers now? The prize for Latin Verse in the University of Oxford which I won, was for the theme, Furculæ Caudinæ. I took the part of the Samnites, and got enthusiastic over them as against the Romans; and ever since have been against an Imperial power walking on and swallowing up a free State (*exempli gratiâ* Poland by Russia, Austria, Prussia)."

Let us pass on to other topics — but not again to politics; for there is nothing so tiresome to write about in letters, or to read, as contemporary politics. Do not the newspapers furnish us with all that it behooves to think, on every possible public matter? There was mention in one of your letters, or in one of mine, I have forgotten in which it might have been, — of Andromeda and Perseus. But I could not remember the fable, — I cannot remember anything nowadays, — until the other day, looking up some notes of curious readings which I have been busy this winter destroying, as being for

the most part rubbish, I came across some notes made on Syria, especially in regard to Jaffa. Ah! how they brought back to me those fragrant days in the blossoming springtime when once I rode upon a stalwart Arab steed from Jaffa to Jerusalem. But I will not bore you with reminiscences of that far-off time; everything is changed now. In these days one journeys by rail from Jaffa to Jerusalem, with as little emotion as a bagman feels when he runs out by train from Boston to Brockton to fetch a sample pair of ready-made boots. And in the notes on Jaffa there figures, first of all, the fable of Andromeda and Perseus — fancy! of which I may add that St. Jerome doth remark, — as by way of reproof, — *scit eruditus lector historiam.*

Well, Jaffa was the most frequented port in Palestine, and one of the most ancient of cities. The Hebrew traditions carried back the founding of it to a time before the Deluge; and the Oriental mythology gave it a place among its fables. It was there that Jonah had embarked in order to fly from before the face of the Lord, giving his name perhaps to the Ionian sea; and it was there that Andromeda, exposed naked upon a rock, to be devoured by the monsters of the sea, was rescued by Perseus. And in later ages there was shown to the curious tourist — for the curious tourist is a very old institution indeed — the place on the strand, on one side of the port, where the Cilician merchants had taken on board the unlucky prophet; and on the other side, the great perpendicular rock, on which the waves dashed violently, where Andromeda was chained. Indeed, even in Josephus' time, one could still see traces of the chains with which she had been bound, as well as the carcass of the monster

who had been sent by Neptune to devour her; and Pausanios relates that in his day, too, there was pointed out the blood-red water in which Perseus had washed his hands after slaying the monster!

The skeleton of the monster, however, was not entire; for the Roman General, Marcus Scaurus, in the year 58 had carried off a part of it to Rome, where it figured among the trophies of his ædileship. According to Pliny, it was a prodigious fish, this; measuring not less than forty Roman feet in length; while its sides were higher than an Indian elephant, and its dorsal column a foot and a half in thickness; yet what remained, after Scaurus' robbery, was still colossal. Jeppe was said to signify in Hebrew, *The Mirror of Joy*, or, according to St. Jerome, the *City of Beauty*, which comes to the same thing, I should say. And you will no doubt be further interested to learn that according to Leunclavius (in Pandect. Hist. Turc. num. 209) Jeppe was so called from the name of Japhet, *quod versus Europam ab Japheti filiis inhabitatam portus ejus celeberrimus spectat:* which is clearly to the point. Afterwards and now, says Reland, it is called, *vulgo*, Jaffa, and there is a Bulgarian proverb, about people who wander so far away from home that their return is despaired of, or go even unto certain destruction, *na Jaffa goan:* which is as much as to say, *gone to Jaffa;* a proverb, which had its origin doubtless in the times of the Crusades. And then again Stephanus says that the name comes from Jopes, the daughter of Æolus, wife of Cepheus; and, if I might venture to interpolate the remark, this strikes me as not unlikely; for the wind does howl round Jaffa at times quite altogether "prodigious," and many a party of mod-

ern tourists is carried wailing past it, unable to effect a landing. However, according to Reland, the great authority on Palestine three centuries ago, when scholars wrote in Latin, to the confusion of the modern tourist mind, the fable of Andromeda seems to have been taken from the story of Jonah; for the Greeks pronounced the name Ἰόπη; and in the legend of Perseus and Andromeda there is often mention of Jopolis, a city on the Orontes, where Perseus built a temple in honour of Eternal Fire and the Divinity Jo, — that is, the Moon, whom Machus, the founder of Jopolis, honoured with a strange worship. But however that may be, and some say it 's the other way, — namely, that the story of Jonah was borrowed from the fable of Andromeda, — Jeppe belonged to the Phœnicians: and in the time of Solomon, and later in the time of Cyrus, it was the port where the Phœnicians exchanged the wares of other lands for the corn of Judæa.

There was also in Jaffa, "close to the sea," the house of that Simon the tanner, where St. Peter in a vision received the command to convert the Gentiles. And then again there dwelt in Jaffa that admirable woman, — named in Aramæan, Tabitha (antelope), in Greek, Dorcas, — who devoted herself to the service of the poor; and being rich, gave away her wealth in alms. She formed a society of pious widows, and they passed their days together in making garments for the poor; and as the schism between Christianity and Judaism was not yet complete, it is probable that the Jews also benefited by these acts of charity. They were "the saints and the widows," — pious folk, doing good wherever it might be done, and hence held in suspicion by orthodox pedants;

like the *fraticelli*, they were beloved of the people, devout, charitable, and full of pity. In the very earliest churches in Judæa, they are to be found, the germ of those associations of women (Dorcas societies) which Renan calls "one of the glories of Christianity"; and he adds that thus at Jaffa began that long line of veiled women that was to uphold through the ages the traditions of charitable service. Tabitha was the mother of a family which will never come to an end so long as there are miseries to be assuaged, and hearts of good women to be filled with pity.

And by the way, à propos of Lydda, not far from Jaffa, St. Jerome says that in his day there was born there a man with two heads and four hands, but with only one belly and two feet. Also Reland reports that he had read of a similar case in Romanus Lacapenus, — doubtless an interesting writer, — of a man brought from Armenia to Constantinople, — who, above the belly, was double in all the members; two faces looking at each other, and such. One of these beings died, and the physician cut off the dead part, but on the third day thereafter the other died. I mention these trifles merely by way of illustration of the old saying that there is nothing new under the sun. We have the same kind of cases to-day: what is, has been; and what has been, will be. But has any one, do you know? ever solved the puzzle, whether in these cases there be one being only, or two beings? However, perhaps that is a question — like so many questions about which we trouble ourselves — that concerns the Almighty only.

Finally, in passing, I must say a word about the legend of St. George, which seems to have had its rise in

these parts. The Arabs call him Aba-Maaz: and in the Haurân, where the Christians had dedicated a church to him in Zahnet, the Bedouins cherished so great a respect for his name that they were never known to steal the goat's-hair rugs from the church, — this fact being emphasized by the historians as the most remarkable of all possible tributes to his sanctity. Well, he is said to have been born in the Plain of Sharon; and to have risen to the rank of *Tribunis Militaris* and *Comes Imperatoris*, at the Court of Diocletian in Nicomedia; and at last to have suffered a martyr's death. Between Lydda and Ramleh, his corpse was enthroned in a splendid *Martyrion;* and his combat with idol-worship (Satan) was symbolically represented as a combat with a dragon. In a later age this symbolical representation gave rise to the legend of a real combat with a dragon in the neighbourhood of Beirut. And hence in the wars of the Byzantine Greeks, as well as of the Crusaders against the Turks, he became the Patron Saint of the Christian armies; while according to the legend of the Mohammedans, who called him El Khuder, he was a prophet, who after the death of Josua led his people; later appearing as Phinehas, and then as the Prophet Elias; and still later, coming forth as St. George, — Knight and Patron Saint. A modern yet now forgotten English traveller in the Holy Land, whose picturesque writing entertained us a generation ago, tells us that the Arabs call the plain around Lydda, the Garden of Paradise; it was divided by Richard and Saladin into two parts, one Christian, the other Moslem; and both were under the protection of St. George. England adopted him as her Patron Saint and the Saracens added him to their Calendar.

It was in this Garden of Paradise, amongst palms and myrtles, that St. George, the Lord of Chivalry and Courtesy, was born: "For six hundred years we have borne his banner of the Red Cross into every corner of the globe, and dedicated to him a hundred churches: and with English stupidity have confounded him with St. George of Alexandria, a swindling contractor and Arian Archbishop!"

Well, I will not bore you any longer. The sky is blue, the air is soft; and full of the perfume of flowers; the landscape, radiant; — I must to my walk by the shining sea.

BRUNNEN, July, 1902.

MY DEAR M., . . . And that reminds me of a feeble article which I read in a late number of an American magazine on Jane Austen. The writer says that the relation of Jane Austen to the romance of Sensibility is very much the same as that of Cervantes to the books of Chivalry, or of Heine to German Romanticism: "She is at once its satirist and its best exponent; her work is its apotheosis and siderealization," — siderealization, — did you ever! However, you are fond of poetry, I know; and having bought and read the three volumes of verse by my friend, — will now be in a condition to appreciate the last lay of an exquisite, but anonymous genius, which ran, if I remember it rightly, as follows: —

> "There is danger that kisses may kill us,
> For Science has taught us the fact,
> That four hundred kinds of bacillus
> Are involved in that popular act."

Observe the delicious rhythmical movement of the thought!

Well, here we are. We came down here yesterday; the weather has been delightful for a week, and our two hours' sail from Lucerne was altogether refreshing. It is a very large hotel, this, full of Germans, — almost two hundred of them; not half a dozen English, — whereas the Axenfels-Hotel, where we were last year is crowded with English. Germans and English do not, as the lawyers say, run on all fours together; there will soon be hotels in the summer resorts in Switzerland, if not in the winter resorts in Italy, for Germans exclusively, and for English exclusively. The English of course detest the Germans; in fact, I never heard an Englishman speak of any foreign nation and especially of Americans, except with a sneer more or less covert; but this new cult, as I may call it, which has been introduced in Germany, of hatred to England, is truly *monumental!* English-speaking people do not hate; at most they despise or contemn or avoid; but hate, black and sombre, gnawing the vitals, dominating the consciousness, infusing its venom into all the arteries of thought and sentiment, as it were, — it has been reserved for the Germans to evolve this psychological monster, — funny, is n't it?

You know Brunnen, of course; and I need not dwell upon the beauty of the place. Our hotel is situated close upon the water, just upon the left of the landing-place of the steamboats that vex the still waters of the lake with ever revolving paddle-wheels; mountains all around us, streaked with white lines of snow even now. From my balcony window I look straight up on them, rising out of the placid green waters of Uri; the air is balmy and soft; every now and then a breeze comes rippling in, as it were, through the great open windows, fragrant with perfume

of newly cut grass; though for that matter I do not know where the grass may be, — for it is all sheer steep mountain round about, — unless it be up Axenfels way.

It is amusing, the rapidity with which the world is changing; really I can't keep pace with it; one is irresistibly led to speculate upon what may be coming; but I think any of us could show a more likely picture, though seen through a glass darkly, than the clumsy portraiture of an imaginary future which the wife has been reading aloud to me in Wells's *Anticipations:* even Schopenhauer could have done better. But I am curing the nausea of all this sort of thing, as well as of the modern novel to which we have too long been addicted, by a course of the classics, beginning with *Tristram Shandy.* An eminent Bishop, I forgot his name, — *vide* Birrell's last book of delightful essays, — forgot himself once so far as to remark that his idea of Heaven was to sit still and read *Tristram Shandy.* The stillness here is delicious; it is hard for me to feel that the day is not Sunday; and I might fall to dozing, were it not for Tristram and his sad humour.

DRESDEN, Friday, 5 September, 1902.

MY DEAR M., — In writing to a friend of mine, I hazarded the prediction that King Edward would n't live a year; but I think now I must make it two years, as he seems to have made a wonderful improvement, according to the newspapers, and actually gone deer-stalking, whatever that may mean. And, by the way, I wrote to this friend once from Lucerne about a chapel dedicated to St. Nicholas, which upon the introduction of Christianity was erected on a slight eminence, where now stands the so-

called Hofkirche, or Cathedral, well known for its organ, which is played at eventide every day for the benefit of strangers, — you have doubtless heard it, price, one franc; and I had mentioned the pious legend which long prevailed and may still prevail, for ought I know, that, often in the night, a clear shining light was to be seen over the chapel, from which light, by the way (*lucerna*) some people fancy the name of the town to be derived. This, however, is a mistake; according to the best authority, Bochat, the name Lucerne is derived from a Celtic word, *lugcern*, meaning, "head-of-a-lake"; but this is neither here nor there. — À propos of the above, my friend writes: "The light you mention as having been seen over St. Nicholas' Chapel is like a light now seen, or capable of being seen, by the faithful in Oxford itself. On the night of Laud's execution, a light is to be seen at midnight in the library of St. John's College, illuminating the relics of him treasured there (for he was President of the College and built the garden quadrangle). These relics are his Diary, kept to the morning of his death; staff, and cap; also in the drawers of the table on which these stand are the mediæval vestments which he presented to the College for the Eucharist." I hope you saw these relics when you visited the library of St. John's College in Oxford, and partook of the saving grace of the same. And in the same letter (Monday, June 30) he writes: "King Edward VII, we trust, is not going to die, though all the guests departed on Saturday. Though he can never be what he was, it is probable he will be crowned in September; and the Abbey remains ready. The last bulletins indicate a real recovery. . . . I am glad that the myth that he was suf-

fering from cancer on the liver is dispelled; it happened to be an abscess, and in the intestines, which is quite a different thing. So upon some sun-dial (unseen) the shadow may be going back even fifteen degrees (compare Isaiah 38)."

Well, I "compared Isaiah 38": but as I don't believe you will, I will mention, in passing, the incident referred to; namely, how Hezekiah, (you remember Hezekiah,) being sick unto death, Isaiah the Prophet came to him and told him that the Lord commanded him to set his house in order, for he was to die; whereupon Hezekiah turned his face toward the wall and wept and moaned that he had walked before the Lord in truth and with a perfect heart, and so on; whereupon Isaiah was commanded by the Lord to go again to Hezekiah, and say that the Lord had heard his prayer and seen his tears and would give him fifteen years more of life. And, moreover, the Lord would deliver him out of the hands of the king of Assyria; and for a sign that the Lord would do this thing that he hath spoken: "Behold, I will bring again the shadow of the degrees which is gone down in the sundial of Ahaz, ten degrees backwards. So the sun returned ten degrees, by which degrees it was gone down."

Again, — I had found an account in an Italian newspaper last June of a pilgrimage to the Sanctuary of Bussana: it was a cleverly written description; and interested me because I was familiar with the place, not far from Taggia, near San Remo. We drove there once with our friend, and a dear old English lady who was living with us at the time in the House of the Beautiful View; and who left us only to die three weeks afterwards in Florence. We went to see the old Bussana, — a deserted city; — it

was wrecked by the great earthquake of February, 1887; and the houses still standing — half-unroofed, and fissures all over them — show in a ghastly way the havoc wrought by the earthquake. It is a curious sight, this wrecked town, and is much visited. Afterwards, further down toward the sea, on the same ridge or spur on which the old town was situated, a new town has been built, and a new Sanctuary set up. It was of the pilgrimage to this new Sanctuary, and a description of the Sanctuary itself, that I gave our friend an account, a free rendering of the lively letter which I had read in the Italian newspaper. Among other incidents and spirited touches, the writer spoke of the beggars who had gathered upon the occasion *per fare la piazza:* some of them disfigured by ghastly deformities, — these expecting of course to do the best business: "with regard to the beggars that make a trade of their deformities" — writes our friend — "at the doors of every church in Italy, I suppose that as long as the story of the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple remains in the New Testament (and I do not think that it is yet attacked), it will be so: and most people will think ought to be so. . . ."

IX. LATER LETTERS

German Railway Improvement — Riviera Climate — Italian Cuisine — Pope Leo XIII's Poems — The Rattan Trunk — A Few Weeks in the Swiss Alps — Hamilton Wild — Rome in Autumn — Smithson's Grave at Genoa — Oratorical Devices of the Everetts, Father and Son — Cannes and Lord Brougham — Old Age — The Coming Revolution — Trifles Light as Air.

On the Italian Riviera, January, 1903.

My dear M., — Well, we did finally get out of Dresden with all its horrible gloom; a merciful deliverance, — though I must admit that I never had any cough there, which leads me to wonder whether after all coal-smoke is not good for the lungs or bronchials, — is it? On Monday, December 8, we took the 11.05 of the clock, morning train for Munich, and the German express trains by the way are better than when you knew them. The carriages are differently constructed; the old-fashioned compartment system, with doors at the sides, has been given up for these trains; the cars are long, entered by a door at either end, and a corridor running the whole length of one side; opening upon this corridor are compartments; a first-class compartment holds four persons only. We had one such compartment, and had it to ourselves all the way to Munich; extremely comfortable, not to say luxurious; well warmed too; but the cold was such that the window panes were heavily coated with frost. We could not see a yard of landscape during the whole ride of nearly eleven hours. These trains are called corridor trains: and they are vestibuled, too, *à l'Américain*, so

that one can walk, if steady on his pins, from one's compartment into the dining-car, which is also a comparatively new feature of German trains. Unfortunately I am not steady on my pins; and when I left my compartment in a rash effort to reach the dining-car, I might have been pounded into a jelly, thumping first against one side of the corridor and then upon the other, had not the *conducteur*, or whatever he was called, been also at the moment following me. At critical moments, and there were a good many of them, he put his arm round me and, steadying me, quite altogether saved my life; at least I was under that impression, so horribly was I flung about by the swaying of the car. He comforted me, however, by saying that I had chosen an unpropitious moment for my daring effort; for just on that part of the road was a succession of ugly curves. I should think so. Elsewhere the train would run smoothly. This may be. But I took no more risks. I waited ever again until the train stopped before attempting to rejoin the wife in her compartment; for she despises dining-cars, and will none of them. To her way of thinking the food is vile; but this is not my way of thinking. The banquets are indeed not Lucullian, but still they can be washed down; and a bottle or two of wine, more or less, will always do the business for me. And besides, the windows of a dining-car are large; one has pleasant views of vanishing landscapes; and then the smoking-compartment of the dining-car is altogether luxurious. I like to sit in it. The journey too loses much of its monotony by these changes of sitting; one can see out of both sides of the smoking-compartments, for they are all windows; and where the landscape is picturesque as in crossing the Brenner, there is a peculiar satisfaction

in smoking the pipe of tranquil senescence, while rolling swiftly southward.

Well, we reached Munich at a quarter to ten o'clock at night; and I am sorry to say that on this occasion the wife failed on her strong points; she picked out a hotel which she remembered as having a handsome front; and which therefore she fancied must be a first-class hotel. It was just opposite the railway station. A *Dienstmann* escorted us and our hand-baggage thither; and we were landed in a hotel without salon or other similar genteel appurtenances of an up-to-date civilization, amidst crowds of German students, swilling beer, smoking and filling the air all over the place with fumes of stinky tobacco! It was awful; but there was no help for us; it was too late, and I was too tired to seek other quarters; and so we made the best of the situation, with that serene resignation and cheerfulness which characterize us on all untoward occasions, as you know. We spent Tuesday in Munich; the sky was clouded and the air was raw; the sidewalks rugged and slippery with snow and ice; nevertheless, for the greater part of the morning I dragged myself through old familiar streets, until, quite altogether spent, we brought up at S——. It is the Delmonico's of the place; the viands were greasy and coarse; but the wine was beyond praise; and on these searching occasions of fatigue and travel, I am nothing if not bibulous. I hope such is the case with you; for then I shall find myself in good company; and if ever you go to S——, which you never will, — as Paddy would say, — try his Ingelheimer; and if the first bottle is not quite up to the mark, try a second bottle: and you will be sure to hit the mark.

Well, the next day, Wednesday, December 10, we

caught a *train-de-luxe*, — the Nord-Sud Express, so called, which runs from Berlin to Cannes; it passes Munich at 8.40 in the morning; and it ran us straight down to Genoa, which we reached at half-past one o'clock that night. It was not at all a tiresome ride; we had a compartment to ourselves, of course; and the smoking-car was the most luxurious I have ever seen in Europe, — quite altogether *à l'Américain*, with armchairs along the sides; delightful sitting. There was heavy snow on the earth as far as Innsbruck; but afterwards it grew thinner and thinner, until ascending the Brenner it disappeared entirely; not a snowflake on the Brenner, — fancy! — where I had feared that we might be blocked by Alpine avalanches: moral, never cross a bridge until you come to it. Most picturesque scenery on the Brenner, as you know: the Etsch (Adige) dashing wildly in its rocky snowless bed below us, as if striving to outstrip our train in its mad career: then down and down into darkness and the Calf-Land. The baggage is examined on the train. We had four trunks; two only were opened, — trays lifted; impertinent fingers thrust down the sides, — this was not so very bad, after all. — We tarried in Genoa until Monday, January 5, when we came down here. Delightful weather for the most part in Genoa; bluest skies and clear, tonic air; also an old friend was there, — happy to have had a longstanding trouble entirely cured by the X-rays, — even at five dollars the ray. What won't the X-rays do next? And though it was a German who discovered them, he threw them gratis upon an admiring world; and now the admiring world sells them for five dollars the ray. Telephone Bell made a better bargain with the world. We have had rain and gloom here: but nevertheless we

remain as cheerful as can be expected under the circumstances.

On the Italian Riviera, 2 March, 1903.

Dear M., — Yes, I know what you mean by laziness; and I dare say, you may often suffer as I do, from a touch of it; but precisely defined, it is not so much laziness as languor. I don't know that this trouble is particularly characteristic of old age. I have had attacks of it at intervals all my life, having been born tired; and several months ago, until within a few weeks, indeed, I had a long, long attack of it. With me it accompanies a cold, — or rather, it is often the cold itself, taking that form. But of course in others it may arise from other causes. At any rate, it is most depressing and tiresome, this state of weariness and languor; and I know no remedy for it, unless it be a change of air. There is a wonderful curative influence in change of air. I have often experienced it; and can truly recommend it to you. The Italians, I am told, are so convinced of the efficacy of this remedy, that if one falls ill, he will try and get away from his home as soon as he can, if only for a distance of ten miles. And in the present case, it is to change of air that I attribute recovery from my last long attack of weakness and languor; for had I remained on the other side of the Alps, I feel that I should hardly ever have thrown it off. It was so firmly settled in my "system" that it was a good while before the pure and wholesome air of this Azure Coast brought me round.

No, this is not a treacherous, mild climate. It is a most equable and salubrious climate. It is only mild relatively to a Northern climate. In itself it is tonic, stimu-

lating and refreshing; and hence in view, especially, of the equability of its climate, the Italian Riviera is a most favorable place for old people; indeed, that well-known Italian writer, Mantegazza, calls it "the Paradise of the aged." It is only people who run away with the notion that this is a mild climate — that is to say, a summerlike climate — who suffer from it, through not adapting their habits to a milder, not mild, winter climate. However, I hasten to assure you that if whiskey will do any good in fighting languor, there is plenty of it, of all grades and prices, to be obtained here; at least, so I am told; for I never use the stuff myself. I doubt whether I have tasted whiskey three times in my life. I could never bear the taste, nor even the smell of any distilled spirit. I believe I could swallow a dose of castor oil with less writhing than I could toss off a glass of whiskey "straight." But I can drink wine by the gallon, — not that I do, *Gott bewahre!* I content myself with drinking it by the quart; and as for these Italian wines being thin, — in Italy I never drink any other than Italian wine, — I can only say that one who leaves a table d'hôte in these parts, carrying a quart of first-class Barolo under his waistcoat, was never known to experience a feeling of thinness in his head or elsewhere. *Verbum sap.* . . . However, whether veal be too young or mutton too fresh, — it 's all the same; for are they not cooked so that you may not tell the one from the other? And is not this a happy method? And *pintade*, too, is not much, I agree: still the white meat of a young *pintade* is not to be despised, by way of variety; and you can always get it, — as well as many another edible bit, — by judicious tipping of the waiter, — a most useful practice,

as you know, everywhere; and indeed in our American hotels altogether indispensable; in fact, being now past-master of this art, I am thinking of composing an essay entitled "The Judicious Tipping of the Waiter." At any rate, it must be admitted that in general the poultry in Italy is unsurpassed, except of course in France, where it is unsurpassable. At the hotel in Boston where I do lodge when spasms of Bostonism take me across the water, you might as well call for sawdust as for chicken; so slight is the difference in the flavour. And à propos of veal, have I forgotten ever to tell you that even etymologically Italy is the Land of the Calf? for the last researches in philology have shown that the word *Italia* was originally written with a digamma, which is a letter, or something, resembling a *V*, — *F*-*Italia*, *Land of the calf;* whence the word *vitello*, which you will remember is the term for veal.

No, I have never read *Tremaine* nor *De Vere:* are they very old novels, and who may have been the author? I must frankly confess that I get very tired of novels; but nevertheless, the wife reads aloud to me every morning after coffee from some novel she has picked up: and, by the way, we make our own coffee, Italian hotel coffee being impossible, as you know, and tea, — though in this house uncommonly good, — being after all, a mean drink, as you are thinking of admitting. Well, at this present, the wife is reading aloud an American novel, written by a woman, one Mary Tappan Wright, entitled *Aliens*. It is all about life in the South; and the Aliens are folk that have gone down there on a "Fool's Errand," hoping to lift up the down-trodden nigger and make him a tidy member of the community. It is a picture, in fact, of the

antagonisms which are all the time going on in the South, and as such it may interest you: for I do not believe that it is overdrawn, though sometimes blurred, like all Impressionist pictures. And à propos of Impressionist pictures, I came across an amusing anecdote the other day, of a painter who showed his friend a chef-d'œuvre: "What a beautiful landscape," ejaculated the friend. — "Landscape!" indignantly growled the Impressionist; "why, it 's a portrait of your uncle."

An old friend of ours was here recently and liked the place so much that he would gladly have tarried indefinitely; but he was under bonds to meet friends in Meran, an icy hole among the mountains of the Tyrol; and so he went his way sorrowing. And ever since he left us, and long before, we have had marvellously fine weather; so long a spell of uninterrupted sunshine, indeed, I can hardly remember; — day after day, week after week of bluest skies and sparkling air. It is almost uncanny; I am half afraid that it may be portending a catastrophe; for, as you know, this is an earthquake region, and dire things have happened in these parts; but I will not dwell upon them: — *absit omen!*

Every one is hastening to Rome, — to assist at the Pope's Jubilee (he seems to be always having jubilees). An English friend wrote to five hotels and was refused a room at all, except one — of course the meanest. On his journey to Rome he stopped for a week at our little hotel in Genoa, and was well pleased with it. He was also tickled to learn that Robert Browning used to stop there, — R. B. being an altogether thrifty poet, — and that Daniel O'Connell had immortalized the spot by dying near it. Also, being "soaked" in the classics, he

is always finding resemblances in the present to the past; this gives a delightful flavour to his letters and his talk. For to his mind Italy is a continuing country; the past lives in the present; and however obscurely it may lurk, he detects it, thus: —

"What sights worthy of old Rome there are in the streets here! *Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris.* (Juvenal.) And as for the quay, and the arcades attached, every other shop seems to be selling *tunicato libu popello* (cakes to the populace in their shirt-sleeves). Or is it something like Yorkshire pudding?"

And by the way, did you ever come across Pope Leo XIII's poems? They are very curious. There is one on "Frugality and Long Life: an Epistle addressed to Fabricius Rufus," which you ought by all means to read and ponder; it contains a massive wisdom. Andrew Lang has made a version of it. You will enjoy especially the following passage: —

"And be thy vintage purest of the pure,
To warm the heart and prove a pleasant lure,
That shall both friends and wholesome mirth ensure;
Be frugal here, however, nor decline
To put a frequent water in your wine;
And have in plenty all the goodly meat
Of fowl and lamb and ox (but first be sure they're tender!)"

This strikes the right note: "Be sure your meats are tender"! As a clever writer once put it, "No heart is pure that is not passionate, no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic!" Hence the Pope and I are safe. But no more: I must hasten into the sunlight, and sit by the shining sea. The Italians have a proverb, "Praise the sea and keep to the land"; and yea, this will I do.

GENOA, 8 May, 1903.

MY DEAR M., — Is it an attack of laziness? I hope so, since I should be sorry to think that all was not going well with you; for laziness, you know, can always be repaired, as it were, like cleanliness in Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta of the *Sorcerer*, — you remember it? There was assembled a company of gentlemen and ladies; and they amused themselves by making a philtre, of which each was to drink; and after the performance of that mystic act, each man was to marry the first woman he met. It so happened that there was a parson in the company; and the first person he met was his washerwoman; he married her on the spot, and when his friends began to bemoan his lot, he cheerfully remarked that it was not so bad after all, adding in suavest, sonorous tones, such as befits a clergyman when conveying profoundest truths to a benighted flock: "Youth and beauty, my friends, fade and perish, but cleanliness endureth forever; for it can be renewed, whenever it exhibits symptoms of decay."

Well, we have polished off the winter, — ever a pleasing thought; for I detest winter; always did. I detest it even in its mildest form here on the shabby strand of the great Midland Sea; and the coming of the blossoming springtime is always for me a gladsome thing; softer air, laden with fragrance of flowers, streaming in through open windows, — this is truly a joy. But the springtime comes with exceeding slowness in these parts; and is besides, as was the case this year in April, sometimes accompanied by what they call a recrudescence (horrible word!) of winter. However, it was all over Europe, this recrudescence; storms and snows and sleets and cold, — intense cold; in short, all possible meteorological visitations; but *we* had really

no reason to complain, for Providence "drew it mild" for us in comparison with other places, though I did have to pull on an overcoat in April, — laid aside since January, — and order baskets of wood at ridiculous prices — fancy, in April! For on the whole we had a mild and brilliant winter, altogether enjoyable, — if winter be ever enjoyable, and it never is. And so now, after sixteen weeks and one day in the House of the Beautiful View by the shining sea, we are once more in Genoa.

It was a brilliant morning when our coachman drove us down the hill to the railway station for the 9.39 *Diretto* for Genoa; but dear me! Fancy what a shock it was, when I learned that the dining-car, which had always been attached to this train, had been *distacco* the day before. I had made no preparation for lunch; and the train would not arrive in Genoa until 2.15 P.M. — just my luck! What a sinking of the stomach I underwent! what a disappointment: for I particularly affect a dining-car. However, I managed to hold out and worry through the dazzling hours until we reached Genoa. But on arriving in the station at Genoa, — there was a shock far more painful awaiting me. Out of five trunks, one was missing, and that a trunk of mine, — a small trunk, sixty-five centimetres in length — I used to call it my Despatch Box — in which I carried all my papers: nothing else in it. A trunk made of split cane, or rattan, as we say, by the holder of the original patent for that kind of trunk, which has now become very common; orange-coloured; tiny and beautiful; though its beauty was concealed by a dirty old canvas cover, which had taken upon itself vicariously the smut of many voyagings. I was aghast, as you may well believe. Fancy yourself

in my place, losing all your papers of every kind. I took it for granted at once that the trunk had been stolen or rifled, for robberies of luggage on railway trains in Italy are said to be of daily occurrence; and I was very sad. However, I obtained a paper from the baggage master, certifying the loss; and after nearly an hour's delay, we came away; together with a lot of other passengers who had been filling up the hour with frettings and fumings, instead of charitably possessing their souls in patience. They were English, but I am glad to say that they arrived in time to take all the rooms that were left, for our hotel swarms with travellers at this season; though, to be sure, they were back rooms running up against blank walls, and enjoying no daylight whatever, — nothing but a tiny electric candle to make the darkness visible, as is the case in most of the hotels in Genoa. Of course, we always engage our front rooms long in advance, looking out upon the port and the ships and the lighthouse and other such animations; and so an hour's delay did n't matter for us; but these English, — fubsies, for the most part, — really it was a screaming farce to hear them fret and fume; and under less painful circumstances I should have found the occasion altogether diverting; — but you know what the English are like, — they take on as if they owned the earth.

Well, in the evening, after dinner, the wife drove to the railway station in company with a friend whom we had met here, and made inquiries, but without avail; nothing had been heard of the trunk, though the baggage master said he had telegraphed "all over the place," — to Sampierdarena, to San Remo, to Milan, and so on, — and I went to bed that night sorrowing. Of course we

went up to the station the next day in the morning; and fancy! there in the baggage rooms, amidst piles of miscellaneous lost and strayed trunks, — was my little "box," — how familiar it looked! and I found, too, that it had not been tampered with, though, to be sure, there was only about two hundred dollars in gold in it; and I would gladly have let that go if only the papers were safe. On looking at the labels, I found that the label for Genoa had been properly affixed; but the trunk bore also another label for Milano; and then I remembered that when our *portier* went to register my baggage, an American woman — a kind of "demi-semi," at least she looked it — had just previously been registering a lot of trunks, large and small, for Milan; and some of these trunks having tumbled off the scales, the whole lot was weighed over again; and somehow my tiny trunk must have got mixed up with this American woman's baggage, and a heedless porter not seeing the Genoa label, had affixed a Milano label; and so my pretty little trunk with the dirty canvas cover went to Milan, and came back again to Genoa, as above written; and thereupon my tears were dried; and this harrowing story of a catastrophe, that did n't come off, finds its frivolous ending.

Rather let me congratulate you upon the near approach of that season of the year when you will once more take to the water, and skim the "briny deep" in swift sailing yachts, — let us hope with no such ulterior consequences as would certainly be my portion in amusements of that kind. And that reminds me, — I saw in the *Times* not long ago a notice of a book which I fancy might interest you, — it was entitled *The Royal Yacht Squadron: Memorials of its Members.* By Montague Guest and

William B. Moulton. Murray: 31 shillings, 6 pence, net, — whatever net may mean, — about eight dollars, say. And in this notice I came across two interesting passages. I am always interested in derivations and etymologies and such, and lest you should neglect procuring the book, absurdly low as is the price, until too late, when all the copies may be gone, I give you the two notes I made from the *Times* review of the book: —

"The first vessel of the (schooner) type appears to have been due to the inventive genius of a Captain Robinson, and was launched in *Maine* as early as 1713. As the boat went off the slips, a spectator exclaimed, 'Look, how she schoons!' upon which her owner remarked, 'A schooner let her be!'"

The second note runs as follows: "The first practice of yachting was confined to fresh water, and the first of amateurs was Charles II, the father of English yachting. In the *Diary* of the illustrious Mr. Pepys, we find under date of August 15, 1660: 'Found the King gone this morning by five of the clock to see a Dutch pleasure boat below the bridge.' This vessel was a gift to the King from the Dutch East India Company; and she brought with her to England the term 'yacht,' a contraction of the Dutch *Yacht-Schip*, or 'swift vessel.' . . ."

Rome, Tuesday, 27 October, 1903.

My dear M., — Your last letter to me was of date May 24. But I will not waste my tears, we are all in the sere and yellow now, at least I am: and even the *Kakoethes scribendi* is falling away, though I am still subject to occasional attacks of a too garrulous scribbling. However, I refuse to believe that your silence is

due to anything more serious than a prolonged indolence, — the indolence of summer days; filled up with dreamy sailings over shining waters; or festive picnics on mountain crags, — amusements which I can understand, though I could not possibly share them, — as little now as of yore; for I know nothing so extremely uncomfortable as sitting on crags, with a chicken bone in one hand, and a champagne glass in the other, — for of course you drink nothing but champagne. In one of his books Oscar Wilde has some amusing and pertinent remarks on this kind of out-of-door enjoyment of nature which I commend to you; look them up; the satire is altogether incisive, as Edwin Whipple used to say of my style. Well, we have had rather a tiresome summer; a wet summer for the most part, especially in Lucerne, where we could do nothing; though the wife managed to get to the top of the Pilatus, in company with three or four hundred English Cookites, or other such horde, who ate up everything in the little restaurant on the summit, and rudely elbowed all the lone women out of the place into the mist and wetness, which covered all the mountain-tops and left her nothing to see, — she could only feel the situation keenly. Then at the beginning of July, we left Lucerne with its troops of fashionable women and knickerbockered swains, — a restless motley crowd, — it was like living in a railway station, — and went to Interlaken; delightful ride over the Brünig, in an open railway carriage, — how picturesque was the scenery, to be sure!

At Interlaken we descended at the Grand Hôtel et Beaurivage. Spacious house, — charming gardens. The old Beaurivage was burned down some years ago, and this new Grand Hôtel (all hotels are "grand" now) was built

on the site; first-class hotel with a second-class kitchen. It was my intention in going to Interlaken to make an open-air cure: that is to say, to spend the long July days in the open air, — walking, sitting (chiefly sitting, which as you know is my strong point); and finally, driving in Helvetian chariots. But alas! the incessant rains made this cure impossible; and so for a brief period I tried an Ems-Water cure for my catarrh; — but that upset me, and was besides too tiresome; and so we worried along for seven weeks, — fancy! — for I was waiting for a nephew, — to whom I had given a summer travel in Europe, for the benefit of that culture in art which comes from sitting in German beer-gardens and Italian cafés; he being an artist, very clever at drawing. However, he did n't go to Germany; he preferred to go to Athens, where he was knocked over by the heat, on the Parthenon; and fled after two days, bleeding at the nose. He fled to Italy; and we were waiting in Interlaken for him to join us there for a little tour in Switzerland; but he considered it to be his duty to return at once to Boston, so that all we could do with him — after a few days in Interlaken — was to take him with us in an Helvetian chariot over the Grimsel, down to Brieg and thence to Geneva.

In Interlaken, however, we did make one famous excursion, — up the Wengernalp to the Scheideck; but there unfortunately we were prevented from going on to the Jungfrau, as we had intended, by a storm of wind and snow, — awfully cold: fingers and toes frozen stiff. You know of course all this wonderful scenery, though I fancy the mountain railway up the Wengernalp and on to the Jungfrau may not have been built when you were in those

parts. We had a horrible drive up to the Grimsel Hospice, — the chariot closed; torrents of rain; until we reached the Hospice, where a heavy snowstorm was raging. A bitterly cold night; but the place was well heated, and the wines generous and warming, and we made out to weather the storm, which, by the way, beat against the three-hundred-year-old stone walls, — walls a yard thick, — as if it would tear them away stone by stone; but it did n't; and now I look back even with pleasure, mingled with regret, — for I shall never do that kind of thing again, — upon the vinous mists of that dreadful night. The next day, however, made up for all our suffering; it was truly grand; a brilliant sky, and a keen, frosty, most invigorating air. We toiled slowly up through heavy snows to the top of the Pass, — the Hospice lies in a hollow of the mountains, considerably below the summit, — and there beheld the most magnificent sight I can remember ever to have seen, with the exception of Everest and Kunchinjinga, our favourite Himalayan peaks, — vast fields of ice, as far as the eye could see, — and very bad for the eye; altogether wonderful, and divinely fascinating; but of course you have partaken, too, of this tremendous feast, — so to speak; and I will not dwell upon it.

We came slowly down past the great Rhone Gletscher into the Rhone Valley, — ever broadening, — until we came to Brieg, — excellent hotel, where we lay the night; passing, by the way, on approaching Brieg, the entrance to the great Simplon Tunnel. From Brieg we went the next day by rail to Villeneuve and thence by boat to Geneva, where my nephew tarried with us for a day, and, taking the night train for Paris, sailed soon

afterwards on one of the French liners from Havre for New York: and he is now in Boston, wrestling with that most interesting of problems, how to make a living by his wits. He is an excellent boy, however; and I think he will do well; being industrious and clever; a good presence and sufficient *savoir faire;* also (and this is most important) not without a sense for humour. Well, we tarried six weeks in Geneva; and fortunately enjoyed superb weather for the greatest part of the time. We had descended at the Hôtel des Bergues, an old hotel. I remember it from prehistoric times. The situation is noisy; but our rooms fronted on the lake, and we could see Mont Blanc in the distance; and above all, the kitchen was good. We lived on the fat of the land, and washed it down with admirable Swiss wines.

The country in that part of Switzerland produces most excellent wine, pure and wholesome and altogether invigorating! — Dear me! — I have been trying to think of the names of some of them, and I have forgotten them. I will add only that Geneva did not interest me much. We should have left the place sooner, could we have made up our minds where we would prefer to go; but we could n't. The only interesting and picturesque part of the town lies along the lake on either side; there is nothing elsewhere but dreariness. At any rate, we strolled all over the place and could find nothing else. Also, we took some trifling excursions; but I was not feeling well while we were there; and I was glad when the first of October came, the day we had assigned for coming down to Rome. Our route lay through Lucerne; and we took the train for that place; but by that irony of fate which is always teasing us, the through carriage to Lucerne, also

the dining-car, were taken off the day before — fancy! And we were obliged to change trains at Berne, where, by the way, they put us into the wrong carriage. We did not discover the mistake until the other train was on the point of moving off; hence shrieking and hustling, and all on an empty stomach. We lay the night in Lucerne, at the St. Gotthard Hotel, near the station. And the next morning in a horrible gloom and wetness, raining in torrents, we embarked on the Gotthard Express for Milan. I had taken it for granted that we should have the train to ourselves so early in the season. Fatal mistake! Never did I travel in such a crowd, four or five extra carriages put on, too; and the train carried only first-class passengers; most tiresome. There were three lunches, and it was my luck, of course, to be put down for the last lunch. However, I fared well enough. It is a French company, as you know, that runs these dining-cars in all parts of Europe, and the viands are pretty much of the same stewy, sodden kind on all occasions; but I must do the company the justice to say that they do provide excellent wines. Don't fancy, however, that I think of nothing but wines; — yet, after all, wine is the milk of old age; water is not always, as Pindar says, "the best," though there are many occasions when I prefer it. But when one is bottled up in bad air in a railway carriage, an unutterable gloom weighing one down, the windows of one's carriage reeking with impenetrable wetness, so that not a yard of landscape is visible, though one is traversing the most picturesque scenery in Europe, — well then I must confess I find comfort even in looking forward to a third lunch and a big-bellied flask of Chianti; for the flesh after all is weak, and an empty

stomach, — but you don't know what that is. Well, we reached Milan at last; and lay the night in the so-called Palace Hotel, — a large, new, first-class hotel, close to the station, — and the next morning we came down to Rome; — again the same howling mob, — it was with difficulty that the porter of the hotel managed to get my baggage registered. Such shrieking and fighting you never heard or saw. I see now where Dante got his idea of an inferno; — and lots of people left behind, sitting wearily on unregistered "boxes." But at last we did arrive in Rome; after midnight, and of course an hour or two late. And I am sorry to say that the hotel at which we descended is one of our failures: spacious new house, to be sure, well furnished, and "up to date"; but the kitchen is commonplace.

But we have had delicious weather ever since we came here. Yet for the first ten days or fortnight I could do nothing; the journey had exasperated my cough; and I was besides languid and indifferent. Of late, however, I have been feeling better; the air is cooler, and I stroll about the old familiar streets with an unwonted zeal. It is a delightful city, truly, is Rome. If I could live in a city, I should choose Rome; but I do not care for cities now, except for an occasional visit. As yet I have visited but one gallery, — that of the Capitol, where I renewed my acquaintance with the Dying Gladiator, — how well he keeps it up through the ages! — and the blushing Venus; and came away altogether addled by the vast number of busts, sarcophaguses, and such, which my weary eyes had passed in review. And we have also taken some drives, — and I mean to keep on taking drives; everywhere picturesqueness; altogether bewitching scenery. You

remember of course the Janiculum Hill, S. Pietro in Montorio. Well, there on the plateau of the summit stands now a stupendous equestrian statue of Garibaldi; nowhere on earth is there a statue so placed; the noble warrior looks over Rome, and one might say over all Italy, — so vast and free is the landscape which he commands.

The wife has read aloud to me the first volume of Henry James's *Life of William Story*. I commend the book to you: but rather for the letters which it contains from Lowell and Story, and bits of Story's admirable journalizing, than for what James writes; for in all English literature you will not come across a style so execrable, altogether atrocious, involved, confused, obscure; in short, sickening. I know no other word to express the effect it made on me. Well, among the ghosts whom James calls up is our old friend Hamilton Wild: and lest you should be forgetful and not take up the book, I copy a few of the sentences, — more lucid than usual, — in which James speaks of him: "The character, charm, talent, production of the man of many friends, who painted, who talked, who travelled, who in particular endeared himself, and on whom also rests something of the soft light of the old Arcadia. Where are his pictures now? They were not vulgarly numerous, and to ask the question, for that matter, is immediately to feel sure that they must have incurred the happy fortune of that special shade of indulgence which is spoken of as 'friendly keeping.' He painted them very much for himself, and it is logical that for himself, — that is for his memory, — they should be kept. But have they not the further felicity that when, at this time of day, they are shown for *him*, for the so

amiable man, they strike, they surprise, a little, on their own account, produce the brief, belated benevolent 'Really'? which, as an eventual crown of glory, is the best that most of us may hope for? . . ."

ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA,
Monday, 11 January, 1904.

MY DEAR M.,— We tarried in Rome until Tuesday, December 15, when we took the early morning train for Genoa, rolling away from the hotel to the railway station in the "streaky" dawn, through streets all silent and misty. A long and tiresome ride to Genoa, arriving at seven o'clock in the evening. However, the irksomeness of the ride was somewhat tempered for me by there being a dining-car attached to the train, where I sat for a time, enjoying "the pleasures of the table."

The wife despises dining-cars, *et id omne genus* of refreshment; and I sat alone, which I should not have minded so much had I not been turned out of the car as soon as the lunch was finished; for, though the car had still two hours to run before being taken off, yet the cosmopolitan garçon was inflexible. He said it was the *réglement* for everybody to leave; and even the suggestion of a "tip" failed to move him; and so I was compelled to descend at the first stopping-place, and enter my own compartment; for the train not being "vestibuled," there was no passing from one car to another. However, fortunately we had our compartment to ourselves; and with the kind permission of the wife, I was enabled to smoke the pipe of tranquil senescence until slumber overtook me; and we rolled on into Genoa in the darkness; the last thing I remember seeing being

the *vietato fumare* affixed in a conspicuous place in the compartment.

We tarried in Genoa until the first day of the New Year; when we came down here, and resumed possession of the old quarters, which we have occupied for the last eight winters, — fancy! Alas, how the years do accumulate! If we could only unload some of them on the back of Time — but we can't. Time is merciless, and keeps piling them on us, until at last we break under their weight; which reminds me that I came away from Genoa bringing a lame leg in exchange for my cough left there. It was gloomy and rainy for the most part during our sojourn in Genoa, but still we managed to get several delightful walks with a friend recently arrived, a most agreeable companion; and one day there happened the following curious thing. We were walking along the sea front, and I pointed out to him a ridge running out to the lighthouse, and a clump of cypresses on the ridge, marking the spot where years ago a small British cemetery was permitted to be established. In the cemetery were interred the remains of Smithson, founder of the Smithsonian Institution. This was new to him, and I was rejoiced to see that he dilated with the proper emotion. Smithson lived and died in Genoa, as you may know; being a man of science, though the son of an English lord. However, though the father had forgotten to put a ring on the mother's finger, he seems to have left the son a handsome fortune. But now the cemetery is to be dug up, the Government requiring the land for the extension of certain barracks nearby; and I told our friend that it was a disgrace to our country to allow Smithson's bones to be sent to a bone-factory. Some-

thing should be done, and done at once, to save us from the reproach of such ingratitude in this particular. Well, it seems that at his hotel our friend had become acquainted with Mr. Graham Bell, who had recently arrived there. And upon returning from his walk with me, our friend related to him the above facts, adding that it was surely incumbent upon the United States to transfer these saintly relics to our country: "Yes, it is," replied Mr. Bell. "And I have been sent here to take them away. They were exhumed this morning and tomorrow will be on board ship: — a North German Lloyd liner which will sail in a few days: and I shall of course go with them." Our friend did not know the name of the steamer: but as far as I can make out it was the *Princess Irene*, which left Genoa on Thursday, January 7, for New York. Doubtless, however, before you receive this, you will have read all about the affair in the verbose American newspapers; and I dare say will be in possession of more details than I can give you, — the only other detail that I can add, being the request made to the English chaplain to go up to the cemetery, and "say a prayer" upon the occasion; but the chaplain, as he related to me himself, did not receive the message of request from our consul, which was sent over the telephone to the restaurant where, being a bachelor, he is in the habit of taking his meals; he was not there when the message came; and so of course could not reply to it. He said, however, that he should have refused to go, for the reason that if he went once he could not refuse to go upon every occasion when a body was taken up, and the cemetery is choked with bodies, and they are all being rapidly removed; and it is situ-

ated, as I have said, upon a high cliff, most fatiguing to reach. I told him that he did not rise to the occasion; that he had lost his chance of immortalizing himself, for that his name would have been printed in the account of the proceedings and gone all over the land. The fact is, that he knew nothing about Smithson; and I don't believe that he had ever heard of the Smithsonian Institution. Smithson's remains were no more to him than the remains of any other person interred in the same cemetery. Nevertheless I fancied that he looked a little chagrined when I bantered him on the subject; and enlarged upon the wondrous greatness and scope of the Smithsonian Institution, taking in all the earth in its investigations. I have even met its naturalists here in Genoa, rummaging Italy for trees and shrubs and what-not, adapted to our soil and climate. Perhaps indeed there are not many Americans even who appreciate the extent and grandness of the Smithsonian work. And after all, what can one expect, when even a colonel in the British army said to me in Rome, when the newspapers brought a report of Herbert Spencer's last illness, "Who is Herbert Spencer?"

He is an excellent man, this chaplain, now for several years settled over the English church in Genoa. It is not a church belonging to either of the English Societies, for as you know there are two English Societies, — I can't at this moment remember the names, — the narrow-minded and the broad-minded — otherwise called high and low — which establish and support little English churches all over the Continent and its outlying suburbs. The Genoa church stands on its own feet, such as they are, being amenable to the Bishop of Gibraltar,

and receives its support from the English colony in Genoa, there being a considerable body of English merchants there, coal and iron people mainly. Some of them have been established for years in the place; indeed, there are whole families of English people, born and brought up in Genoa.

And à propos of our friend, I must tell you a little story. We were talking of Henry James's *Life of William Story;* I hope you have read it, there are interesting things to be found in its pages; but you will agree with me, I know, that anything so muddled and futile and absurd as James's style is nowhere to be found in English literature. Well, there is a little story told in it of Edward Everett, a funny story; and the mention of this led to some discourse upon orators, especially the little tricks to which the august Edward now and then resorted in order to enhance the effect of his rhetoric, the most famous, so to speak, being the one performed at Lexington, as you remember, when he caused it to be suggested to the Revolutionary Veterans to rise in a body when he turned to them in the course of his oration; they did so; whereupon the orator burst out with that grand exclamation: "Sit down! sit down! it is for us to stand in your presence," *et cetera.* You recall all this, of course, and particularly how one poor thin scarred veteran did not sit down, but continued to stand, squeaking in a voice cracked with age and irritation, "We was told to git up and stand!" À propos of this story, our friend remarked that William Everett, the son, — you remember "Willie Everett" the "Phenomenon," — had inherited this trait of inventing oratorical devices; as prettily illustrated in the following

instance. He was invited to dine with the Bar Association of Boston, a seat being assigned to him next to the president. As the speech-making progressed, he showed himself to be very impatient; and was continually asking the president when he was to be called upon. The president could only reply, "I will let you know," — and presently he said: "I shall call upon you next." And as the speaker who then had the floor was sitting down, Everett left the table, and made for the door, as if intending to depart; whereupon the president turned and said: "Mr. Everett, we expect now to hear from you." Everett faced about, saying: "Mr. President, you have seized me by the coat-tails, as it were, when I was about leaving the room, and I find myself in the position of a tenant in tail with possibility of issue extinct." This brought down the house, as does Samson in the opera, when he pulls away the pillars of the Temple.

Well, now read the *Daily Socialist*, and learn how to get twenty-five to thirty per cent a month for your money; this is the only good thing I ever heard about Socialism. The reading of the *Daily Socialist* is good cerebral exercise; it clears the brain of cobwebs, and exhilarates the spirits by the visions it imparts of the Very Breezy Future.

On the Italian Riviera,
15 April, 1904.

My dear M., — Altogether it has been a tiresome, weary winter: the worst weather, too, that we have ever had here, — only gloom and wetness and at times awful winds; but now at last the springtime has come, if slowly, and the skies are brilliant and the air balmy and radiant

of the fragrance of flowers. And, by the way, our doctor here sent us to Cannes some time ago for a change of air; but we spent only a week there; only two sunny days, all the rest drenching rains and howling gales. On one of the sunny days we went up by rail to Grasse, and lunched sumptuously in the Grand Hotel, whilom patronized by superior people like yourself and Queen Victoria; fine situation; grand views; the place does credit to your taste and discernment: — and such a dish of springlamb they gave me, washed down in the generous wine of France. And these things, I may add, are not the trifles they may seem to be to the supercilious mind: for have I not just read in delightful old Lamb — this is not a pun — this pleasing passage: "There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. C—— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings. . . . The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still serves to inspire gentle thoughts."

Well, we enjoyed ourselves as well as we could in Cannes, in the wet; but owing to the troubled sea, the little steamboat that runs to the Lérins could n't put out; and we lost that delightful excursion. However, we rode over to Antibes in an electric tram; and strolled about that quaint old town in a gale of wind. The tram ran across a large and fertile plain fringing the sea; a vast horticultural preserve, so to speak, dotted here and there with dreary Eucalyptus trees, — at least they have a dreary look to me: and by the way, it was here in Antibes that the Eucalyptus was first planted in France, in 1815, in the gardens of the Villa Theuret, now a Government

Forestry School. It is in some respects, however, a picturesque tree, with its smooth clean trunk of gray colour tinged with pink, and its curious leaves, sickle-shaped, of green glaucous colour, and its white and fluffy blossoms, which turn into round hard beads like buttons. These buttons are strung together and sold in the shops, as you know; they keep their stringent odour for a long time; and are, no doubt, stimulating aids to devotion, when piously "counted." But the strangest thing about the Eucalyptus is, that it is "a living relic of the Eocene vegetation, which in this part of Europe had at one time numerous representatives, the myrtle being now almost the sole survivor. Thus this curious Australian tree revisits from the opposite part of the world this its old quarters. It is an Old-World form of myrtle coming to keep company with its sister myrtle, which has never forsaken its home" — fancy!

The second sunny day we had in Cannes, we took a stroll all over the place; especially over the old town, and all along the grand promenade by the sea; and of course we paid a visit to the statue of Lord Brougham, which stands, as you may remember, in a sort of square looking upon the water. Lord Brougham, you know, discovered Cannes, and made it fashionable, which is the only thing I have against it; for I hate fashionable places, in spite of the fact that they are as a rule the best kind of places, — I mean in the way of situation, convenience, and such. They are not propitious to the contemplative mood, — all opulence and luxury and pride of life, which are but drearinesses to the quiet soul that turneth ever away from the glitter of the world. — Well, this is neither here nor there: though the Latin inscription on the pedestal of

the statue shows that even Lord Brougham saw at the end what Solomon saw, when he said that all was vanity and vexation of spirit, — though even Solomon saw only one side of the world; for *all* is not vanity: nor is *all*, vexation of spirit. It depends on the attitude of the mind towards the world how much is vanity and so on. These are the Latin lines, — and I fancy you will have retained enough Harvard teaching to be able to read them, — *Inveni Portum: spes et Fortuna, valete; sat me lusistis; lusite nunc alios.* They remind me of Horace's *lusisti satis atque bibisti, tempus abire tibi est:* but I have not been able to discover whether they are taken from any Latin author, or were manufactured for the occasion. Perhaps you will know. There were also some French verses inscribed on the pedestal: and I copied them (copying inscriptions was always a hobby of mine). I give them to you: —

Entre le jour et l'ombre il veut un peu d'espace:
Il veut l'oubli flottant sur la vague qui passe;
Il veut l'or du soleil dans son ciel obscurci:
Voilà pourquoi debout le doigt montrant la terre
Il enlace au palmier la rose d'Angleterre:
Et semble dire: "c'est ici":
C'est ici le repos, le vrai bonheur, la vie;
Adieu Fortune, Espoir; qu'un autre vous envie;
Des reflets inconnus baignent ses yeux charmés
La fleur nait sous ses pas; sur la flot l'azur brille,
Tandis que s'éveillant, Cannes, son autre fille,
Lui tend ses deux bras embaumés.

A friend of ours, an Oxford man, but by no means of the kind described in that old epigram, which says, "The Oxford man looks as if the world belonged to him: the Cambridge man as if he did not care to

whom it belonged," — has been in Cannes lately, and he sent me the following translation of the above French verses : —

'Twixt Day and Night comes his reprieve at last,
Comes sweet Oblivion, floating o'er the past;
The clouds that darkened his long life now part,
And light in golden floods uplifts his heart.
So there, where now he stands, with downward hand
He seems forever pointing to this land;
And, as it twines the palm with England's rose,
Forever saying, " Here! 't is here — repose."

" 'T is here — Repose, true Happiness and Life;
For others now Hope's fooling, Fortune's strife."
See! on his eyes strange splendours pour their charm ;
And azures glitter o'er the ocean calm;
While, flowerets springing where his footstep falls,
Cannes to her fragrant arms her father calls.

GENOA, 15 December, 1905.

MY DEAR M., — Your very welcome letter was put into my hands just as we were leaving Genoa, on our way to Yverdon, where, as we had learned, resided a good dentist; French-Swiss, of course; but he spoke German well, — and I am still fluid in German, though my French is gone, sunk, I suppose, into what they call now the subliminal consciousness, where lies the wreckage of years of memories, good, bad, and indifferent. An excellent invention, indeed, this of the subliminal consciousness! It covers a lot of muddling. Well, we spent a week in Yverdon, in a quaint old inn, and rather enjoyed the sunless days, sampling the best Swiss wines which I ever came across; and that reminds me, — fancy your having had the most " beautiful autumn ever known! " while we had

the worst I ever knew anywhere, hardly any sunshine; rain and fog and a raw air and biting winds,—three months of this kind of thing. However, I must say there was a tonic in the air which refreshed and did me good. Nevertheless glad was I indeed when after a night in Lucerne we rolled over the Gotthardt down to Milan and on to Genoa — a ride of only nine and one half hours, — fancy! — from Lucerne to Genoa. A softer air and flowers, and sunlight, delightful after the Northern gloom, though I must confess it is after all not warm here: say 50° Fahrenheit out of doors; but then the air is of a different quality, softer; even the Tramontana is nothing like the Bise, — quite a different pair of shoes, as the Germans say. And à propos of the Bise, which reminds me of Geneva, you might add to your list of novels to be read a new novel of Stanley Weyman. The wife is now reading it aloud to me, — called *The Long Night*. The scene is laid in Geneva, and the action turns upon that historic event called the Escalade. A dashing writer, Stanley Weyman; and, by the way, did you ever hear of the Judas holes in Italy? The wife long ago discovered them for herself; but she never found any one who would believe her account of them, until she came across mention of them in one of Stanley Weyman's novels.

But as you were saying about old age, — what is old age? Did I tell you — probably not, because I was not writing letters at that time — that one of our fellow passengers in the *König Albert*, on our voyage last year from New York to Genoa, with whom we became well acquainted, was a clergyman, Rector Emeritus of an Episcopal church in New Hampshire, eighty-six years old, if

you please. He was accompanied by his wife, an elderly woman but nowhere near his age; he comes over every year and spends the winter in Mentone, returning home by way of Paris in the early spring. Like me, he cannot bear up under a Northern winter; for as Shakespeare says: —

> "Our legs like heavy branches bow to earth,
> Ready to leave their burden."

I suggested to him one day that it might be more convenient for him to go down to Florida for the winter; he replied that he had done so, but it was too deadly dull for him there; adding that if it had not been for his Hebrew studies the last time he was there, he should have perished of ennui; but he continued, with a smile, — he is a nice old joker, poor man, — "I may go there again by and by." He was born in Chardon Street, in Boston, and the house in which he first saw the light is still standing. He is a good-sized man; and on the steamer he wore a fur-lined overcoat, with fur collar and a black felt hat with broad brim, looking, as he walked the deck, like a portrait of Rembrandt stepping out of its frame. From the pier in Genoa he rode up with me to our hotel in the hotel omnibus; and, — now fancy! — while waiting at the station, on our last arrival here, for our trunks to be brought up, — a cold windy night, — who should come up and get into the omnibus but our aged friend and his wife, this time accompanied by a maid. He had landed in Naples, gone to Rome, renewed old associations with the Eternal City, and that morning at eight o'clock had left Rome, reaching Genoa at seven o'clock in the evening. Talk about the infirmities of age; nevertheless my co-

science would n't let me keep the omnibus waiting any longer in the cold wintry wind. I told the omnibus conductor to drive at once to the hotel and bring our trunks later; and the next morning, at nine o'clock, our aged friend and his staff rode away to Mentone, a six hours' journey. Like Browning, he likes our hotel, and I expect to meet him here again next year and each recurring year, provided we both keep on obstinately living. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, there is truth in the Psalmist's remark that grasshoppers are sure to run over a man who persists in passing beyond the threescore and ten limit; at any rate, they are running multitudinous over me; but let me not dwell upon grasshoppers; and yet I can't think of anything more to say; hence perhaps you won't mind my padding this discursive screed with some fresh talk about books, giving the *causerie* of a clever writer.

I do not as yet read books myself, — all that I read is the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. I read the *Telegraph* mainly in order to follow the course of this horrible Revolution now going on in Russia. For Revolution it is; and quite as terrible as the French Revolution of sickening memory; the only difference being that the Revolution in Russia is spread over a vast extent of territory, while the French Revolution was more concentrated, as it were, — the chief scene of it being in Paris; and I have not the least doubt that more lives have already been sacrificed in Russia — consider for a moment the ghastly massacres reported from every part and corner of the Empire — than ever were lost on the guillotine in France. What is to be the outcome, Heaven only knows; certain it is that they who sowed the wind are now reaping the whirlwind. We have "assisted" at a

good many bloody things in our day; but never at so overwhelming a cataclysm as this. Alas! for poor human nature, that it should be doomed to undergo an ordeal like this in Russia!

Well, now for my padding — "another book I commend to the reader," says my clever writer, "is *Democracy and Reaction*, by Hobhouse. — He finds a notable backsliding from ideals that were once in evidence. The enthusiasm is spent. Militarism, based upon Imperialism and a big navy, has eaten up the national resources which should have gone to improve the condition of the people. Everybody has learnt to read; but few read anything worth reading; the output of demoralizing literature has vastly increased. The theory of Evolution has led to Fatalism. That Might is Right is held to have a scientific foundation in the laws of biology." — Here is another fragment from this clever writer: "Hall Caine, the novelist, has been making a study of conditions in the United States. He says that Democracy is growing by leaps and bounds: and is bound to end in Revolution and Socialism. And then comes Robert Hunter's great book on *Poverty*, which points in the same direction. He tells us that there are fifty thousand children in New York who go to school breakfastless, — this, in the city of degraded wealth, which has monopolized the means of production; that the descendants of the worst class of foreigners are supplanting those of the original stock; and that the degeneracy of the degenerate rich is likely to be wiped out by the voting masses of the poor. The Socialists have among them able men, as well as an imposing scientific and philosophic literature. These leaders are ready to come to the front when the call comes to them. It has

been decreed by the trades-unions, that their members shall not go into the militia!! This is a far-reaching prohibition. And so the impending struggle which Hall Caine prophesies may be no struggle at all. For can there be much of a fight between a handful of tax-dodging and degenerate holders of wealth, aided by a few colonels and captains without companies, and the wronged many, armed with votes and familiar with dynamite? No, the political machinery will be captured: and the capitalistic ownership of land and the means of production be made illegal. Add to this that bright men of the so-called labouring class can no longer rise out of it, as formerly. For the day of an expanding frontier, and the opportunity for grabbing the natural resources of the land, has past, never to return."

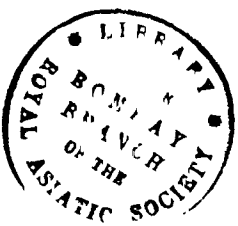
Well, this will do; I can quite understand that you do not want any more of this kind of thing, nor do I: neither of us will live to witness the Revolution, which is as sure to come in our country as it was sure to come in Russia; though with a difference: slowly let us hope: and peacefully, becoming evolution, not revolution. At any rate, you and I need not bother about it: rather for us now as for Horace, who was surely a good fellow after our sort, —the bubbles that dance on the winecup's brim and the all-fragrant (I am glad I wrote that word fragrant correctly, I came near writing flagrant) — the all-fragrant incense that we daily offer to our benignant god, — whom now we call Nicotinus. And that reminds me, — I came across a delicious bubble the other day in the London *Telegraph* newspaper. It came at the end of a long review of a book entitled *Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle.* I had never heard before of the Brookfields, though I

had fancied that I was pretty well acquainted with the literary gossip-books of the Victorian era. They knew everybody worth knowing, apparently, these Brookfields, — Thackeray, Carlyle, *et id omne genus;* and I dare say you might find the book as interesting as a novel, and not more solid. The reviewer was not clever, however, in extracting amusing anecdotes, though Brookfield was a pleasing *raconteur*, if he were anything. At any rate, although a clergyman, Kinglake could say of him, that "he was never in the least demoralized by taking Holy Orders." Well, this is the bubble: "The new Bishop of New Zealand, in a farewell and pathetic interview with his mother, after his appointment, was thus addressed by her, in such sequence as sobs and tears would permit: 'I suppose they will eat you, my dear, — I try to think otherwise, — but I suppose they will. Well! we must leave it in the hands of Providence. But if they do, mind, my dear, and disagree with them!'" Another bubble and a very tiny one, — is perhaps worth *sipping:* "Forster, arriving late for dinner, apologized for being late, explaining that he had been detained by having to stand godfather to one of Charles Dickens's children. 'I hope,' said Douglas Jerrold, 'that if you gave the child a mug, it was n't your own.'"

You have heard, of course, of "that delightful Mr. Spooner" of Oxford: for who has n't? the gentleman who is always misplacing his consonants; — going home by the town drain (down train) for instance. Once I could have given more of his funny sayings, but they have passed out of my mind; for bubbles are but a transient iridescence, and memory is the first thing to go. Well, two ladies of our acquaintance, extremely bright

and the best of company, have known the Spooners for many years, and recently paid a visit to them in Oxford, where Mr. Spooner has some kind of function. It was a most delightful visit, they said: but they were altogether disappointed in one thing, — Mr. Spooner kept his consonants straight: not once did they enjoy a case of misplacement. He is a very shy man, they said: and would never have had the courage to ask a woman to be his wife; but it is related of him, that one day, being among some friends of an afternoon, he was requested to ask a lady present to make tea; — he did so, — but he blundered, — he said; "Will you take me?" Blushing, she took him: and so he blundered into a happy marriage and a lot of blooming children.

THE END



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